XEROX

Xerox University Microfilms
Ann Arbor, Michigan 48106

WESTERN AMERICANA

Reproduced from the original in the collection of
THE HENRY E. HUNTINGTON LIBRARY AND ART GALLERY

Moses K. Armstrong

ST. JAMES, MINN.

The

EARLY EMPIRE BUILDERS

OF THE

GREAT WEST

♣

By MOSES K. ARMSTRONG
A PIONEER CONGRESSMAN

♣

COMPILED AND ENLARGED FROM THE AUTHOR'S
EARLY HISTORY OF DAKOTA TERRITORY IN 1866

♣

"They founded states as monuments,
To stand through coming years;
And laid their deep foundations,
In toil and blood and tears."

♣

PUBLISHED BY
E. W. PORTER
ST. PAUL, MINN.
1901

F655
A7

Entered, According to Act of Congress, in the Year 1901 by
MOSES K. ARMSTRONG
in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

PIONEER PRESS COMPANY,
Printers, Binders and Electrotypers,
St. Paul, Minn.

TO THE

MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

This Historical Sketch Book is respectfully dedicated
by the author

MOSES K. ARMSTRONG

PREFACE.

Nearly half a century ago the author of this book, at the age of eighteen years, migrated west of the Mississippi and began his frontier life as a pioneer surveyor. This volume is compiled from his "Early History of Dakota Territory," published in 1866, to which are here added other pioneer sketches of early adventures, Indian wars, overland journeys, and pen pictures of pioneer law makers in the legislature and in congress thirty and forty years ago.

All the historical and descriptive sketches herein were written at the time and place wherein the scenes are laid, by the author, who was an actual participant and a personal witness in the historical drama of the early "Empire Builders of the Great West."

The original manuscript, on file in the library of the Minnesota Historical Society, narrates many personal and exciting events which have been dropped from this volume, for the reason that the parties thereto have passed from the stage of action, to that distant and silent shore in the great beyond.

THE AUTHOR.

TESTIMONIALS.

(From the Yankton Dakotan, 1861.)

Hon. M. K. Armstrong delivered the first lecture before the Dakota Historical Association on Saturday evening, at the capitol building, on the history of our territory. The lecture was well written and perfect in detail, evincing careful and patient research, made still more interesting by the traditions of the wild races who are giving way before the march of civilization. The accounts of early explorers and adventurers who visited the wilds of Dakota from motives of curiosity or gain are all mentioned in their proper order, up to the time when the emigrant with his family entered the territory and planted the standard of civilization. The lecture in itself is a valuable and interesting history, not only of Dakota, but of the whole Northwest through to the Pacific ocean. All the difficult historical work of the territory has been thoroughly performed by the author, and subsequent historians have only to build on this broad and safe foundation.

(From the Dakota Republican in 1893.)

Armstrong's "Early History of Dakota," in 1866, was timely indeed. If not for him there would have been a blank space in the narrative of an era in the civil existence of our commonwealth, before records began to be kept. He was not only a scholarly but a conscientious historian, and his surviving contemporaries, with one accord, testify to his accuracy.

(From J. M. Currier of the Library Board, Sioux City, in 1864.)

The lecture before the Lyceum on Monday evening last was delivered by Hon. M. K. Armstrong, secretary of the Dakota Historical Association. His subject was "Early Footprints of the Northwest," and the speaker's well-known reputation as a writer and lecturer called together a large audience, which manifested its appreciation of his able and interesting address by repeated bursts of applause. We cannot forbear the remark that no lecture delivered before our Lyceum this season has afforded the same degree of satisfaction to the listeners as did that of Mr. Armstrong. His delivery was admirable, and the language in which many portions of the subject were clothed was so truly beautiful as to call forth the most heartfelt demonstrations of admiration.

(Sioux City Register in 1864.)

We publish this week the last of a series of interesting and spicy sketches of the pioneer legislatures of Dakota. They are from the felicitous pen of Hon. M. K. Armstrong, whose easy style, genuine humor, keen sarcasm and vivid descriptions have won general admiration for their intrinsic merit of style and diction.

(From Sioux City Journal, 1884.)

It has seldom been our fortune to listen to a more entertaining and instructive discourse than the lecture of Hon. M. K. Armstrong before the Lyceum, on the "Early Footprints of the Northwest," last Saturday evening. The lecture was well arranged and finely delivered, and adds another to the laurels already won by the author.

(From General Sully, in command of Indian War, 1864.)

As advisory correspondent during the Dakota Indian War, the graphic letters and frontier experiences of M. K. Armstrong were of great value to the military authorities in planning their marches and detailing troops for the protection of the pioneer settlements.

(From American Biography, 1875.)

The historical and descriptive writings of Moses K. Armstrong are a credit to American literature. His admirable pioneer sketches cover a long period of frontier life, dating back to the time when he left his native college at the age of eighteen, and turned his youthful eye to the Great West, "with no fortune to guide him but the prayers and tears of a kind mother and her parting words of hope for the future." He arrived on the banks of the Mississippi as a pioneer land surveyor, with his compass on his back, alone and friendless, before the day of western railroads. He crossed that great river, and traveled on foot through Northern Iowa and Southern Minnesota, surveying land claims for early settlers. From here he afterwards pushed westward, with ox team, crossing Dakota to the Missouri river, where he passed several years in the Indian country, staking out land claims for the venturesome pioneers.

He has passed through the periods of pioneer surveyor, historian, legislator, and congressman, and has stored his mind with useful knowledge. He is a man who is an honor to himself and a credit to mankind.

(From the St. James Gazette, 1897.)

The travel sketches of Hon. M. K. Armstrong during his southern vacations which have from time to time appeared in the *Gazette*, have been a joy to our readers, and have created quite a sensation, and caused much pleasing comment among our literary people. His sketches are told in a vein of quaint originality, brimming over with scenic word painting, pathos and humor. His pen pictures of persons and places are true to life, and his letters have been anxiously looked for each week, and have furnished our readers a literary treat in the way of amusing descriptions and graphic character sketches.

NEW CAPITOL OF THE STATE OF MINNESOTA, ST. PAUL, MINN.,

CORNER STONE LAID JULY 27TH, 1898.

The Library and Museum of the Minnesota Historical Society will occupy the eastern half of the first floor.

CONTENTS.

PAGE.

EARLY HISTORY OF DAKOTA TERRITORY........ 1-43
  Indian Traditions........ 2
  Early Explorations........ 9
  The Fur Trade........ 22
  Early Settlements........ 29
  Pioneer Politics........ 32

NATURAL RESOURCES OF THE NORTHWEST TERRITORIES AS SEEN IN 1866........ 44-51

EARLY ELECTIONS........ 52-57

PIONEER LEGISLATURES AND INDIAN WARS........ 59-153
  The First Legislature........ 61
  A Lively Session........ 65
  The "Nigger Bill"........ 66
  A Legislative Pen Picture........ 69
  Early Divorces........ 71
  The First Railroad Bill........ 76
  The Beginning of the Indian Troubles........ 79
  A Dual Legislature........ 86
  Absentee Officials........ 101
  The Gold Fever........ 105
  General Sully's Expedition........ 121
  Election of 1863........ 128
  Politicians and Indians........ 130
  Session of 1863........ 138
  Emigration........ 144
  Pioneer Contractors........ 146
  Interstate Compliments........ 148

PAGE
SKETCHES OF TRAVEL AND EARLY HARDSHIPS..................155–204
A Journey to Sioux Falls and the Red Pipestone Region in 1864.................. 157
Journey up the Missouri by Steamboat.................. 161
Indian Speech by Bone-Necklace.................. 167
Indian Sun Dance.................. 169
Treating with the Indians.................. 171
Early Surveys in the Red River of the North.................. 174
An Early Trip to Chicago.................. 182
A Visit to the Northern Pine Forests.................. 186
A Journey from Yankton to St. Paul.................. 188
Up the Mississippi and over Lake Superior.................. 191
A Trip to the Empire State.................. 195
Northern Dakota Revisited.................. 199

SKETCHES OF CONGRESS AND WESTERN EMPIRE..................205-358
A Tenderfoot Congressman.................. 210
Congressional Sketches.................. 217
Views of Washington City.................. 223
Dakota Congressional Contest.................. 233
A Visit to the Patent Office.................. 236
Pen Pictures of Prominent Politicians.................. 237
A Visit to Mount Vernon.................. 248
The Great "Liberal Convention".................. 250
Wit and Sarcasm in Congress.................. 260
Organization of the Forty-third Congress.................. 263
The "Back-Pay Grab".................. 265
New Year's Day in Washington.................. 273
A Colored Orator.................. 277
A "Reconstruction" Contest for a Seat in the Senate.................. 285
"Wash Day in Congress".................. 295
"Inflationists" and "Contractionists".................. 302
Misfortunes of Public Men.................. 308
"Money to Burn".................. 323
A "Live King".................. 336
The "Pacific Mail" Fraud.................. 338
"Legislative War" in Louisiana.................. 345
"All-Night Sessions".................. 354

Page.
Speeches in Congress on Behalf of the West 359-392
On Railroads and Land Grants 361
Three Delegates to One Seat 369
Speech on the Dakota Indian War 370
Speech on Behalf of the Great West for Relief of Frontier Settlements 378
Speech in Behalf of North Dakota 385

After a Quarter of a Century; Two Capitals: Washington and Richmond 393-416
Washington Revisited 395
Counting the Presidential Vote 399
Visit to Southern Battlefields 400
Richmond and Its Memories 404
Inauguration of President McKinley 409
Historic Scenes of Early Empire 413

Racy Sketches of Southern Life 417-446
Louisville, Ky., During the Goebel Excitement 419
Among the Spiritualists 421
Bloodless Duel 422
Mammoth Cave 423
Across Tennessee 424
Coon Hunting in the South 426
Typical South Carolina Mountaineer 427
Negro Revival Meeting 429
Southern Politics 431
A Distillery Above the Clouds 435
Columbia, the Capital of South Carolina 436
Historic Old Charleston 438
Historic Church at St. Michaels 440
A Southern "Eden" 443
Homeward Bound 446

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

Portrait of Moses K. Armstrong.......................Frontispiece

	Text.	Illustration.
Minnesota's New State Capitol...........	...	vii
Indian Death Song and Tragic Scene—Over the Falls......	19	17
First Steamboat Among the Dakota Indians..................	23	33
Vermillion, Dakota Territory, in Pioneer Days of 1862......	30	49
A Persuasive Speech in a Pioneer Legislature in 1862.......	52	65
A Great Prairie Fire on the Western Plains................	54	81
Pioneer Election and Stump Speeches......................	56	97
A Pioneer Legislature Locating the Capital in 1862........	63	113
Yankton, Capital of Dakota Territory, in 1861..............	68	129
Stampede of Frightened Office Holders....................	81	145
General Sully's Army in the Dakota Indian War............	121	161
A Battle with Indians in Dakota in 1864...................	132	177
General Sibley's Army in the Dakota Indian War...........	145	193
Exciting Race of Army Contractors.........................	146	209
Sioux Falls, Dakota, in 1859..............................	158	225
Crow Creek Indian Agency in 1861.........................	161	241
Indian Sun Dance in Dakota in 1866.......................	170	257
Soldiers in a Dakota Blizzard.............................	176	273
An Oratorical Battle in the Senate........................	346	321
Three Congressmen for One Chair..........................	369	353
A Bloodless Duel..	422	401
Negro Church Revival in the Old Slave States.............	429	433

EARLY HISTORY

OF

DAKOTA TERRITORY.

BY MOSES K. ARMSTRONG.

[Eighteen Hundred and Sixty-Six.]

History and geography have been termed the two eyes of knowledge.

The great Territory of Dakota, as originally organized, in 1861, extended from Minnesota on the east to the Rocky Mountains on the west, and from Iowa and Nebraska on the south, northward to the British Dominion, including the present Territory of Montana and a large portion of Idaho.

In writing the early history of this vast region of territory, it is not inappropriate to inquire who were its first discoverers and earliest inhabitants.

In doing this, we are obliged to rely, in a measure, upon the vague and mysterious traditions of the various tribes of Indians who have inhabited this wild region of the continent from time immemorial. The Indians of the Northwest have no written language—no history; and their only record of the events of past centuries, through all their migrations, wars and alliances is enclouded in a long series of signs, moons and traditions. Even their knowledge of their own creation is vague and uncertain. Some of them believe that the Great Spirit created the red race on the very plains that they now inhabit. Other tribes have a sacred belief in the tradition that their ancestors came from the north, across a great water, to the region of their present hunting-grounds; while still others claim that the red men came out of the earth, in the form of turtles and snails, a great many centuries ago, and were transformed by the Great Spirit into human beings.

The red pipestone quarry, about thirty-five miles northeast from Sioux Falls and one hundred miles from Yankton, is held among many tribes as the sacred birthplace of all the red people that now inhabit the earth. The following are some of their traditions:

TRADITION OF THE SIOUX OF THE PLAINS.

"*Before the creation of man* the Great Spirit (whose tracks are yet to be seen on the stones, at the red pipe, in the form of the tracks of a large bird) used to slay the buffaloes and eat them on the ledge of the red rocks, on the top of the Coteau des Prairies, and their blood running onto the rocks, turned them red. One day, when a large snake had crawled into the nest of the bird to eat his eggs, one of the eggs hatched out in a clap of thunder, and the Great Spirit molded it into a man. This man's feet grew fast in the ground, where he stood for many ages, like a great tree, and therefore he grew very old. He was older than an hundred men at the present day, and at last another tree grew up by the side of him, when a large snake ate them both off at the roots, and they wandered off together. *From these have sprung all the people that now inhabit the earth.*"

TRADITION OF UPPER MISSOURI INDIANS.

"That in the time of a great flood, which took place many centuries ago, and destroyed all the nations of the earth, all the tribes of the red men assembled on the Coteau du Prairie, to get out of the way of the waters. After they had all gathered here from all parts, the water continued to rise, until at length it covered them all in a mass, and their flesh was converted into red pipe stone. Therefore it has always been considered neutral ground—it belonged to all tribes alike, and all were allowed to get it and smoke it together.

"While they were all drowning in a mass, a young woman, K-wap-tah-w (a virgin), caught hold of the foot of a very large bird that was flying over, and was carried to the top of a high cliff, not far off, that was above the water. Here she had twins, and their father was the war-eagle, and her children have since peopled the earth.

"The pipe stone, which is the flesh of their ancestors, is smoked by them as a symbol of peace, and the eagle's quill decorates the head of the brave."

TRADITION OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER INDIANS.

"Many ages after the red men were made, when all the different tribes were at war, the Great Spirit sent runners and called them all together at the red pipe. He stood on the top of the rocks, and the red people were assembled in infinite numbers on the plains below. He took out of the rock a piece of the red stone and made a large pipe, and smoked it over them all; told them it was part of their flesh; that though they were at war, they must meet at this place as friends; that it belonged to them all; that they must make their calumets from it, and smoke them to him whenever they wished to appease him or get his good will—the smoke from his big pipe rolled over them all, and he disappeared in its cloud. At the last whiff of his pipe a blaze of fire rolled over the rocks, and melted their surface. At that moment two squaws went in a blaze of fire under the two medicine rocks, where they remain to this day, and must be consulted and propitiated whenever the pipe stone is to be taken away."

TRADITION OF INDIANS ON THE LOWER MISSOURI.

"Here (according to their traditions) happened the mysterious birth of the red pipe, soon after the creation of red men, which has blown its fumes of peace and war to the remotest corners of the continent; which has visited every warrior, and passed through its reddened stem the irrevocable oath of war and desolation. And here, also, the peace-breathing calumet was born, and fringed with the eagle's quills, which has shed its thrilling fumes over the land, and soothed the fury of the relentless savage.

"The Great Spirit at an ancient period here called the Indian nations together, and, standing on the precipice of the red pipe stone rock, broke from its wall a piece, and made a huge pipe by turning it in his hand, which he smoked over them, and to the north, the south, the east and the west, and told them that this stone was red; that it was their flesh; that they must use it for their pipes of peace; that it belonged to them all, and that the war-club and scalping-knife must not be raised on its ground. At the last whiff of his pipe his head went into a great cloud, and the whole surface of the rock for several miles was melted and glazed. Two great ovens were opened beneath, and two women (guardian spirits of the place) entered them in a blaze of fire; and they are heard there yet (Tso-mec-cos-tee and Tso-me-cos-te-won-dee), answering to the invocations of the high priests or medicine men, who consult them when they are visitors to this sacred place."

Near this spot, also, on a high mound, is the "Thunder's Nest," *(nid-du-Tonnere)* where "a very large bird sits upon her eggs during fair weather, and the skies are rent with bolts of thunder at the approach of a storm, which is occasioned by the hatching of her brood."

The great Osage nation, which dwelt upon the Lower Missouri in the seventeenth century, believed in a tradition that the first man was a snail, which the high floods swept out on to the dry sands of the Missouri, where the sun warmed it into a man. This man went wandering naked on the plain, and was soon overtaken by hunger and fatigue; when happily the Great Spirit appeared, and gave him a bow and arrow, and showed him how to kill and cook deer, and to cover himself with the skin. The Osage then became married to a beaver, from which strange wedlock sprang all the people of the Wabasha nation.

It is a remarkable fact that a close analysis of all these seemingly hollow traditions points us back to the period of Adam and Eve and the days of the flood, by which it is pretty clearly established that the primitive tribes of the Northwest migrated from Eastern Asia, and in their early drifting, like sea foam, across the northwestern waters, brought with them a glimmer of civilized history, which long since vanished into tradition, on the chase and warpath of the wilderness.

The earliest historical record which we have of these Indians of North America is found among the Icelandic and Danish authorities, wherein it is claimed that, in the year 986, Eric Rauda emigrated from Iceland to Greenland, and formed a settlement of Northmen. No mention is made, however, by these adventurous Northmen of the appearance of natives on the shores of North America until 1004, when Thorwald, the son of Eric,—Earl of Norway,—while sailing along the coast between Newfoundland and Greenland, discovered three canoes upon the beach, and under each canoe three (Esquimeaux) called by the Northmen "Skroelings." A contest ensued, and eight of the nine natives were killed. The ninth fled into the background of the bay, and soon returned with a vast number of his people, whereupon the party of Northmen retreated to their vessels, and set sail to the southward, Thorwald being fatally wounded by an arrow. In 1005, Thornstein, the brother of Thorwald, set sail for the new found land, with his wife, Gudrida, the first white woman known in history as having visited the shores of America, and who three years after her arrival gave birth to the first child of European descent born in the New World.

In 1007, Tornfim, a wealthy personage, descended from Danish and Scottish ancestors, arrived off the coast of New England (near Mount Hope Bay), with two ships and 140 men and women. Here they discovered fields covered with wheat growing wild, and they were visited by great numbers of the natives in canoes, who were described as a sallow-colored, ill-looking race of people, with long hair, large eyes and broad cheeks. In 1011 a quarrel was incited by Frydesia, daughter of Eric, which proved fatal to a large number of the colonists. From this period the Northmen appear to have become estranged and lawless, and amalgamated with the wild natives of the country. In 1026, Gudlief, an Icelandic navigator, who was driven upon this unknown shore, was seized, with his crew, by the natives, and carried into the interior, where they were accosted by a venerable chief speaking their own language, who inquired after certain individuals in Norway.

The natives were described at that date as of a red color, and very cruel to strangers.

From this period we hear no more of this northern colony until 1059, when a Saxon priest, named Jon, who was sent out as a missionary to the colonists, arrived and was murdered by the heathens.

In 1121 the Bishop of Greenland undertook the same voyage for the same purpose, but both his success and fate are undetermined by history. From this period until the discovery of America by Columbus, in 1492, there is no historical mention of the early colonists or natives of North America.

In the early part of the fourteenth century, according to numerous and accredited authorities, Prince Madoc, or Madawe, from North Wales, set sail with ten ships and a large colony of his countrymen, who are supposed to have landed somewhere on the coast of North America. None of the colonists have ever returned to their own country. The best authorities have been only able to trace them to the mouth of the Mississippi river; but according to the history and poetry of their own country this colony settled somewhere in the interior of North America, where they are yet remaining, intermingled with the savage tribes.

Catlin, the artist, who ascended the Missouri river thirty-two years ago (1833), holds that he traced the journeyings and ancient fortifications of this colony from the River Ohio to the old Mandan village in Dakota Territory.

This traveler also suggests the belief that the Mandan tribe of Indians are the descendants of Prince Madawe's colony, and supports the theory by giving a long list of similar words used in both the Welsh and Mandan languages, as well also as the many civilized customs, and works of hand found to exist among the Mandans. He says: "Scarcely a day in the summer when a visitor to their villages would not see the women at work with their hands and fingers, molding clay into wares, cups, pitchers and pots, and baking them in their little kilns, under the sides of the river banks."

He also mentions the fact of their having a secret art of manufacturing a beautiful kind of blue glass beads, which curiosity was mentioned by Lewis and Clark, sixty years ago, "at a time when no traders or other white people had been among the Mandans, to have taught them so curious an art." Catlin infers that the Mandans must have warred their way against the Sioux to their present location on the Missouri river.

The first mention we have of the Dakota family of Indians is by Nicollet, a public man, who had been sent out by the government at Quebec, to treat with certain tribes of the Western Indians, as early as 1639, the same year that the settlers of New Haven formed themselves into a body politic. This adventurous man visited a tribe called Ounipegon (Winnebago) signifying "a people who came from a distant sea."

Two years elapsed, and in 1641, Jogues and Raymbault, of the Society of Jesus, after a voyage of seventeen days over tempestuous waves, arrived among the Ojibways of Lake Superior, by whom they were informed that eighteen days' journey to the west of them, lived a powerful nation known as the "Nadouechiouch," "Nadsuessiouex," (meaning "Enemy"), but subsequently designated by the abbreviation, "Scioux," or "Sioux," and now correctly called Dakotas, meaning the "Friendly Nations," in consequence of alliances formed among them at a late period, after the long and bloody wars with the Algonquins.

In the year of 1654 two young Canadian traders, engaged in the fur business, accompanied a party of Indians to the far-off prairies of the West, and were probably the first white men who entered the present Territory of Dakota.

In 1659 the traders revisited the land of the Dakotas to trade with the natives, and such was their success that in the year 1660 they returned to Quebec, with sixty canoes, manned by Indians, and laden with beaver, fox and buffalo robes. The following is the Ojibway's tradition of the appearance of the two first white men in the Dakota country:

"A party of Indians who were spearing fish through the holes in the ice, discovered a smoke arising from the eastern extremity of an island which was then seldom visited. Proceeding in that direction they found, in a rough cabin, two white men, in the last stage of starvation. Crossing the lake late in the fall, they had been driven by the ice onto the island, and not knowing that any human beings were near, they had almost perished."

During Hennepin's first voyage up the Mississippi in canoes, in 1680, he was visited by "four savages who said they were come alone fifteen hundred miles from the west, and had been four months on the way." Hennepin was further informed by these Indians that the country through which they passed had no large lakes, and but very few forests, and that all the rivers came down from the north. On this information the explorer says: "I may yet be transported into the Pacific sea by rivers which are capable of carrying great vessels, and from thence it is very easy to go to China and Japan, without crossing the equinoctial line, *and in all probability Japan is on the same continent as America.*"

Hence, we perceive that all the earliest traditions and authorities point to the north and west as the verge of continent upon which first appeared the North American Indians. It is only fair to presume that the natives of the eastern empires of Asia, coasting along the shores of China, Japan, and Tartary, should point their light boats across the narrow span of Behring Strait, which connects Asia and America by a neck of water less than forty miles in width. Even the customs, habits, features and language of many of the North American tribes go far toward proving the fact of their having wandered across the seas from their primitive stock on the coast of Asia. The Rocky, or "Shining," Mountains, of the west were in all probability peopled before the Alleghanies of the east.

EARLY EXPLORATIONS.

De Soto, in 1541, is the first white man known in history as having discovered the great river Mississippi. It was again visited by Marquette and Joliet in 1673, who entered it by way of the Wisconsin, and in 1680 Hennepin ascended the same river in canoes to a point above the present city of St. Paul, where he discovered and named the St. Peter river and Falls of St. Anthony. The mouth of the River Mississippi was discovered by La Salle in 1683, who came over the Great Lakes from Canada, descended the Illinois to the Mississippi, and thence floated in small row-boats to the Gulf of Mexico.

While these early footprints of civilization were being traced in the great valley of the Mississippi, the Spanish navigator, Viscaino, in 1602, visited the northwest shore of the continent, and had ascended as far north as the forty-third parallel, by virtue of which discovery Spain laid claim to all the country between the Mississippi and the Pacific.

Spanish authorities claimed that, long before the discovery of the Mississippi river or Rocky Mountains by other nations, vessels from Spain had visited the Pacific shore of America, and had pushed as far north as the then unknown river in Oregon, which, from the belief that there was no large river in that latitude, was put down as "Deception Bay." In 1792 the American ship Columbia, commanded by Capt. Gray, entered a great opening in the northwest coast, and ten miles from the sea the crew filled their casks with fresh water, when for the first time this early navigator was convinced that he was in the channel of a great river, which he named from his ship, Columbia. The whole northwest country was then known as Louisiana Territory, and extended an "indefinite distance to the northward."

With regard to the Indian tribes that inhabited this vast region of the continent at that time, it is claimed by Shea, Schoolcraft and others that the great race of Sioux, together with the Hurons, Iroquois, Winnebagoes, Wyandots, Illinois, Sacs and Foxes, roamed and warred in all the country from the Ohio river northward to the Lakes, and westward to the Mississippi.

It is claimed by other writers and travelers that these tribes are all families of the great Dakota nation, and that these Indians were monarchs of the region of country surrounding the great Lakes of the North, between the rivers Ohio and Mississippi, while the whole Algonquin race, which roamed the Atlantic coast, were at war with the nation of Dakotas. In the year 1695 Le Sueur found the Dakotas on the Upper Mississippi tributaries, and Jonathan Carver, who visited the Sioux in their northern home in 1766, says the Dakotas had a tradition that their ancestors came to this country from the north, across a great water, being driven in war from their native land. From this tradition he infers that the Dakotas were once inhabitants of China and Tartary, till, distressed and vanquished in the Asiatic wars, they sought refuge upon the islands of the north sea, and from thence voyaged in rude boats to the land of America. This theory in the origin of races, he affirms, is rendered plausible by the striking similarity in the languages of the two people.

The period of this transmigration from the north is said to have been a great many generations ago, at least before the discoveries of Columbus.

Nearly two centuries had passed when the long and bloody war between the Algonquin and Dakota races was brought to a successful termination by the introduction into the Algonquin army, of firearms, steel arrows and battle axes, by Canadian traders. Before these new implements of death the flint-headed arrows and wooden war-clubs of the Dakotas proved to be ineffectual, and the great nation, defeated and pursued, struck their tents and council fires, and fled to the regions of the setting sun.

Concerning the tribes that inhabited Dakota prior to that bloody era, nothing is definitely known. Tradition says that the Sheyennes ("Shiens," or "Dog Indians") were once a powerful nation, and were the first race of people who migrated to the Missouri valley; that, after having been repeatedly driven down from the regions of the north, they located on a western tributary of the Red river, where the blood poured out in battle against their invading foes, mingling with the waters of a northern stream, changed its hue, and gave it the name of the "Blood-Colored," or "Red" River of the North. Again they were defeated, and again they struck their tents and fled with the bleeding remnants of their tribe across the northern plains of Dakota, and formed a new home on a stream that enters the Missouri from the west, which they called the Sheyenne.

With regard to the primitive tribes of southern Dakota, Charlevoix relates that nearly two centuries ago the Iowas, Omahas and Otoes were in possession of this portion of our territory, and roamed and warred through the regions watered by the Des Moines, Big Sioux and James, and that these tribes annually asssembled in peace around their sacred council fires at the Great Red Pipestone Quarry.

From here they were afterwards driven south and west by the great nation of Dakotas moving down from the north like a mighty army, and covering the whole plain with their tents and war dances.

The period of this great retrocession of Indian nations, Hennepin informs us, was some time before the seventeenth century, or over two hundred years ago. Up to that era the Dakotas had remained as one nation, governed by one tongue, and were called the "Nadoaessioux" (meaning "Enemy"), from the latter termination of which word is derived the abbreviation, "Sioux." But during the great war and flight from the north they had become disbanded, scattered into separate war parties, and in order to be distinguished from other tribes of the plain, they now call themselves "Dakotas," meaning the "Friend Born," or, "Friendly People."

Since that period both history and tradition agree in placing the Dakotas as sovereigns of the vast region of country between the Mississippi and the mountains.

James, in his history of Long's expedition, says it is unknown how long the Omahas have resided on the Missouri river. Burgmont, in 1724, makes no mention of these Indians being found in the Missouri valley. It would seem that they had separated from the great migrating nation on or near the Mississippi river, and had since passed slowly across the country until they struck the Missouri, near the mouth of the Big Sioux river. Carver found them, in 1766, on the St. Peter's river, associated with the Sheyennes. During the journeyings of the great Dakota nation, another band separated from them, and received the name of Pa-he-jo (Grey Snow, or Ioway) Indians; and still another tribe withdrew under the head of Otoes, or "Wife Stealers," because in departing they had carried off a large number of Dakota women. This tribe, with the Ioways, journeyed to the Missouri, and built their ancient villages near old Council Bluff. They afterwards separated, and the Ioways went back to the Des Moines river. The Winnebagoes, or "Fish Eaters," broke off from the parent tribe, and settled on the margin of a lake east of the Mississippi, from whence they passed slowly down the Wisconsin river to old Prairie du Chien. This tribe has since been removed, by successive treaties, to their present location in Nebraska.

The great Omaha nation erected their ancient village of three hundred huts on a small stream known as Maha Creek, a few miles below Sioux City, on the opposite side of the river. Here they were visited by the ravages of the smallpox, in the early part of the present century, which destroyed over six hundred men, women and children. They had been a military and powerful people, but when their warriors saw their strength wasting away before a malady they could not resist, they became like madmen. They burned their village, and some of them shot their wives and children, and others leaped into the deep channel of the Missouri to cool the burning disease and float to some better land. In their frantic flight it is said that a band of Poncas withdrew, and settled in the country about the Running Water.

The Yanktons, at this early day, were dwellers in the region lying between the Big Sioux and the James, and were known as the "tribe that lives at the end," and is believed to have been the frontier band of the great Dakota nation. All the tribes to the northwest of them were called "Those who came over the mountains from the sea."

Spain still contended for all the territory between the Mississippi and the mountains, by virtue of early discovery from the west. The country was still called Louisiana Territory, and extended an indefinite distance to the north. French traders, however, soon entered the country, and held it by right of possession. In 1762 France ceded the whole territory to Spain, and in 1800 Spain retroceded the same country to France, by which government it was, in 1803, transferred to the United States for $15,000,000.

At that early day the whole Northwest Territory did not contain 1,000 white inhabitants, and the only footprints of civilization from the lakes to the mountains, were the few small trading posts at points where now stand, among others, the cities of Detroit, Milwaukee, Chicago, and Astoria on the Pacific coast. St. Louis was a promising frontier village, and the early navigators of the Missouri river, in 1803, make mention of a settlement of poor families, a few miles above the mouth of the river, which was the only establishment of white people in the Missouri valley. Prior to this, in 1787, the "Territory Northwest of the River Ohio," lying east of the Mississippi, was, by act of congress, framed into a separate territory, which, in 1800, was divided into the territories of Indiana and Illinois, and in 1805 the Territory of Michigan was established, with Detroit as the seat of government. Soon after the purchase of Louisiana from France, in 1803, that great territory west of the Missouri was divided, and all south of thirty-nine degrees called the "Territory of New Orleans."

EARLY EXPEDITIONS.

During the administration of Jefferson, in 1804-1805, the president and congress empowered a party of explorers to cross the continent by way of the Missouri river and the Rocky Mountains, and report to the government the result of their discoveries and research.

Captain Merriweather Lewis was selected to lead this little band of forty-two men through 3,000 miles of wilderness, swarming with powerful tribes of defiant Indians. They started from St. Louis, in open sail-boats, on the 14th of May, 1804, and on the 21st of August they reached the Big Sioux river, and their journal affords to the world the earliest written history of this great valley of the Northwest. Many curiosities and superstitions are mentioned as having existed among the Indians of this country at that early day.

The first object of superstition which excited their curiosity in this portion of our territory was "Spirit Hill," in Clay county, about nine miles northwest of the present town of Vermillion, and was pointed out to them by the Yankton Indians, who then inhabited this country. The party were entreated by the Indians to land their boats at the mouth of the Vermillion river, and go with them to witness the abode of little spirits. They set out on foot, and the heat of the day being oppressive, it was not until after four hours' travel that they reached the object of wonder, which consisted of a steep, high hill, standing alone in the middle of a smooth, level prairie.

Captain Lewis then proceeded to make careful measurement of its height, length, breadth, base and apex, and finally declared it to be nothing more than a natural but remarkable mound, whose lone blue outlines can be seen at a distance of thirty miles to the north.

The journal states that it had long remained an object of dread among all the surrounding tribes, who believed it to be the abode of little devils in human form, of about eighteen inches in height, and having remarkably large heads. The tradition is, that three Maha boys once fell, impaled by the arrows of these little spirits, while attempting to climb the hill and survey the distant prairie in search of the Yanktons' council fires. This incident had inspired all the roving bands with such terror that no inducement could tempt them to visit the mysterious hill.

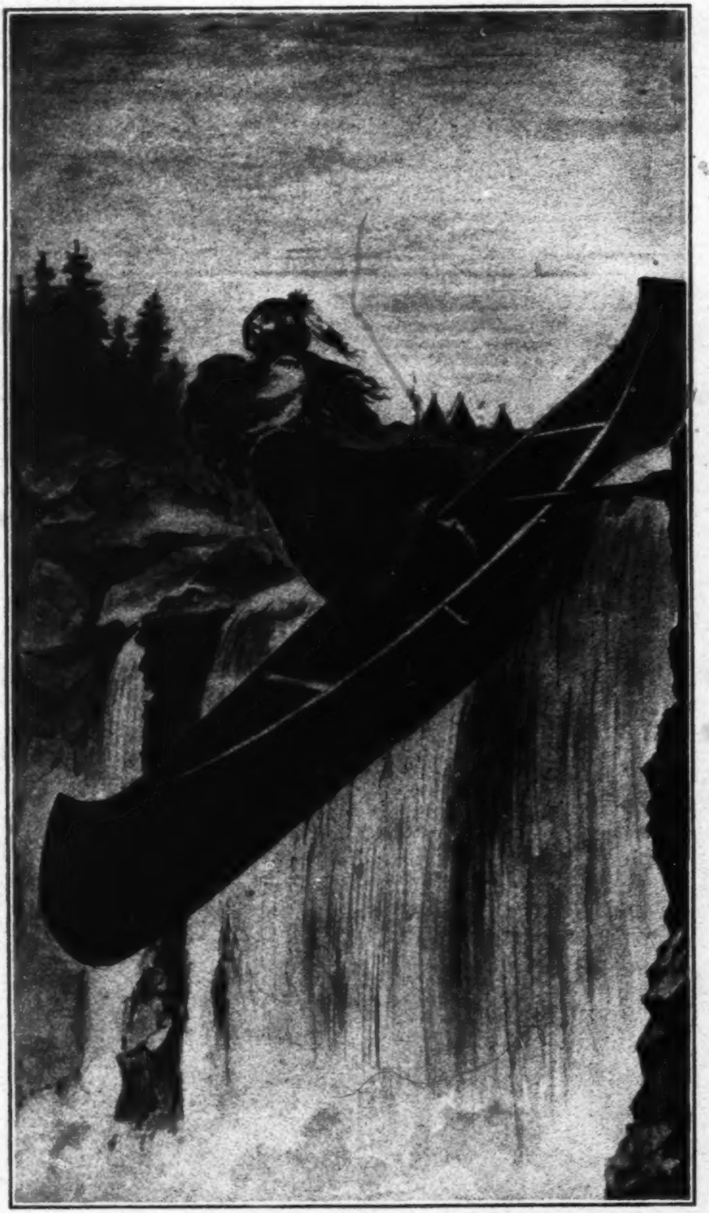
On the morning of the 26th the party rejoined their boats, and on the following day passed the mouth of the Yankton (or James) river, near which an Indian swam to the boat, and informed them that a large body of Sioux were encamped in their immediate vicinity. Three men, with an interpreter, M. Durion, were dispatched to the Sioux camp, while the boats proceeded on about eleven miles, where, on a beautiful plain, near Calumet Bluff, (above Yankton) the party encamped, and waited the arrival of the Sioux. Here they prepared a speech and some presents, and at twelve o'clock the chiefs and warriors of the Yanktons arrived, and were received in council under a large oak tree, near to which the American flag was flying. This was near three score years ago, when the little band of American adventurers first flung to the breeze of an unknown wild the star-spangled banner of their country, on the spot where now stands the capital of our young and thriving territory.

Here brave warriors assembled to recount their deeds of valor and smoke their pipes of peace; here the maids of the prairie danced upon our village green, and told their vows of love; here their graves are found in tree-tops and plain, warrior and maiden, the crumbling tombstones of a departed people; here was found the father of the present chief of the Yanktons,—Strike-the-Ree,—and although a young man, he delivered a sensible speech in the council with Lewis and Clark; here, too, is found the grave of the old Canadian, Durion, upon the crumbling scaffold on the little hillock, at the foot of Maple street, where he died and was laid to rest by the Indians near a half century ago,—

There has he slumbered on his scaffold tomb,
Through fifty years of storm and summer moon;
There let him rest, for first was he to die,
Of all the white race, 'neath Dakota's sky.

These early navigators of the Mississippi were here delighted with the country, and here, for the first time in their voyage, nature seems to have burst in romantic beauty on their view, and they ascended the shores and encamped at sunset on the verge of the vast luxuriant plains where roamed, unscared, the prowling wolf, the screaming wild-fowl and dauntless red man, and as the burnished sun sank serenely in the distant west, it seemed to be leading the glowing pathway to future empire. Here the little party stretched their wearied limbs upon the earth for a night's rest, and were quietly lulled to sleep by the musical roar of untrammeled rivers and the harmless song of the native war dance; and when the morning sunlight flooded the great landscape, glittering with dews and flowers, and shining plains and majestic rivers, they went on their way rejoicing that this, too, was a part of their own free country.

On the first day of September they arrived at Bonhomme Island, and gave the day to examining an old fortification on the south side of the river, which they believed to be the work of an ancient and warlike people. They proceeded to make a careful measurement of the ground work of the fort,



THE INDIAN DEATH SONG AND TRAGIC SCENE—
OVER THE FALLS.—p. 19.

66

and noted the bearings, distances and dimensions of the angles, walls and gates. Opposite the fortification, and located upon the island, they discovered what they pronounced a citadel, presenting a circular form and inclosed by a wall about six feet in height. After having completed their reconnoissance of the work, the journal adds: "These are the first remains of the kind we have had an opportunity of examining, but our interpreter assures us that there are great numbers of them on the Platte and James rivers."

None of these ancient fortifications are now known to exist in this country. On the 2d of September they passed on and encamped at the foot of Sugar Loaf Hill, opposite the Yankton Agency, and on the following day they visited the well known village of prairie dogs, near Fort Randall.

This little cur was an object of great curiosity to them, and they finally succeeded in capturing one by pouring five gallons of water into his burrow and drowning him out, together with two frogs, a lizard and a dark rattlesnake which had swallowed a young prairie dog. After making this strange acquaintance, they passed on to a point below Cedar Island, where, on a hill to the south of the river, they discovered the backbone of a great fish, forty-five feet long, and in a perfect state of petrifaction, fragments of which were collected and sent to Washington.

On the 20th they reached the great bend of the Missouri river, and encamped for the night on a sand-bar; but shortly after midnight were startled by the sergeant on guard crying out that the bar was sinking, and scarcely had they pushed off in their boats, when the ground on which they had been sleeping sank beneath the water. Resuming their journey on the next day, a man was sent to step off the distance across the head of the bend, who made it but one mile and a quarter, whereas the boats were obliged to traverse a distance of thirty miles. On the 22d they passed the Cedar Islands, known as the Three Sisters, on one of which they discovered the remains of an old Spanish trading post, built by Mr. Loisal, some years before, to trade with the Sioux. Passing the present site of Fort Pierre, they arrived, on the 28th October, at the old Mandan villages, and proceeded to the erection of huts and fortifications for their winter quarters.

In these they passed the long and snowy months of 1805, shut up in the midst of an unknown wild, and removed a thousand miles from civilization; and when Christmas and New Year's came they assembled around a festive board, spread with dishes of wild game, which, in the morning, had been scaling the plain and singing in the forest.

On the 7th of April, they bade adieu to their winter home, and set out to continue their long and devious way mountainward, and on the 13th of June they discovered the Great Falls of the Missouri, near the western boundary of the originally organized Territory of Dakota. The sound of the falls was heard at a distance of seven miles, coming from the direction of a rising column of mist and spray, ascending high into the air like a cloud of smoke. Toward this object they eagerly hurried on, and soon arrived at the foot of the great cataract, reaching for a quarter of a mile across the river, and falling in one broad unbroken sheet of water down a precipice of thirty feet. Here they hastily ascended the bank and stood, the first navigators in those waters, entranced with the music of the foaming cataract, which for ages had been lavishing its beauties upon the desert and rolling its thunders through mountain and plain.

There hung the old eagle's nest on a tree at the foot of the falls, shrouded in the mists of time, where it had stood as the superstitious landmark of former generations; and there, too, our little party encamped within view of the snow-clad mountains rising in the distance, while surrounded by the verdure of summer and the chorus of new discovered waters; and there they celebrated the Fourth of July in honor of their country's freedom, by unfurling a national flag, firing a salute, and dancing to the music of the fiddle till late in the hours of night. There, also, the wild tribes had assembled and pictured their legends of love, war and romance, and had drawn their tradition, like the tribes who early lived at the Falls of St. Anthony, that a beautiful wife, despised and forsaken, was once seen in the gray dawn of morning, with her child clinging around her neck, standing in her light canoe, darting through the spray and foam of the falls, over which she was precipitated and dashed to death on the rocks. A modern poet has woven the legend into verse, from which I extract the following:

Long ere the white man's eye had seen
These flower-decked prairies far and wide—
Long ere the white man's bark had been
Borne on the western river's tide—

So long ago, Dakotas say,
An-pe-tu-sa-pa-win was born;
Her eye beheld those scenes so gay,
First opening on life's rosy morn.

He, whose smile as life she prized,
Sought newer love and fresher charms,
And she, forsaken and despised,
Beheld him in a rival's arms.

Long had she hid her anguish keen,
When on the green and sloping shore,
The wild Dakota's tent was seen,
With strange devices painted o'er.

An-pe-tu-sa-pa-win was there,
Painting her face with colors gay;
And her loved boy wore in his hair,
Flowers, as 'twere a gala day,

See! she has seized her light canoe,
And grasps, with haste, the slender oar,
Her boy is kissed upon his brow,
And thus, in tears, she leaves the shore.

The quivering bark like lightning flies,
Urged by the wave and bending oar,—
Ah! eager death exulting cries,
"No power on earth can save her now."

With gentle words and soothing tone,
She strives the timid child to cheer,
And then she raises her death song
Above the tumult, shrill and clear.

That song has ceased—the dark abyss
Swallows with haste, its willing prey;
The bubbling waters round them hiss—
Mother and child have passed away.

Yet that death song they say is heard,
Above the gloomy water's roar,
By lonely travelers there allured,
When darkness broods o'er wave and shore.

Leaving this interesting spot, the party arrived, on the 12th of August, at the great range of the Rocky Mountains. and stood with enthusiasm around the little spring from which came bubbling the remotest waters of the Missouri. "They saw the hidden source of that river which had never before been seen by civilized man; and as they quenched their thirst at the chaste and icy fountain; as they sat down by the brink of the rivulet which yielded its distant and modest tribute to the parent ocean, they felt themselves rewarded for all heir labors and all their difficulties. Proceeding forward, they crossed the Rocky Mountains on foot and horseback; built canoes and descended the Columbia to the Pacific, where they passed the winter of 1805-1806, among tribes of Indians speaking a jargon of languages and living in earthen and wooden huts like the natives of India and Tartary.

A curious object of wonder, which, at that early date, was found to exist among the wild tribes of western Dakota, was the voice of the Great Spirit, which they declared could be heard like reports of artillery, among the mountains and Black Hills, during different parts of the day and night, and when the air was perfectly still, and cloudless.

The Poncas and Rickarees gave the most vivid description of these strange noises, coming from the Black Mountains, which resembled precisely the report of a six-pound piece of ordnance at the distance of three miles, and which they believed to be the voice of the Great Spirit revealing the localities of rich mines of silver.

Later explorations in this and other countries, however, have proven that these explosions are not merely the objects of early superstition, but important realities, which will yet reveal incalculable wealth in our Territory. Mr. Hunt, in his passage through the Black Hills, corroborated by Humbolt and La Fond, in their mountain travels, makes mention of these mountain reports being heard in the most calm and serene weather, and state that they may be accounted for by a disengagement of hydrogen from beds of subterranean coal. But Vasconnell, in his travels through the Brazilian mountains, was startled by one of these strange noises, resembling the simultaneous discharge of many pieces of artillery, and in a few days his Indians found a spot in the direction of the report, where a rock had burst, and from its interior was thrown to light a little treasure in the shape of a hollow stone nut, about the size of a beef's heart, and filled with jewelry of various colors and all of great value. The rich mines of gold, silver and coal, now being opened by thousands of people in that mountain region which was formerly a portion of Dakota prove with what accuracy the early explorers predicted the wealth of our Territory.

In 1763 Canada passed under the control of the English, and also as early as 1787 McKenzie, of the old Hudson Bay Company, chartered by Charles II. in 1669, led the first party of white men across the continent from the Canada border to the Pacific, north of latitude 54°.

The old northwest boundary of 49°, between the United States and Great Britain was proposed in the early part of the present century, and a long diplomatic controversy ensued as to the rights of discovery and occupation of the territory south of 49°—both McKenzie and Lewis and Clark claiming to have established trading posts, with the flag of their country, in the Rocky Mountains in 1806.

EARLY FUR TRADE.

Soon after the expedition of Lewis and Clark American traders and adventurers became induced to penetrate the wilderness and establish their posts along the river to traffic in furs with the neighboring bands of Indians. All their goods for the trade were transported up the valley on pack-horses or in rude boats propelled by oars and wind and cordelled over the bars by means of long ropes attached to the boats and drawn by men walking on shore. In the spring they would return to St. Louis with their furs and peltries, usually traveling in circular skin boats, built like a tub, with which they could follow the channel regardless of wind, snags or darkness.

In 1808 the Missouri Fur Company was formed at St. Louis, with Manuel Lisa (a Spaniard) at the head, and within two years were erected the first permanent trading posts in the country drained by the Missouri river.

John Jacob Astor, in 1809, obtained a charter for a company under the head of the American Fur Company, which, in 1811, was merged into an association with certain parties of the Northwest Company, who then bought out the Macinac Company, under the name of the Southwest Company, which was suspended in the war of 1812, and finally terminated by act of congress in 1815. Mr. Astor again embarked in the enterprise under the auspices of the Great Pacific Company, and in 1810-11, his first overland fur party, headed by Hunt, Crooks and McLellan, voyaged in oar boats up the Missouri to the Arickaree village, and from thence passed across the country by way of the Black Hills, Wind river, and Rocky Mountains, to Astoria on the Pacific coast; having met with the most unparalleled sufferings ever endured by any party of adventurers in the Northwest Territories. In 1821 the Northwest Company associated with the Hudson Bay Company, whose itinerant traders had for many years annually visited the northern tributaries of the Missouri and Yellowstone.

During the two years that followed there appears to have been no direct intercourse between the States and the mountain region; but in 1823 Mr. Ashley made a successful trip to the Pacific, and in 1826 the Rocky Mountain Fur Company commenced regular expeditions to the head waters of the Missouri. The old American Fur Company was now aroused to more renewed activity, and assumed a field of more extensive operations, until, in 1832, it had become the controlling company in the Northwest Territory. Up to that date this company had been chiefly engaged in fitting out small traders and assigning them to different points in our territory; and under the direction and auspices of this company old Forts Cedar, Lookout, Pierre, Union, and others, were erected and made depots of trade. Three trading houses were also erected above the mouth of the James river, over forty years ago, by a party of which Jephyer Rencontre was a member. Pierre Choteau appears to have been the first man who ever successfully ran a steamboat to Fort Pierre, and under his leadership the steamers Antelope and Yellowstone were the first to plough our northern rivers, and startle the tribes of the wilderness with the scream of civilization.

Catlin thus describes the appearance of the first steamboat among the natives of the upper Missouri, in 1833:

> "If anything did ever literally astonish (and astound) the natives, it was the appearance of our steamer, puffing, and blowing, and paddling, and rushing by their villages, which were on the banks of the river. These poor and ignorant people, for the distance of two thousand miles,

had never before seen or heard of a steamboat, and in some places they seemed at a loss to know what to do or how to act; they could not, as the Dutch did at Newburgh on the Hudson River, take it to be a 'floating saw-mill,' and they had no name for it; so it was like everything else (with them) which is mysterious and unaccountable, called *medicine* (mystery). We had on board one twelve-pound cannon and three or four eight-pound swivels, which we were taking up to arm the Fur Company's fort at the mouth of the Yellowstone; and at the approach to every village they were all discharged several times in rapid succession, which threw the inhabitants into utter confusion and amazement. Some of them laid their faces to the ground, and cried to the Great Spirit; some shot their horses and dogs, and sacrificed them to appease the Great Spirit, whom they conceived was offended; some deserted their villages, and ran to the top of the bluff some miles distant; and others, in some places, as the boat landed in front of their villages, came with great caution and peeped over the bank to see the fate of their chiefs, whose duty it was (from the nature of their office) to approach us, whether friends or foes, and to go on board. Sometimes in this plight, they were instantly thrown, neck and heels, over each other's heads and shoulders—men, women and children, and dogs, sage, sachem, old and young—all in a mass, at the frightful discharge of the steam from the escape pipe, which the captain of the boat let loose upon them for his own fun and amusement. There were many curious conjectures among their wise men with regard to the nature and powers of the steamboat. Among the Mandans some called it the 'big thunder canoe,' for when some distance below the village they 'saw lightning flash from its sides, and heard the thunder roll from its big pipe.' Others called it the 'big *medicine* canoe with eyes.' It was 'medicine' or mystery, because they could not understand it; and it must have eyes, said they, for it sees its own way and takes the deep water in the middle of the channel. They had no idea of the boat being steered by 'the man in the glass house at the top of the boat.'"

In 1814 the first attempt had been made to establish forts in the Mississippi valley, and as early as 1823 the first steamboat ascended the Mississippi to Fort Snelling. The first treaty with the Indians west of the Mississippi was made by General Scott, at Davenport, in 1832, and in 1836 the great Territory of Wisconsin was organized, with Burlington as the capital, at which place, in 1837, assembled the first legislature northwest of the Mississippi river.

Father De Smet, in 1840, was the first to carry the cross of religion and the seeds of agriculture to the wild natives of the Rocky Mountains. During this era there is a period of history comprising the prior expeditions of Robert Campbell's fur parties to the mountains and the discovery of Great Salt Lake, in 1826; and of Bonneville's two years of wild and interesting adventures in the mountains, with his train of trappers, in 1833; of the early trials and wanderings of the Subletts, Choteaus, Wythe, Fitzpatrick, Henry, Stuart, and a host of others, who, long ago, led their cavalcades across the vast plains of the Northwest, when not a trace of civilized settlement could be found in all the country between the Missouri and the Pacific; also, the later explorations of the fearless Nicollet and Fremont, in 1839; Catlin, in 1832-40; Pope, in 1849; and the still more recent explorations of Stevens, Grover, Warren, Hayden, Mullen, Reynolds, and others, which will form material for a future publication of interest to the people of the great Northwest.

Not until 1834 did the first American colony emigrate to the Pacific coast; and in 1839 the first printing-press was carried beyond the mountains. In the year 1835 the first newspaper in the Mississippi valley was published at Dubuque, in Wisconsin Territory, from which vast region have since been carved and organized the great Territories of Iowa, in 1838; Minnesota, in 1849; Nebraska, in 1854; Dakota, in 1861; Idaho, in 1863; and Montana, in 1864; while still farther to the west, beyond the mountains, have been framed the Territories of Oregon, in 1848, and Washington, in 1853.

In the year 1849, by act of congress, this portion of Dakota was included within the boundaries of the newly organized Territory of Minnesota, which had hitherto remained a portion of the old county of St. Croix, in Wisconsin Territory. In 1851, however, was consummated, at Travers des Sioux, the memorable treaty between Governor Ramsey and the upper bands of Dakotas, by the provisions of which the government became the possessor of the first foot of land in Dakota to which the Indians had ever relinquished their title. It embraced that portion of territory lying between the Big Sioux river and the Minnesota state line, including Sioux Falls and the western shores of Big Stone lake. In the same year the Minnesota legislature divided their territory into nine counties, one of which (Dakota county) covered all the country lying between St. Paul and Yankton, and constituted the sixth council district, and was entitled to two councilmen and one representative in the Minnesota legislature; but the early pioneers on the Missouri river appear to have been too deeply absorbed with the profits of fur trading to embark in the critical business of legislating. In 1854 the Territory of Nebraska was organized, and included a large portion of that country which is now in Dakota, beyond the Running Water. In the spring of the same year, our fellow-citizen, C. F. Picotte, passed up to Fort Pierre on the fur company's steamer, "Sonora," at which time there was not a white settler on the Dakota side of the Missouri river. In 1855 the Harney treaty was consummated, and his forces marched from the Platte to the Missouri, and encamped for the winter at Fort Pierre. The command consisted of about 1,200 men, and among the officers was the heroic Lyon, who fell in the late war for the Union; also, Captain Gardiner, a rebel general in the Southern army; and Captain Todd, the first delegate in congress from Dakota. In 1856 old Fort Lookout was occupied by government troops, and General Harney there made his headquarters; but early in the spring he selected the site and commenced the erection of Fort Randall, where, in June of the same year, the two first companies of soldiers were landed by steamboat.

During the same season Captain Sully, at the head of two companies, marched across the plains from Fort Abercrombie for the purpose of relieving a portion of the command at Fort Pierre, at which point he remained until 1858, and then recrossed the country to Fort Ridgely. Lyon remained in charge of Fort Lookout until the summer of 1858, when both Pierre and Lookout were abandoned, and with the exception of a few companies stationed at Fort Randall the military forces were removed from the frontier to other parts of the country.

During these military movements on our frontier, Lieutenant Warren and Dr. Hayden were prosecuting their scientific investigations in the mysterious regions of the Black Hills and Bad Lands, while no perceptible settlements had penetrated the upper Missouri valley, and the soil of Dakota was yet unbroken by the hand of civilized agriculture. A few adventurous pioneers had, however, entered the wilds and built cabins in the Indian country, preparatory to the consummation of the proposed treaties.

The Dakota Land Company of St. Paul and the Western Town Company of Dubuque established themselves at points on the Sioux river in 1857. Fuller, Dewitt, Fisk, Smith and others of the first named company founded the towns of Medary, Flandreau, Emineza, and also settled upon the upper part of Sioux Falls City, while the Dubuque company, under its successive agents, Jarrett, Brookings and Waldron, held the lower town, erected a number of buildings, and started a saw-mill, the first in the territory; and in the following winter the St. Paul company published the first sheets of the *Dakota Democrat*, which contained the proceedings of the first provisional legislature which assembled at Sioux Falls in the winter of 1858-59.

In 1857 the old James River House and ferry, near Yankton, were built by the agents of Frost, Todd & Co., who had obtained a license to trade there, and in the same season the first house in Clay county was erected near the old elm tree now standing in the street of Vermillion, in front of Miner's Hotel. The first house in Cole [now Union] county was erected during the same year, and is now standing on the bank of the Big Sioux river, near Pacquette's Ferry. In

June, 1858, the old trading house in Yankton was built by G. D. Fisk and others, which is still standing on the levee, near the steamboat landing. In the fall of the same year J. H. Shober, at the head of a small band of pioneers, entered the territory, and located at Bonhomme Island, and Major Gregory, agent of the Poncas, had just completed his mission of removing those Indians to the Dakota side of the Running Water. During the same season the town of Medary was burned, and all of the settlements in the Big Sioux Valley above Sioux Falls were abandoned to the Indians. While these early footprints of civilization were being stamped upon the shores of the Missouri valley, the Minnesota state constitutional convention had assembled at St. Paul, and was in stormy debate over the question of including this section of Dakota within the boundaries of the new-made state, and the resolution was finally lost by only four votes.

In 1858 the Ponca and Yankton treaties were formed, through the agency of J. B. S. Todd, T. Brugnier, C. F. Picotte and others, by the provisions of which those tribes ceded to the United States about 16,000,000 acres of land, lying in the southern part of the territory, and watered by the Big Sioux, James, Missouri, and Niobrara rivers. For these lands the government pays over $2,000,000 in annual instalments for fifty years; and on the 13th July, A. H. Redfield, agent of the Yanktons, arrived by steamboat, and the Indians commenced to abandon their lands and to remove to their reservation, near Fort Randall. Here begins the date of permanent settlement in Dakota, when the retreating red race looked back upon the advancing sentinels of civilization who had come to subdue the wilds, and adorn our rivers with thriving villages. And here we commence the written history of Dakota's white race, established in a land where "wild tribes of men have marched their armies over our towns and fields, and fierce battles have been fought where, ere long, churches may rear their spires, and our plough-shares turn furrows amidst the graves of buried races, and our children play, perhaps, where generations of children have played before."

EARLY SETTLEMENTS.

Scarcely had the Indians removed from their old hunting grounds when settlers began to enter the territory and erect their western cabins.

In 1859 the first white families settled in the counties of Union, Clay, and Yankton. George Brown located at Vermillion in August, 1859, and erected the old "Miner Hotel." Miner Robinson, L. E. Phelps and P. H. Jewell, removed to Vermillion during the same season, and J. H. McHenry opened the first store at that town in September, 1859, and in the following spring the Van Metre ferry and Compton & Deuel's saw-mill were put in operation. In July J. Stanage selected his claim on James river, erected a house, opened a farm, and established a ferry for the crossing of the public travel. Thomas Frek and Henry Arend located near the upper ferry, which at that time was the old government crossing, and kept by J. M. Stone, to whom the settlers' mail matter once a week was delivered from Sioux City, by the driver of the Fort Randall express, inclosed in an old oilcloth satchel. During the same season D. T. Bramble erected the first frame building in Yankton, as a store, near the levee, on the newly surveyed townsite of the Upper Missouri Land Company, consisting of J. S. B. Todd, A. W. Hubbard, Enos Stutsman, and others. Captain Todd erected his little law-office on the corner of Broadway and Second streets during the same winter. M. K. Armstrong came as the first land surveyor in Dakota, in 1859, and on a cold, blue Christmas day, H. C. Ash and wife, at the head of the pioneer family of Yankton, entered the place, and opened a tavern in a rude log house on the west side of Broadway. During the following year the old log churches at Yankton and Vermillion were erected, in which the Revs. Hoyt, Ingham, and Martin, were the first to proclaim the word of God to the pioneers of Dakota. At this time Sioux Falls, owned by the Dubuque and St. Paul Town Companies, was the leading town in the territory, and the United States survey of lands had been extended to that place in September, 1859, and in the fall of 1860 the first tier of townships was surveyed along the Missouri river, in which year Vermillion commenced its rapid strides in growth and settlement, and outstripped all its competitors, while Yankton was ranked as the third town in Dakota. The three places were aspirants for the embryo capital. At Sioux Falls the *Northwest Independent* was published, elections had been held, provisional officers chosen, a delegate to congress elected, and legislatures convened in 1858-59 and 1859-60.

But government appears to have looked with more surprise than compassion on these early political freaks of Dakotans. The people who had settled on the western slope of Dakota, however, were more moderate in their demands, and more successful in their petitions to congress. These pioneers, on the 8th day of November, 1859, assembled in mass convention to petition congress for a territorial organization. A memorial was drafted and signed by the citizens of the territory, which was conveyed to Washington by J. B. S. Todd, calling the attention of the government to our situation. The session passed, congress adjourned, and amid the tumultous preparations for a presidential election and the muttering thunders of a rising rebellion, Dakota was left ungoverned and unorganized.

Not to be discouraged by this partial failure, the pioneers assembled again in mass convention at Yankton, Dec. 27, 1860, and again on Jan. 15, 1861, and prepared an earnest and lengthy memorial to congress, which was signed by 578 citizens and forwarded to the speaker of the house and president of the senate. Again a cloud hung dark over Dakota's prayer. A new president had been elected—the old power was retiring, a new one advancing; and the rebellion which, but the year before, was muttering in smothered tones, had now burst forth in all its fury, and was bearing upon its maddening waves seven revolted states of the Union. But through the gathering darkness a ray of light was seen. The old power could organize—the new one appoint; and on the second day of March, 1861, President Buchanan approved the bill giving to Dakota a territorial government.

The news did not reach Yankton until the 13th of the month, and on that night hats, hurrahs and town lots "went up," to greet the dawning future of the Great Northwest.

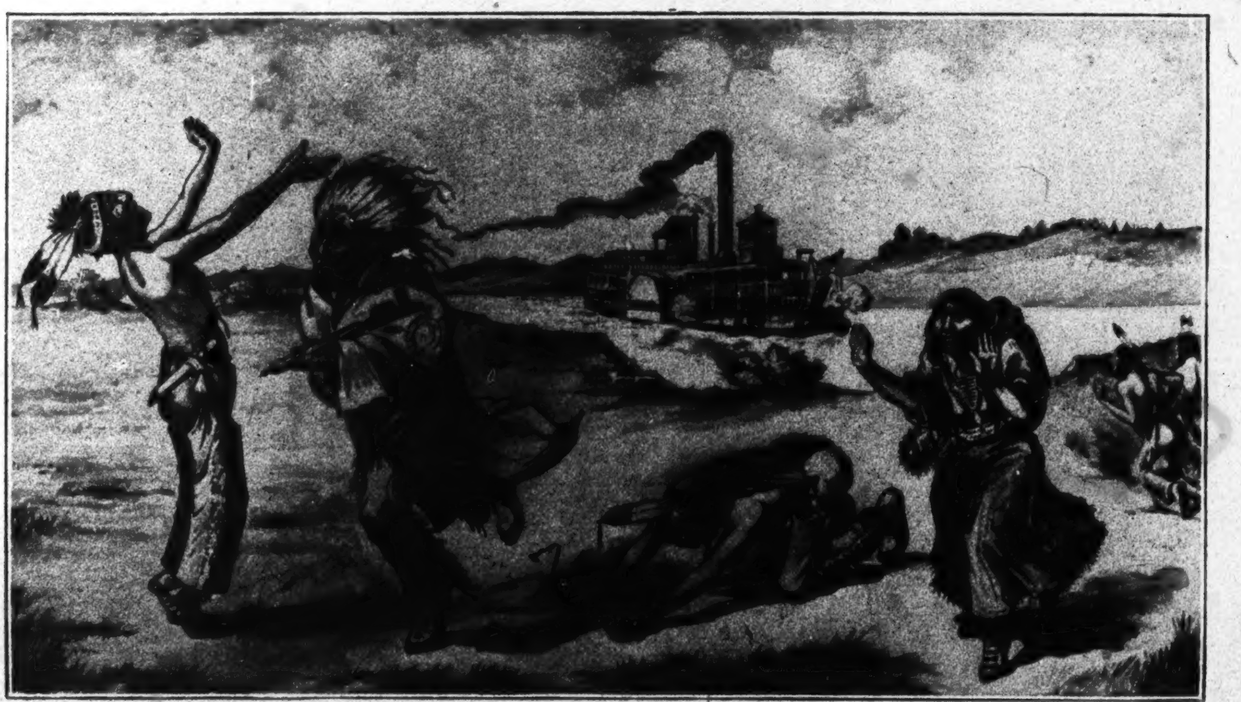
A GREAT EMPIRE.

Under its new boundaries the territory comprised all of the present Territory of Montana and the eastern slope of Idaho, and contained about 350,000 square miles, which was bounded on the north by the British line, east by Minnesota and Iowa, south by the Iowa line, and the Missouri, Niobrara and Turtle Hill rivers, up to and along the forty-third parallel of latitude, to the Rocky Mountains, thence along their snowy range to British America. Some 70,000 square miles of this territory was situated east of the Missouri river, and constituted that country which had been trimmed off from the state boundaries of Minnesota in 1858, while a vast expanse of the new territory, reaching out from the Missouri to the Rocky Mountains, was carved out of the old Territory of Nebraska, as formed in 1854. Dakota, thus established, constituted the largest organized territory in the United States, and afforded a river navigation of not less than 2,000 miles. In June the following officials, appointed by the new administration, arrived and entered upon the discharge of their duties: Wm. Jayne of Illinois, governor; John Hutchinson of Minnesota, secretary; P. Bliss of Ohio, chief justice; L. P. Williston of Pennsylvania and J. L. Williams of Tennessee, associate justices; W. E. Gleason of Maryland, district attorney; G. D. Hill of Michigan, surveyor general; W. F. Shaffer, marshal; W. A. Burleigh of Pennsylvania, agent of Yanktons; H. A. Hoffman of New York, agent of Poncas. H. A. Kennerly was appointed register and Jesse Wherry receiver, of the Vermillion land office during the same season, both of Dakota Territory. On the 6th of June the *Weekly Dakotan* was issued at Yankton, under the head of the Dakotan Company. In the following month *The Dakota Republican* was started at Vermillion by Bedell and Clark.

A census was taken, showing the population of the territory to be 2,402, and on the 13th of July the first proclamation of the governor was issued, dividing the territory into judicial districts, and assigning the judges thereto. Chief Justice Bliss was assigned to the second district at Yankton; Assistant Justice Williston to the Vermillion district; and Judge Williams to the Bonhomme district. On the 29th of July a second proclamation was issued, dividing the territory into council and representative districts, and appointing the 16th of September for a general election.

EARLY POLITICS.

Politics, now for the first time, began to bewilder the brain of Dakota's people. J. B. S. Todd had already published himself as an independent candidate for delegate in congress; and by a convention which had assembled at Vermillion, on the 1st of June, A. J. Bell had been put in nomination by members of the Union party; but not until C. P. Booge had declared himself an independent candidate may Dakota be said to have fairly embarked in the race for congress. Todd was supported by the ready quill of the *Dakotan* and Bell by *The Republican*, while Booge relied upon his fast horses and stump speakers. Election came and passed—585 votes were polled, of which Todd received 397, Booge 110, and Bell 78. Soon after election the *Weekly Dakotan* and *Republican* were suspended till late in the winter of 1861-62, when the *Dakotan* was resumed under the name of Josiah C. Trask as public printer for the territory. Nearly all the federal officers went back to the States during the winter to wait the convening of the legislature.



FIRST STEAMBOAT AMONG DAKOTA INDIANS IN 1833.—p. 23.

During the winter of 1861-62, Captain Miner's Company A of Dakota cavalry was enlisted at Yankton, by order of the war department, for frontier service, consisting of ninety-eight men, who were mustered in the United States' service April 19, 1862. The legislature, which had been chosen at the fall election, consisting of nine councilmen and thirteen representatives, was convened by the governor at Yankton, March 17, 1862, and perfected an organization by the choice of J. H. Shober, president, and James Tufts, secretary of the Council; G. M. Pinney, speaker, and J. R. Hanson, chief clerk of the house.

The following is a list of members and officers of the first legislature:

Yankton District—Council: Enos Stutsman and D. T. Bramble. House: M. K. Armstrong and John Stanage.

East Vermillion District—Council: H. D. Betts and J. W. Boyle. House: L. Burgess and A. W. Puett.

West Vermillion District—Council: Jacob Deuel. House: J. A. Jaccbson and B. E. Wood.

Big Sioux and Red River District—Council: Austin Cole and W. W. Brookings. House: C. Maloney, J. C. McBride, G. P. Waldron and H. S. Donaldson.

Bonhomme District—Council: J. H. Shober. House: G. M. Pinney and Reuben Wallace.

Fort Randall District—Council: J. C. Gregory. House: J. L. Tiernon.

Subordinate Officers—Council: James Tufts, secretary; E. M. Bond, assistant; W. R. Goddfellow, enrolling clerk; S. M. Ingham, chaplain; C. F. Picotte, sergeant-at-arms; E. B. Wixon, messenger; W. W. Warford, fireman.

Subordinate Officers—House: J. R. Hanson, chief clerk; J. M. Allen, assistant; D. Gifford, engrossing clerk; B. M. Smith, enrolling clerk; M. D. Metcalf, chaplain; James Somers, sergeant-at-arms; A. B. Smith, messenger; Ole Anderson, fireman. Speaker Pinney resigned on the 9th, and J. L. Tiernon was elected to the vacant chair.

A wholesome code of laws was passed, the capital permanently located at Yankton, and the Red River representation increased to three members.

After the great flood in March, caused by the gorging of the Missouri river, which drove all the settlers from the bottoms to the high lands with their families and herds, the summer of 1862 was one of peace and prosperity; the harvests were bountiful, settlements increased, while towns and villages sprang to view along the shores of our navigable rivers. With the 1st of September came the second general election in Dakota, wherein Governor Jayne and General Todd were opposing candidates for congress, respectively nominated by mass conventions of the 16th and 24th of July, at Vermillion.

Politics were discarded, and they entered the field as Union candidates, accompanied by two tickets of territorial officers and candidates for the legislature. The campaign was very, sharply and earnestly contested. Jayne was supported by the *Dakotan*, at Yankton, and *The Republican*, at Vermillion, which had again entered the political arena. Todd was actively sustained by his friends in the field, and by a series of thirty-seven communications known as the "Logroller Letters," in the Sioux City *Register*. The interest manifested was intense. Eight hundred and sixty-three votes were polled, of which Jayne received 408, and Todd 375. The election returns from the counties of Bonhomme and Charles Mix were rejected by the board of territorial canvassers, and the Red River returns not arriving in time to be canvassed, the result stood, Jayne, 237; Todd, 221. Todd contested the election of Jayne before the committee of elections in congress, and was finally reinstated in his seat, by the report of the congressional committee giving to Todd 345 votes, and Jayne 246. During the fall of 1862 the Vermillon land office was formally opened by the newly appointed register and receiver, J. M. Allen of Illinois and M. Wilkinson of Indiana. In the summer of the same year E. Stutsman was chosen private secretary of Governor Jayne, and Geo. M. Pinney was appointed United States marshal for Dakota.

INDIAN ATTACKS.

Simultaneously with the eve of the delegate election came the painful tidings, confirming the rumors of the bloody massacre in Minnesota, by the rebellious bands of Sioux. The fearful tale that hundreds of people had been hurried to death by these savages in the short space of five days, and that the revengeful army, reeking in innocent blood, decked in the garb of victory, and proud with spoils and bleeding captives, was moving westward on the weak and defenseless settlements of Dakota, could not but cast terror and tears around the hearthstone of many a happy family. Here they had planted their abodes in the wilderness, and with scanty means and frugal industry were perfecting, day by day, their little homes of peace and comfort. But hark! the war cry is heard; the Sioux are on the trail; two citizens are murdered at noon-day, and our unarmed and infant settlements stand trembling within the grasp of 30,000 Indians. The panic flies from house to house and from village to village until three-fourths of the entire population is a moving caravan of people. Stout-hearted men stood blanched with terror; pale-faced mothers concealed their tears, and strove, with saddened smiles, to calm the night sobs of the weeping young; and when the last ray of sunlight had left the land of ripening harvest and the dark mantle of night was closed over river and wood and plain, in homes where now the voice of gladness and the sound of industry was heard no more, surely the pall of death seemed to be settling over the grave of the territory. But not so. Dakota had men of nerve and daring; and some 300 of these pioneers remained in the territory, threw up their hasty fortifications, and with rifle in hand, stood sentinel day and night to protect their homes and families from the nightly expected attack of the red man's knife and tomahawk.

The town of Sioux Falls was abandoned, and the citizens fled to the settlements on the Missouri river for protection. At that place two citizens had been murdered in their fields at noon-day, and the Indians had entered the town and fired upon a company of soldiers. The mail carrier between Sioux Falls and Yankton had been waylaid and robbed, and a party of miners descending the Missouri river in open boats was attacked and murdered by a band of Sioux near Painted Woods creek, and no news of the fate of the unfortunate victims reached the settlement until late in the winter. In the vicinity of Yankton a small war party boldly entered the settlement on James river, fired upon the citizens in the threshold of their own cabins, resisted a detachment of soldiers, and departed to the plains with their stolen plunder, while the farmers of the settlement, with their families and herds, resorted to the barracks of the town for refuge. Aside from these, no deliberate attack was made on the settlements in the Missouri valley. Gradually the fear of the people abated, and before the close of autumn much of the scattered population which had fled to the neighboring Territory of Nebraska and State of Iowa began to return to their homes, and succeeded in gathering a sufficient supply from their damaged and wasting harvests to subsist themselves through the coming winter.

On the 1st of December the second session of the legislature convened in the newly-erected capitol building of Picotte and Armstrong, and the members of the lower house were engaged seventeen days in effecting a permanent organization and receiving the message of the governor.

The council permanently organized on the first day of the session by the choice of Enos Stutsman, president, and James Tufts, secretary, and the house formed a temporary organization by the election of A. J. Harlan, speaker, and B. M. Smith, chief clerk. Contested elections from Cole, Bonhomme and Charles Mix counties consumed the time of the house for ten days, when, on the ground of a prejudiced ruling of the speaker, six members withdrew from the house and left the body without a quorum. The house next day filled its quorum by admitting the contestants Somers, Waldron, Gifford, Johnson, and Kennerly, while the six members who withdrew met in the surveyor general's office and formed an organization by admitting contestants Frisbie, Litchfield, Hartsough and Pease. On the 16th day of the session, the six members returned, and the house was organized by the election of M. K. Armstrong speaker and Robert Hagaman chief clerk. The governor's message was received on the following day.

The second session of the legislature, as finally organized, stood thus:

Yankton County—Council: Enos Stutsman, D. T. Bramble. House: M. K. Armstrong, Knud Larson.

Clay County—Council: H. D. Betts, J. W. Boyle. House: A. J. Harlan, L. Bothun, A. W. Puett, J. A. Jacobson.

Cole County and Sioux Falls—Council: A. Cole, W. W. Brookings. House: N. J. Wallace, M. H. Somers, G. P. Waldron.

Red River District—Council: James McFetridge. House: H. S. Donaldson, J. Y. Buckman.

Bonhomme County—Council: J. H. Shober. House: E. Gifford, R. M. Johnson.

Fort Randall District—Council: J. S. Gregory. House: F. D. Pease.

Subordinate Officers of Council—James Tufts, secretary; W. W. Warford, assistant; L. Robinson, sergeant-at-arms; Hans Gunderson, messenger; Ole Halverson, fireman; M. Hoyt, chaplain.

Subordinate Officers of the House—R. M. Hagaman, chief clerk; J. M. Allen, assistant; G. Jacobson, sergeant-at-arms; T. Halverson, messenger; J. S. Presho, fireman; J. D. Paine, chaplain.

GOLD DISCOVERIES.

During the summer of 1862 the first discovery of gold had been made in western Dakota, on the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains, within the present territories of Idaho and Montana; and on the 3d of the following March, 1863, congress erected the new Territory of Idaho, comprising all that portion of Dakota west of the twenty-seventh degree of longitude, passing northward through the Black Hills, and near the mouth of the Yellowstone river. Over 12,000 people emigrated to the mountain mines of Idaho in 1863, and in May, 1864, the new Territory of Montana was erected out of eastern Idaho, with a population of 10,000 people, and a yearly product of $7,000,000 in gold dust. The spring of 1863 had opened with discouraging prospects to the settlers in the Missouri valley. The rumor of a long and harassing Indian war was rife among the people. The settlements were again unguarded and defenseless—no assistance was afforded by the commander of the district until a daring murder was committed by a war party within three miles of the capitol and whole settlements of industrious farmers had abandoned the territory. But the future brightened and the hopes of the people revived when, in June, General Sully, with 2,000 cavalry, entered the Missouri valley, pursued and punished the Indians, at the head of White Stone Hills, and returned to garrison the settlements for the winter. Fort Sully was built near the line of the Indian country, and was garrisoned as the frontier post in the territory.

Eighteen steamboats passed up the Missouri into the new territories during the year 1863, carrying many thousands of tons of freight and hundreds of passengers for the new gold mines. During the same season the Santee and Winnebago tribes of Indians were removed from Minnesota to Dakota, and located on reservations near Crow creek, in latitude forty-four degrees north.

In September occurred the third general election in Dakota. But little interest was manifested, and a small vote polled throughout the territory. Drouth, Indians and misfortunes had abated the political and agricultural ardor of the people. During the year Newton Edmunds was appointed governor; G. P. Waldron, provost marshal and J. W. Boyle receiver United States land office. On the seventh of December the third session of the legislature convened at Yankton, and perfected an organization with the following members and officers, to-wit:

Yankton County—Council: Enos Stutsman, J. M. Stone, G. W. Kingsbury. House: John Lawrence, W. W. Brookings, Knud Larson, W. Reed, P. H. Risling.

Clay County—Council: Lasse Bothun, Hugh Compton, Franklin Taylor. House: H. Burgess, Ole Bottolfson, A. W. Puett, E. M. Bond, Wm. Shriner, G. W. Pratt.

Cole County—Council: J. O. Taylor, M. M. Rich, John Mathers. House: N. G. Curtis, B. A. Hill, Duncan Ross, Albert Gore, Asa Mattison.

Bonhomme County—Council: D. P. Bradford. House: Henry Brooks, L. H. Litchfield.

Todd County—Council: J. Shaw Gregory. House: Jesse Wherry, Peter Kegan.

Charles Mix County—Council: John J. Thompson. House: E. W. Wall.

Officers of the Council—Enos Stutsman, president; J. R. Hanson, secretary; C. F. Rossteucher, assistant; B. C. Fowler, sergeant-at-arms; C. E. Rowley, messenger; T. W. Thompson, fireman; Rev. M. Hoyt, chaplain.

Officers of the House—A. W. Puett, speaker; Mahlon Gore, chief clerk; A. K. Curtis, assistant; Ole Sampson, sergeant-at-arms; Louis Larson, fireman; L. K. Severson, messenger; Almon Gore, chaplain.

In the spring of 1864 the population of Dakota was increased by the advent of a New York colony of sixty families, who settled along the Missouri valley.

General Sully, in June, led his second military expedition through the territory, to punish the hostile tribes of the Northwest. His command consisted of about 2,600 men, and notwithstanding the fact that small detachments of troops were left in his rear to protect the towns and settlements, the United States mail stage was attacked upon the highway of the territory, and murder committed almost within signal shot of a garrisoned station. Fort Rice was erected and garrisoned during the summer by the forces of Generals Sully and Sibley.

The season of 1864 was unpropitious for the settlements of the territory. Unremitting drouth and clouds of grasshoppers swept the bloom of the fields and the verdure of the plains, and with the approach of autumn the despondent farmers repaired with their teams to the neighboring states to bring in a supply of subsistence until another seed time. Lurking bands of Indians continued to hang upon the border settlements for rapine and murder, and during the season a whole family was massacred within twelve miles of the capital, while teamsters were robbed on the upper thoroughfares and their stock driven to the plains. The prospects for the future were truly discouraging, and many of the earliest settlers abandoned the territory.

On the 11th of October occurred the third delegate election, wherein W. A. Burleigh and J. B. S. Todd were opposing candidates for congress, running substantially on the same political platform. A new independent paper had been started at Yankton, in June, styled the *Dakota Union*, published by G. W. Kingsbury, with M. K. Armstrong as associate editor. This publication maintained a vigorous existence for ten successive issues, opposing the election of Mr. Burleigh, but upon the nomination of General Todd the paper was finally consolidated with the *Dakotan*, under the name of the *Union and Dakotan*. Six hundred and seven votes were polled, of which Burleigh received 386, and Todd 220. Mr. Burleigh was therefore declared by the canvassers duly elected, and assumed his seat in congress as third delegate from Dakota.

On the 5th of December the fourth annual session of the legislature convened at Yankton, and perfected an organization with the following members and officers, to-wit:

Yankton County—Council: Enos Stutsman, G. W. Kingsbury, J. M. Stone. House: W. W. Brookings, J. R. Hanson, John Lawrence, M. M. Mattison, W. Reed.

Union County—Council: J. O. Taylor, M. M. Rich, John Mathers. House: A. Christy, G. W. Kellogg, Peter Lemonges, H. Matthews, Geo. Stickney.

Clay County—Council: Lasse Bothun, Hugh Compton, Franklin Taylor. House: H. Burgess, J. P. Burgman, B. W. Collar, G. W. Pratt, Wm. Shriner, J. W. Turner.

Bonhomme County—Council: D. P. Bradford. House: John Rouse, John W. Owens.

Todd County—Council: J. Shaw Gregory. House: Francis McCarthy, Peter Kegan.

Charles Mix County—Council: John J. Thompson. House: F. Fallas, E. W. Wall.

Officers of the Council—Enos Stutsman, president; G. N. Propper, secretary; James B. Gayton and C. F. Ressteucher, assistants; Carlos

Kingley, sergeant-at-arms; Mons Bothun, messenger; W. H. Werdebaugh, fireman; L. P. Judson, chaplain.

Officers of the House—W. W. Brookings, speaker; G. I. Foster, clerk; L. E. Congleton, assistant; J. P. Renne, sergeant-at-arms; Erick Nelson, messenger; Peter Nelson, fireman; M. Hoyt, chaplain.

The spring of 1865 gave promise of a more prosperous future to the territory. Eighty-five thousand dollars had been appropriated by congress for the opening of wagon roads through the territories to the Rocky Mountain gold mines. Col. James S. Sawyer was appointed superintendent to construct the road from Niobrara to Virginia City with $30,000. Col. G. C. Moody was assigned to the road from Sioux City up the Missouri valley to the great Sheyenne with $25,000; and W. W. Brookings, with $30,000, was selected to construct a road across Dakota from the Minnesota line, out the Sheyenne, to intersect with the Sawyer route, west of the Black Hills.

In June, General Sully led his third expedition up the Missouri valley into the Indian country; and with the exception of the "Brule Creek Massacre" in August, peace and safety generally prevailed throughout the settled portion of the territory. The season was a favorable one for the farmers, and the fields yielded a bountiful harvest. Schools were numerously established throughout the territory, and the erection of an Episcopal church was commenced at Yankton. The first session of the supreme court of Dakota was convened at the capitol, July 6, 1865. Hon. Ara Bartlett, J. P. Kidder and W. E. Gleeson presided and selected M. K. Armstrong clerk of the court.

On the 10th of October came the fifth general election for members of the legislative assembly. No political lines were drawn, and a moderate vote was polled throughout the territory.

On the fourth day of December the fifth legislature convened at Yankton, consisting of the following members:

Yankton County—Council: Enos Stutsman, M. K. Armstrong, G. W. Kingsbury, A. Van Osdel. House: W. W. Brookings, H. C. Ash, A. M. English, S. C. Fargo, Jacob Brough.

Union County—Council: George Stickney, Charles LaBreeche, [illegible] F. Stevens. House: T. C. Watson, E. C. Collins, William Walters, Michael Curry, Michael Ryan, G. W. Kellogg, Edward Lent.

Clay County—Council: J. W. Turner, N. V. Ross, Cannie Weeks. House: H. J. Austin, James Whitehorn, G. B. Bigelow, Amos Hampton, Franklin Taylor, James McHenry.

Bonhomme County—Council: Austin Cole. House: Jonathan Brown, Charles N. Cooper.

Todd County—Council: J. Shaw Gregory. House: J. A. Lewis, C. H. McCarthy.

Charles Mix County—Council: John J. Thompson. House: W. Stevens, Joseph Ellis.

Officers of the Council:—George Stickney, president; J. R. Hanson, secretary; Edwin Vinton, assistant; J. D. Prentice, sergeant-at-arms; Benj. Fraley, messenger; Joseph Broulette, fireman; Rev. M. Hoyt, chaplain.

Officers of the House—G. B. Bigelow, speaker; George I. Foster, chief clerk; John Reynolds, assistant; George Falkingburg, sergeant-at-arms; S. M. Kessler, fireman; Steven Baker, messenger; Rev. M. Hoyt, chaplain.

And here, in 1865, with the termination of the fifth session of the legislative assembly of Dakota, we close the early history of this great territory of the Northwest. We have endeavored to present a plain, unpolished record of dates, events and localities. These are the footprints of Dakota's past; the future remains to be lived and recorded—the future of three vast states stretching across the nation's inevitable highway, from the great lakes to the mountains. Through the midst of our entire border the Almighty has traced the watercourse of one of the greatest rivers on the continent, rising among the cliffs of eternal frost and bearing upon its bosom the wealth of the mountains, the commerce of the valleys and harvest of the plains, southward to the sea. Not five years of our political existence have yet elapsed, and notwithstanding the terrors of a three years' relentless Indian war in our midst the people of the Missouri valley have steadily advanced to a permanent degree of prosperity, with churches and schools, and all the attendants of an enlightened community.

Already the screaming chorus of navigation is heard upon our rivers, and the iron finger of commerce is pointing from the Upper Mississippi to the wilds of the Northwest Territory, whose mountain sides are already yielding an annual product of gold to the amount of twenty millions of dollars. Verily,

> "Westward the star of empire takes its way."

We have only to look back through thirty-five years of wilderness to find the wild wolf howling in the streets of Chicago, and the stark and untamed red-man roaming at will through his native forests in Illinois and Wisconsin; and crossing the father of rivers into Iowa, in 1832, we find the retreating savage relinquishing to the government the first foot of land northwest of the River Mississippi; and again, in 1851, the great Sioux nation yields up to the pale-faced race the sky-tinted clime of Minnesota; while in 1857 the advent of the first railroad train northwest of the Mississippi is announced by the scream of the iron horse on the eastern plains of Iowa; and soon thereafter, in 1858, far up in the Missouri valley of Dakota and Nebraska the still retreating red man cedes to his great father the land of his birth, and turns his face westward to his inevitable doom. And still the intelligent and aggressive army of pale-faces is pressing up this great artery of the Northwest, causing its valleys to resound with the hum of invincible enterprise, and its gold-seamed mountains to ring beneath the stroke of thirty thousand miners. Let the early pioneer of the Northwest gather courage from the lessons of the past. Let him remember that out of a wilderness of thirty years ago have grown rich and powerful states, with their millions of people, whose steamers and railroad trains are thundering through every valley, and whose cities and church-spires are rising from almost every hill-top and plain. Who shall say, then, that thirty years of the future will not build a highway of cities up our navigable and fertile valleys, over the golden mountains to the ocean. The day is not distant when the near and accessible Black Hills, with their pine-clad vales and aurific ledges, will be wrested from the jealous savage, and peace restored with the rebellious tribes between the river and the mountains. Then will the thoroughfares of travel and trade penetrate the interior of the Northwest wild, and develop its unbounded resources.

Let us remain true, patient, honest and industrious, and the world will admire us and fill our lands with people. The graves of our early dead will be honored in coming years, and the Northwest will boast of its wealth, trade, society, institutions and men.

NATURAL RESOURCES OF THE NORTHWEST TERRITORIES, AS SEEN IN 1866.

The Black Hills and Bad Lands of Dakota and Montana territories, lying near the 102 meridian of longitude, and between the Niobrara and the Yellowstone rivers, is a region which has always excited the interest of geologists and explorers, but remains, even up to the present time, a mysterious and undeveloped belt of the continent where none but the wild beast and red man hold dominion. On account of the determined and superstitious hostility of the Indians in that region, no geologist has ever been able to penetrate into the interior of the Black Hills, and no scientific exploration has ever been made among the mysterious ruins of the Bad Lands, save a hasty survey by Evans in 1849 and Weeks and Hayden in 1856-57. Projecting peaks of these hills have been ascended to the height of 6,500 feet above the sea level, while the long winding valley of the Bad Lands is sunken, in many places, to the depth of 1,000 feet below the surface of the surrounding prairies.

The Black Hills, says Lieutenant Warren, who visited their base in 1857-58, are composed of the same formations of stratified rocks as are found in the gold-bearing gulches of the Wind river and Big Horn mountains; these hills, in his opinion, being only an out-cropping spur of the great Rocky Mountain range, in the vicinity of the Bannock and Virginia City mines. The vast forests of magnificent pine which literally darken the flanks of this mountain range, have given to it among travelers the name of "Black Hills," situated between the forks of the Great Sheyenne. Dr. Hayden, the geologist, says the lowest member of the Silurian period, or gold-bearing strata, are well developed in these hills, and the recent discoveries made by General Sully's Indian expedition, which crossed the northern trend of the Bad Lands in 1864, and Colonel Sawyer's road expedition along the south base of the Black Hills in 1865, clearly indicate that the next succeeding formation, known as the Devonian system, is brought to light in the floor of the great Bad Lands basin. The vast ruins of petrified forests, with their fallen trees, lie strewn among peaks and castles of brick, coal and organic remains, with piers and bridges of stone, resembling the works of an ancient people. This system is known in geology as the period in the earth's formation which corresponds with the third day of creation, when the great coal measures of the earth commenced their slow formation with the first appearance of vegetation upon the globe, and it is an established geological fact that the most extensive coal deposits are met with in all countries next above the Devonian series, and the petroleum or oil-bearing rocks are to be found in this and the lower Silurian period, which Dr. Hayden says are well developed in the Black Hills region.

It is now the prevailing opinion of geologists, based upon scientific reasoning, that the basin of the Bad Lands is the ancient bed of a great coal field, which became self-ignited at some distant period, and like many of the coal-fields of England, has been slowly burned out by its own bituminous fuel.

Colter and others, in 1804-1805, crossed the northern trend of this great fire land, where, at that early day, they represent the whole country as being on fire, emitting a carboniferous smoke and the sound of rumbling thunder from the heated earth; and as these phenomena were mentioned by Lewis and Clark in 1806, and by Hunt, McKenzie and Crooks in their fur expedition to the mountains in 1811, there is conclusive evidence to sustain the statement made by General Sully in his official report of 1864, that "coal exists in all the country from the Missouri to the Yellowstone."

The early discovery of oil springs in that region by Captain Bonneville in 1833, and the still later and reliable discovery of Mr. Eddy, in 1865, of large flowing oil springs to the west of the Black Hills, foretells the hidden wealth of this vast region.

Humboldt and De Smet make mention of mountain reports being heard in the vicinity of these hills in the early part of the present century, resembling the discharge of artillery, in the most calm and serene weather, which the wild and superstitious natives of that region believed to be the bursting of rich mineral deposits, the locality of which were revealed only to the red man, and were entombed far up among the dark and inaccessible defiles of the Black Hills. But modern discovery and science account for these strange phenomena by attributing the cause to an escape of hydrogen from subterranean beds of burning coal. Later travelers inform us that since the year 1830 these strange "fires and explosions" have ceased. Captain Bonneville, in 1834, and Parker, in 1835, found nothing but the silent, dismal and mysterious ruins of this great subterraneous conflagration, heaped in charred and crumbling towers and castles in the midst of a solitary valley of ashes, bones and petrifaction.

This theory in the origin of the Bad Lands being sustained both by history and geology, it is confidently believed by the people of the Northwest that coal oil reservoirs will yet be found in great abundance at the north and east base of the Black Hills. Here in the upheaval of this mountain range, geology points to the oil-bearing rocks of the Devonian and Silurian formations, which have been thrown up, through and above the surrounding coal-fields which border immediately upon the base of these mountainous hills, whose northern slopes are believed to be laden with immense deposits of lead and iron.

Professor Owens, United States geologist, in his report of 1852, in speaking of this mysterious region, compares the Bad Lands to "some magnificent city of the dead, where the labor and the genius of forgotten nations had left behind them a multitude of monuments of art and skill. At every step objects of the highest interest present themselves. Embedded in the debris, lie strewn, in the greatest profusion, organic relics of extinct animals. All speak of the former existence of most remarkable races that roamed about in bygone ages high up in the valley of the Missouri towards the sources of its western tributaries."

This eminent geologist demonstrates that all the strata composing the formation in the vicinity of the Black Hills and Bad Lands, "have been a succession of sediments or precipitates at the bottom of the ocean." "Thus," says he, "the geologist is able to prove, as satisfactorily as can be demonstrated a mathematical problem, that at the time these fossil mammalia of the Bad Lands lived, the ocean still ebbed and flowed over Switzerland, including its present site of the Alps, whose highest summits then reached only above the surface of the sea, constituting a small archipelago of a few distant islands in the great expanse of the ocean."

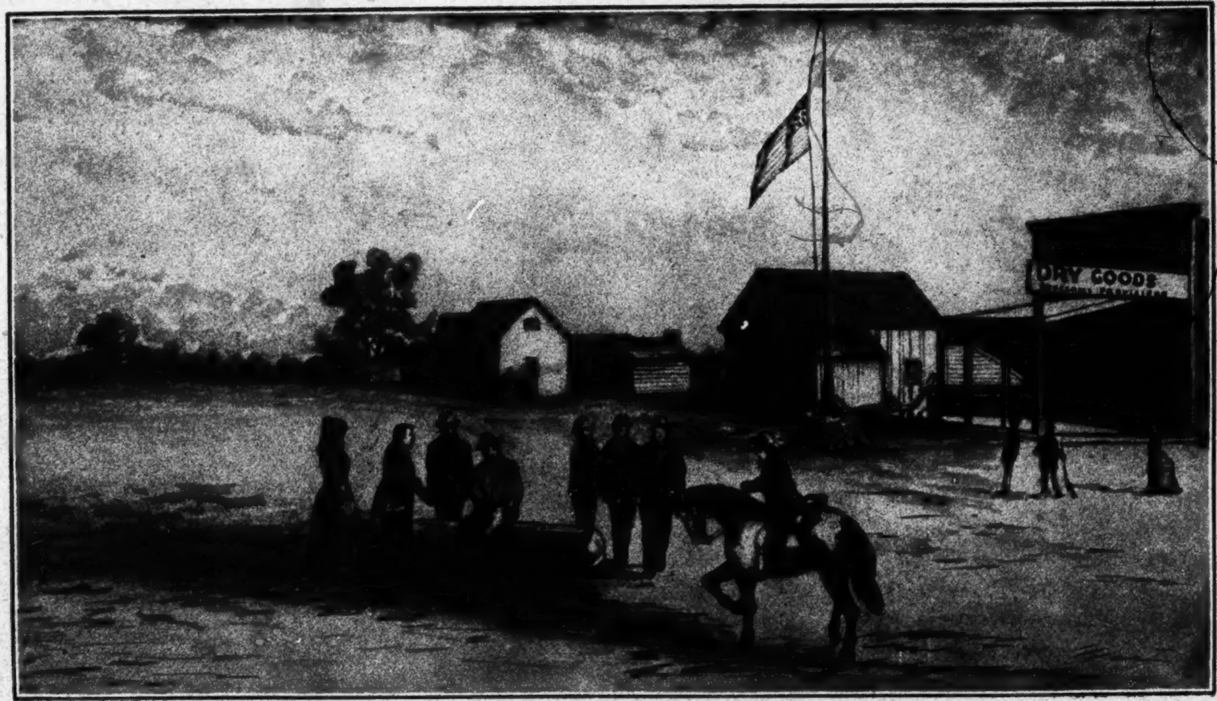
The same geologists inform us that the Black Hills of Dakota, the silver-bearing placers of the Amazon, the rich Cordilleras of South America, the Himalaya range of India, the Alps of Switzerland and the volcanic Ætna of Sicily, have all emerged from the sea at the same geological period, and that the same formation of mineral-bearing strata can be traced in each.

The actual discoveries of Astor's fur parties in 1811, and of Captain Bonneville in 1834, of Harney in 1855, Warren in 1856-57, of Dr. Hayden in 1858-59, General Sully in 1864, and Colonel Sawyer in 1865, prove conclusively that the Black Hill region abounds not only in the precious metals, but in iron, lead, coal, salt and petroleum, aside from its vast forests of magnificent pine and cedar.

We believe the day is not far distant when a commercial city will spring up in the citadel of these hills of wealth which will direct the iron track of the first railway from the upper Mississippi to the "northern mines" of the Rocky Mountains.

THE MISSOURI VALLEY OF DAKOTA.

The Missouri valley of Dakota, between the forty-second and forty-seventh degrees of north latitude, is one of the finest agricultural regions in the Northwestern Territories. The bottom lands bordering on this great river and its tributaries, possess most singular richness and uniformity of soil, and furnish the most splendid natural meadow of luxuriant grasses; while the adjoining prairies, clothed in nutritious herbage, are high and rolling, and free from malaria. On the abundant pasturage of the plains, and the green rushes of the valleys, cattle and horses subsist through the whole winter without care or attention, by sheltering themselves in the timbered ravines and river woodlands. Rain in winter is seldom known in this latitude, while the spring and autumn fall of water does not equal that of the states in the Mississippi valley by several inches. All kinds of grain, fruit, and vegetable roots usually grown in the Middle States here yield abundantly. Wild apples, plums, cherries, grapes, hops, and wild artichokes (or native potatoes) grow spontaneously, and yield in fabulous profusion along all the brooks and streams in the Missouri valley. Corn well cultivated has yielded seventy-three bushels per acre, wheat forty-two bushels, and potatoes 270. The excess of mean summer heat in this valley above that required for the thrifty growth of all staple



VERMILLION, DAKOTA TERRITORY, IN PIONEER DAYS OF 1862.—p. 30.

cereals is from two to five degrees, while the winters are dry, cold and uniform in temperature, with a clear sky and exhilarating air.

Nearly one million acres of land have been surveyed by the government, lying along the Missouri valley in Dakota, extending from the Big Sioux river to the Niobrara, including the counties of Union, Clay, Yankton, Bonhomme and Todd. Over 100,000 acres have been filed on by actual settlers in these counties alone, under the provisions of the homestead and preëmption laws, since the opening of the United States land office at Vermillion, in 1862. Many of the most desirable locations in the whole valley yet remain open to the future emigrant. The dark and perilous days in the pioneer settlement of Dakota have been met and passed, and notwithstanding the three years' Indian war upon our border, one hundred miles of flourishing settlements have been established along the shores of the Missouri valley. No people in the West have endured so many perils and dangers incident to the early settlement of a new territory as the pioneers of Dakota Territory. With 50,000 Indians between the river and the mountains, either openly hostile or secretly opposed to the advancement of white settlements and the navigation of the river, the pioneer farmers have steadily advanced along the southern frontier of the territory, fixing their permanent abodes on the borders of civilization. While these worthy pioneers of southern Dakota have been pushing their way against the Indian hordes of the upper Missouri, the golden attractions of the Missouri and Yellowstone have been plucked from our western border, and given to the new territories of Montana and Idaho, while millions of dollars and several thousand soldiers have been engaged by the government during the last three years in putting down the stupendous Indian rebellion of central Dakota.

The following table will be found of interest as an exhibit of the Indian population of the Missouri river and its tributaries:

4

NORTHWESTERN INDIAN TRIBES.

TRIBE.	Population.	REMARKS.
Yanktons	2,530	Treaty of 1857.
Ponkas	1,100	Treaty of 1858.
Santee Sioux	1,043	Treaty of 1851.
Brules of Platte and Black Hills	4,800	Wild tribes
Ogallalas	3,065	Wild tribes.
Sheyennes	3,000	Hostile tribes.
Arapahoes	2,800	Hostile tribes.
Two Kettles	780	Wild tribes.
Minneconjous	2,220	Wild tribes.
Yanctonnais	4,000	Hostile tribes.
Uncpapas and San Arcs	2,400	Hostile tribes.
Blackfeet	1,200	Treaty of 1855.
Wandering Sioux	800	Outlaws of 1862.
Groventres, Mandans and Rees	2,500	Harney treaty, 1855.
Assiniboines	3,280	Wild tribes.
Crows	3,500	Wild and warlike.
Groventres of the Prairie	1,800	Wild tribes.
Pigans	1,870	Treaty of 1853.
Bloods	2,150	Treaty of 1853.
Blackfeet	2,450	Treaty of 1853.
Flatheads	551	Treaty of 1853.
Pend d'Oreilles, etc.	1,281	Treaty of 1853.
Total	60,369	

All of these tribes reside upon waters which flow into the Missouri river. They range over an extent of territory comprising over 300,000 square miles, and receive from the government in annuities and presents over a quarter of a million dollars a year, or about five dollars per head.

Only four resident tribes have yet relinquished their lands to the United States. Their agencies and Indian villages, interspersed with trading posts and military garrisons, are the only human habitations for a thousand miles along the upper Missouri. And notwithstanding the native wildness of this vast region, the steamboat navigation upon these upper waters now amounts to many million dollars annually. The heavy transportation of mills and machinery to the mines of the Rocky Mountains, and the supply of Indian agencies, fur posts and military forts along the river, already amounts to over 12,000 tons yearly, and requires forty annual steamboat trips into the far interior. Steamboats ascend to Fort Benton, near the great falls, within 140 miles of the Helena mines, the richest yet found in Montana Territory, and within forty-four miles of the newly-discovered mines on Sun river.

The Yellowstone river was navigated by General Sully's steamboats, in 1864, to near the mouth of Powder river, and it is evident that during the early part of the season small-class boats can reach the mouth of the Big Horn. The Great Sheyenne river can be ascended with flat boats to the very base of the Black Hills, upon which stream the vast pine forests of that region can be easily floated to the Missouri, a distance of 160 miles.

Coal in inexhaustible quantities has been found on all the upper tributaries of the Missouri and Yellowstone. Upon a complete restoration of peace with the hostile Indian tribes, now so near at hand, the Missouri river will become the great thoroughfare of all the northwestern trade and travel. We have only to look to the increase of navigation on this stream for the last five years, and we can well predict the future steamboat trade of the upper Missouri.

Since the opening of navigation in 1860, 120 steamboats have ascended the Missouri river into Dakota Territory. Of these, nine arrived in 1860, eleven in 1861, thirteen in 1862, eighteen in 1863, thirty in 1864, thirty-nine in 1865, an average of twenty-four arrivals each year, or an increase of forty per cent per annum. These boats have carried into the upper Missouri valley an aggregate of 35,000 tons of freight, worth at least $35,000,000. Aside from this, 170 mackinaw boats have arrived from the mountains since 1860, bringing over $15,000,000 in furs and gold.

EARLY ELECTIONS.

The first legislature in the newly-formed Territory of Dakota assembled in September, 1861. The session was a stormy one, and many stirring and exciting scenes took place over the bill locating the first capitol at Yankton. This pioneer legislature was made up of a strange medley of men. There were among them gentlemen of scholarly attainments and graduates of the highest Eastern colleges; also, lawyers of brilliant abilities and large experience, educated ministers and doctors, and rough frontiersmen in buckskin suits, beaded moccasins and long hair.

In one of these early legislatures my seat was near a frontier member and desperado, by the name of Jim Somers, who some years afterwards was shot dead for jumping a claim near Chamberlain. He was a giant in frame, and as daring as an Indian. He gloried in his chieftain dress, and was armed like an arsenal. On one occasion he got on the warpath in Yankton, and rode on horseback into a saloon and shot the sheriff. He fled to the Indian country, and was himself shot dead, as before stated. I remember vividly the only speech Jim made in the legislature. It was short, but full of fire and threats of vengeance against all who should dare to vote against his bill legalizing marriages between white men and squaws. Jim and his cannon were both loaded that morning, when he arose with blood in his eye, and swore he would blow out all the brains of the assembled lawmakers if they killed his bill. He declared that what Dakota needed was less brains and more children, and he struck his fist on the desk and moved that the legislature adjourn and take Indian wives and go out populating the country.

Another historic character in those early legislatures was old Father Turner, eighty-two years old, who had served in the New York legislature with the distinguished Wm. H. Seward. Judge Brookings, the pioneer of Sioux Falls, was another early legislator, and afterwards justice of the supreme court. The first time I met Judge Brookings was in 1859.

when he was holding down the townsite of Sioux Falls, and was cooking big pancakes or flagjacks in a long handled spider over an evening camp fire. Enos Stutsman was another bright lawyer in the first legislature, who died many years ago while serving as United States treasury agent at Pembina. In 1867 he and I made the overland journey from the British line to Fort Abercrombie, Dakota, with a pair of Hudson Bay ponies. The distance was 140 miles, and there was not a white settlement on the west side of Red river. We camped out nights, and were a whole week making the trip.

Geo. W. Kingsbury, now of the Yankton *Press and Dakotan*, was always one of the most popular members of those early legislatures. He was also territorial printer, and published my first history of Dakota. Among other noted characters of those early days was Dr. W. A. Burleigh, "the wild Indian tamer," and George Washington Kellogg, "The Sage of the Sioux Valley," and Jud Lamoure, the "Wizard of the North."

Old Gen. C. T. Campbell, a noted and eccentric character, was at all times a power in political campaigns. He was a red-hot, rip-roaring Democrat, and kept an Indian trading post on the upper river, above Fort Randall. When he heard that his friend Armstrong had been nominated for congress by the Democrats, he sent down his mule team with an immediate requisition for three barrels of whisky and some army muskets and ammunition, with which to storm the enemy's works on the frontier. He reported that the voters were waiting to be persuaded, and preferred wet ammunition, and all he asked for was to know just how many votes were needed to carry the election for his friend and the old flag. After the campaign was over he came down to Yankton, riding an army mule, waving an American flag and loaded with election returns and the remains of the campaign liquor.

Among the Democratic stump speakers in that campaign were Bartlett Tripp, afterwards minister to Austria; Secretary S. L. Spink, an eloquent orator, and John Brennan, since dead. In one of our early campaigns I traveled down the Missouri river on one of Captain Coulson's steamboats in company with Gen. Phil. Sheridan and Col. Fred Grant. The upper country at that time was full of Indians, with but few white voters.

Many were the dangers and hardships endured by the pioneer settlers of those early days. The severe winter storms and fierce prairie fires of autumn, which swept down from the north with the speed and terror of a drove of wild horses, carried death and destruction in their path. In the winter of 1861 Geo. D. Fisk, who was living with me in a log cabin on the present townsite of Yankton, was lost in a blizzard in town and was found two days afterward frozen dead, face downward, in a snowdrift just west of what is now Broadway. He was buried by the few pioneers on the wintry hillside, in the first dug grave in Yankton. The same season two overland travelers had perished in a raging prairie fire north of town, and were buried on the James river bluff, where for years their rude head boards marked their lonely graves near the old ferry. During the Indian troubles of 1862-63 the mail carrier from Sioux City to Yankton was killed and two citizens were shot in their wagon by the Indians near the same ferry. At Sioux Falls a farmer and son were murdered in their field, and the few citizens evacuated the town.

If a narrative were written, reciting in story the many thrilling events of the early days in Dakota, it would form a volume of absorbing interest. The hardships, privations and sufferings encountered by the pioneer settlers through storm, fire and flood in that wild Indian country reminds one of the trials of our Pilgrim Fathers when they landed upon that wild and rock-bound coast where they kindled the first spark of American civilization and erected the standard of the Christian religion in the new world.

The first elections in Dakota were "wide open, red-hot and mighty interesting." Sioux City was the political headquarters for the campaign in the Sioux valley and southern counties of Dakota, and many citizens here remember to this day "the hot times in the old town" during those early territorial elections. Here is where the candidates and campaign speakers would assemble to load up with patriotism and firewater, and charge across the Sioux to attack the bewildered voters with spread-eagle speeches, torch-light parades, fife and drum and bottles labeled "fire water." These campaign parties traveled in cavalcades made up of men on foot, on horseback and with band wagon. The musicians were to furnish the music and do the fighting at the meetings, the lawyers were to make the speeches and do the lying, the voters were to furnish the cheers and do the drinking, while the candidates were to do their bragging during the campaign and to pay the bills and do the swearing after election.

In one of those early campaigns we made a trip by land one hundred miles up the Sioux valley with our political caravan and fife and drum to Sioux Falls, where at night we had a mass meeting, a torch-light parade, some hot speeches and some free fights. Next day we rode overland fifty miles to Vermillion with not a voter or a house in sight on the whole route. At noon we camped and took our lunch on the open prairie, after which we picked our teeth with our jack-knives and wiped our mouths, of course, while the band played a tune or two to charm, or rather scare, the prairie wolves. At night we reached Vermillion and held another campaign rally, with louder music, bigger torches and better street fights. Next morning we continued on down the Missouri valley to the French settlement, where the voters were all Catholics and Democrats. Here we struck the fun of the campaign, furnished by the enthusiastic and excitable French voters. We had music, dances, barbecues, horse races and speeches. One night after our meeting was over, and everybody and everything was full, even to the moon, a wagon load of singing Frenchmen dashed up in front of the crossroads hotel. The shouting tally-ho driver cracked his whip, the spirited team leaped forward around a sharp turn, and spilt the whole Democratic caucus into a ditch, with the wagon box on top. They crawled out from under without a scratch, and made a demand on the candidate for something to wash the dust out of their throats.

Next day we held a political gathering from the steps of the new Catholic church, by consent of the priest, on condition that the candidate pay for lumber enough to build a much-needed picket fence around the church lot. In the evening they allowed me to dance with the French girls if I would furnish the band of music. The joy and revelry lasted long after midnight, and in the morning I woke up with crooked legs from being jerked and whirled around in the French four dances.

We made another campaign tour one hundred miles up the Missouri river to the wild frontier district of my old friend, Gen. C. T. Campbell, where he kept a trading post and bar. When we arrived we found he had arranged a program to entertain us during our stay. We had Indian war dances, a dog feast, a shooting match and bottled stimulants. While the old general was making his star speech of welcome some one on the back seats shot off the general's hat and broke a decanter on a shelf behind him. But he went right on speaking, bareheaded, and finished in fiery eloquence. He then proposed that the candidate lead the thirsty crowd up to the bar and invite them to select their poison. Of course I led the way to the speaker's stand, while the shouting audience followed close at my heels to make the attack on the shining array of decanters. Our band struck up and played a lively dance tune for the Indians, who pronounced it "heap noise, plenty brass, big thunder." As things began to get exciting, I drew the general aside, and suggested that when the next shooting scene was to take place I would retire to the side wings of the stage for prayer and inspiration. I told him I didn't come up there to be shot at—that I came to catch ballots, not bullets. He blurted out with an oath—saying:

"Now, Armstrong, don't be a d——d coward. I brought you up here to show these Democratic hyenas the kind of stuff you are made of. If you show the white feather, you are a dead duck with this crowd. You should have done your praying before you crossed the county line—

"You must bare your breast an' tell 'em to shoot,
And you'll get the vote of every galoot."

I followed the old general's stage practice and got the votes.

We then made another trip of four hundred miles northward to the half-breed settlement on the Pembina river in North Dakota. Here young Joe Rolette took me in hand and in a wooden two-wheeled Red river cart, harnessed with rawhide to a trotting ox, we traveled for a week around among the settlers. The ox would take a pacing rack or trot, and would go thirty miles a day. At night we had meetings in the log houses in the woods, winding up with a dance, a feast of pemmican meat, maple sugar, rabiboo and red rum. Those were times of wild jubilee, mirth and merriment, and as I was then in the prime of life, I enjoyed the exciting events of the frontier.

EARLY SKETCHES

OF

PIONEER LEGISLATURES

AND

INDIAN WARS.

EARLY SKETCHES OF PIONEER LEGISLATURES AND INDIAN WARS.

YANKTON, March 25, 1862.

The first legislative assembly of Dakota met at Yankton, on the 17th inst., and organized by the election of J. H. Shober, president of the council, and George M. Pinney, speaker of the house.

Judge Tufts, of the "live and enterprising town of Tuftsville," is chief clerk of the council, and J. R. Hanson, of this place, chief clerk of the house. The upper house consists of nine members, the lower house, thirteen.

This is the first legislature in the territory, and the two houses constitute a regular "steer team," each trying to turn the yoke on the other. The house declares the council "out of order" for sending a message when the house is in session. The council retorts by sending a copy of the joint rules to the house. The house then retracts and sends an apology and vote of thanks to the council. Dignified councilmen chuckle and whisper "we have 'em this time, sure." The next day's journal reads, "on motion of the council," etc., which "motion" is supposed to take place every morning toward Robeart's saloon.

Waldron of the house, "the man of waterfalls," appears on the journals as moving that a committee of three be appointed to wait upon the honorable secretary, and request him to furnish the members with knives. A member quaintly moved to amend so as to read "pen knives," as he feared that the secretary might place butcher knives on the desks of members, as the lower house was considered the "fighting body." However, the members are all fast working into the harness, and will begin to pull true in a few days. Both houses are composed of men of fair talent and good attainment, some of whom have held much higher positions than those they now occupy.

The governor's message was delivered on Wednesday last before a joint convention of the two houses, and portions of it referred to the appropriate committees. Three thousand copies were ordered printed in the English, French, German and Norwegian languages. No copies will be printed for some days, for want of help, type and paper. The message opens with a truthful description of the resources of the entire territory—dwells at length on her bright future—recommends to the legislature the memorializing of congress for an appropriation for a Pacific railroad, for a geological survey, military highways from the Big Sioux to Fort Randall, and from Fort Randall to Fort Laramie, and from Red river to the Missouri. He also recommends the passage of a territorial homestead law, and an act prohibiting slavery in the territory, and the organizing of a thorough and liberal school system.

The Red River delegation have arrived, and they appear to be men of ability and experience. They performed a part of their northern journey in dog-trains.

Ziebach is here as foreman of the public printing. The whole duty is thrown on his shoulders, with no paper, a few type, a hand press, a man and a boy to do the territorial printing. No daily journals are now published, and the members are left to retain in their memory the proceedings of the whole week. This is done that a Kansas printer, Trask, might be accommodated with the job of the territorial printing, in preference to our home publishers of the *Weekly Dakotan* and *Dakota Republican*, who have published the only two papers in the territory for the last year, and who are as thoroughly versed in the art, and would have done the work in a style as neat and cheap as can be done anywhere. Had this been done, the press, type, material and help would have been in readiness weeks ago, and a weekly paper would now be in circulation among the people, containing the governor's message and the legislative proceedings. It does seem that our officials are determined to distribute their patronage among non-residents of the territory, and keep the money out of the reach of the people.

The capitol question has not yet been mooted. The members appear to be willing to let it remain where it is for the present.

A bill has passed the lower house providing for the payment of the direct tax of Dakota, by deducting it from the $20,000 appropriated to the territory for legislative purposes.

A homestead exemption law has passed the council, whereby a man can have a house and farm, a drove of cattle, hogs and sheep, and "many other things too numerous to mention," all exempt from execution for debt. You shall hear from me next week.

YANKTON, April 4, 1862.

The wheels of legislation have got fairly in motion. I notice by the daily reading of bills that the two branches have reached as high as House File 48, and Council File 44; making ninety-two bills, resolutions and memorials presented within the last three weeks. The members are earnestly at work, and everything bids fair for a useful session. The most important of the local bills of the territory have been disposed of, and the judiciary committee are at work on a civil and criminal code, which will be reported in the course of ten days.

Much of the time of the lower house, since my last letter, has been consumed in discussing, figuring, sparring and voting on the capitol bill, which finally passed on the 5th inst., locating the permanent seat of government at Yankton.

Excitement ran to a high pitch during a few days on the last stages of the bill. A little blood was shed, much whiskey drank, a few eyes blacked, revolvers drawn, and some running done. A few kept sober, stood at the wheel, cleared the shoals, and steered the bill through the darkness.

It appears that the speaker betrayed his friends on this bill, and broke from their ranks, after they had raised him to the speakership of the house and had received from him a pledge in writing on this particular measure. When the council bill arose in the house he deliberately went from his chair to the floor and moved to amend the bill by striking out the word "Yankton" and insert "Bonhomme"; which being lost, he again moved to strike out "Yankton" and insert "Vermillion"; the vote being a tie, he gave the casting vote in the affirmative, thus violating his pledge and playing traitor to his friends for the benefit of others.

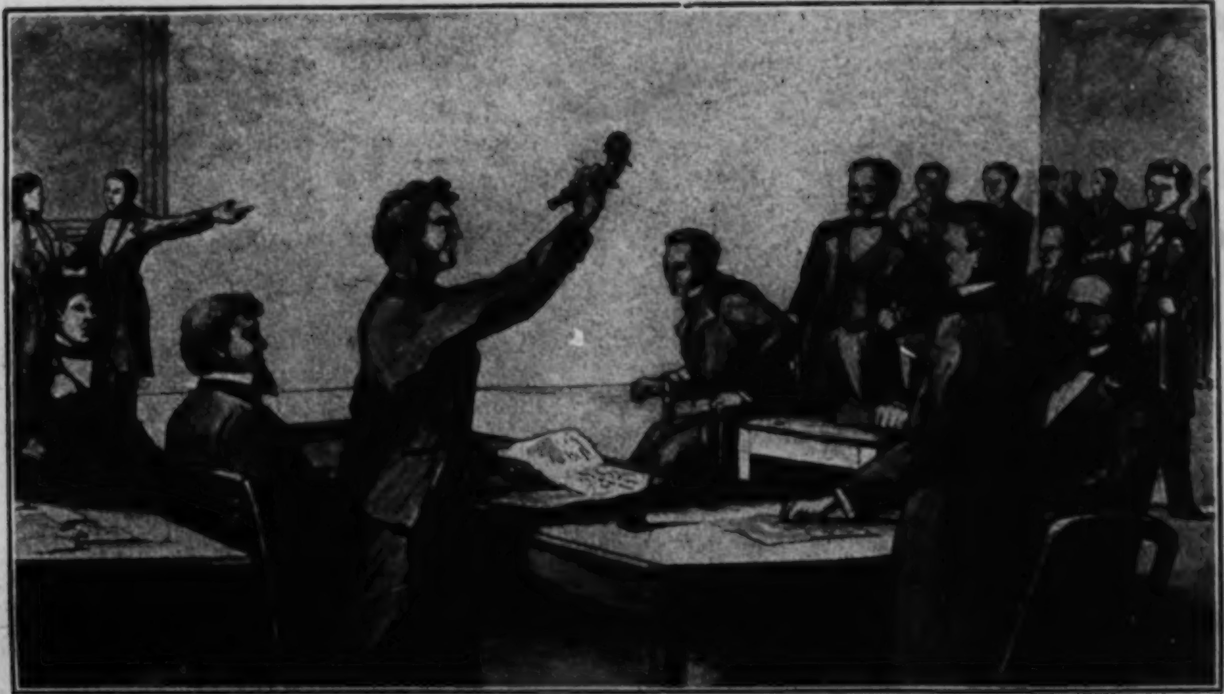
The bill then went to the council and was returned to the house in the short space of twenty-five minutes, with the non-concurrence of the council to the house amendment. A member of the house, who, as it seems, had underground communication with the council, and had been watching for the bill, now coolly rose and moved that the house recede from its amendment and concur with the council, which was carried, and the capitol located at Yankton.

I hear less complaint of late among members, with regard to the printing of laws, etc., although I perceive they have no published journals as yet.

Thus far the council has performed the bulk of labor of both houses.

Mr. Gregory arrived here to-day and will take his seat in the council to-morrow. He is an honor and an ornament to that body.

The town of Yankton begins to prick up her ears, and feel city like. A bill has passed the house locating the capitol at Yankton, the penitentiary at Bonhomme, and the university at Vermillion.



A PERSUASIVE SPEECH IN A PIONEER LEGISLATURE IN [illegible]—p. [illegible]

The apportionment bills have passed the house, raising the representation of the territory to thirteen councilmen and twenty-three representatives.

YANKTON, April 9, 1862.

As I predicted in my last letter, the house of representatives of this territory has proved "the fighting body." Yesterday morning, at nine o'clock, the governor sent an armed detachment of twenty men of the Dakota cavalry, with fixed bayonets, into the hall of the house of representatives, with instructions "to preserve order, make arrests if necessary, and to protect the house in the peaceful performance of its duties."

The representatives of the people took this as an unprovoked insult on the part of the governor, and thereupon they adjourned and left the hall. Immediately upon the appearance of the soldiers in the hall a member rose and introduced a resolution, requesting the governor to communicate to that body what object he might have in stationing an armed force on the floor of the house. The speaker ruled the member out of order, and refused to entertain the resolution, stating that he had made a requisition upon the governor for "protection" to himself, in case an effort was made to remove him from his seat as speaker of the house. In the present case I understand that a majority of the members were dissatisfied with his partial and arbitrary rulings, whereby he essayed to gag the will of the house. Hence they had decided to remove him by a two-thirds vote, and he therefore made a requisition upon the governor for the Dakota cavalry to "protect" him in holding his seat against the will of the house.

The council, which is the balance-wheel of the legislature, took the matter in hand, and forthwith sent a committee to the governor, "demanding" what object he had in sending an armed force to the floor of the house of representatives.

They reported to-day, stating that the governor had sent his soldiers there upon the requisition "of one S. M. Pinney," who had "cowardly and scandalously" reported that he feared outside violence from the people. The report was spread at length upon the journals. No one was shot or stabbed with bayonets. All that was done, the "grand army" marched up and then marched down again—to their quarters, where they belonged. Mr. Pinney has since resigned, and J. L. Tiernan has been elected in his place. All is quiet.

It is thought that the house will now go to work and redeem its standing. It has done nothing thus far but meet, quarrel and adjourn. The members of the house all lack that coolness and deliberation of action requisite for good legislators. A man is not known until he is put to the test.

The council is already far along in the business of the session, and will be ready to adjourn before the expiration of the sixty days. Mr. Shober makes an excellent presiding officer, and Judge Tufts a ready recording secretary.

YANKTON, April 13, 1862.

Since my last letter nothing of note has occurred in the legislature, save the passage of the "nigger bill" in the council. This bill reached the house on yesterday, and was made the special order of the day for next Monday week, in order to give the noisy and windy orators from Sioux Falls and Bonhomme an opportunity of making their spread-eagle speeches. This bill provides that any negro or mulatto, bond or free, who comes into this territory, shall leave within twenty days, or be confined in the county jail until such time as he shall consent to quit the territory.

A militia bill and a bill for apportioning the representation of the territory has passed the council. Under the new bill the council will consist of twelve and the house of twenty-four members of the legislative assembly. A bill has also passed fixing the time of the convening of the legislature on the first Monday of December of each year. The criminal code is now before the council. The house judiciary committee, Armstrong, Puett and Waldron, will report a civil code this week. The new speaker, Tiernan, gives general satisfaction, although he is the youngest member in the house. There were other competent men for the position, but their labors could not be spared on the floor of the house. The house is the amusing body, the council the instructive one.

I happened to drop into the representative hall a few mornings since, during their session, and there I saw the "man of waterfalls" making a loud and long speech on the university bill, in reply to the spread-eagle orator from Bonhomme. Off on one side sat the "cool, round-headed member from Yankton," eating boiled eggs with a jack-knife, and carelessly resting his brain during the attacks emanating from his Sioux Falls and Bonhomme adversaries. Soon the vote came, and notwithstanding the long speeches against "round-head's" bill, it was passed.

This is a fair index of the votes cast in the house from day to day. After the vote, on motion of Puett, the house resolved itself into committee of the whole on the governor's message. Then occurred a long, amusing and ridiculous tirade on the slavery question, pending which a motion prevailed that the committees "rise and report to the house, through speeches in the future."

Here I left this body, and strolled away to the council chamber. Let me give you a sketch of some of the leading members. As we enter the room, our attention is attracted to the little chubby, good-looking man on our left, who is making a somewhat stirring speech touching the action of Governor Jayne and Speaker Pinney, in stationing an armed force in the hall of the house of representatives. This gentleman is the Hon. E. Stutsman of this place, who is called the leading member of the council. But who is this handsome, business-like man, who rises on our right and bears down so harshly and heavily on the governor of the territory? This is Hon. D. T. Bramble of Yankton, who has had some former experience in legislative matters. But here rises a member in front of us, who essays to shield his excellency and approve his conduct—a tall, straight, moderate gentleman, with rather an unmeaning countenance, and talks as though he might be one of the governor's favorites. This is Hon. H. D. Betts of Vermillion. And here, in the aisle of the chamber rises a slow-spoken, legal-looking gentleman, who lifts his glasses from his eyes and looks straight at the presiding officer, and says he is "ready to vote for the resolution." With this said he leisurely takes his seat again. This gentleman is the Hon. J. W. Boyle of Vermillion, a member of fair abilities and good judgment. But who is that sharp-looking, attentive and gentlemanly member, who sits in yonder corner eyeing the president like an eagle? That is the Hon. J. Shaw Gregory of the Fort Randall district, formerly Indian agent, and recently major in the army. In him the interests of his constituents are well watched and guarded. And here upon our right are Messrs. Cole, Brookings and Buel, who watch sharply, think much, and say little, but accomplish fully as much as many of the more talkative members.

YANKTON, April 22, 1862.

To speak the truth, the young capital city of Dakota is, indeed, a "live burg." On every street corner and in every office, shop and hotel in town is heard the busy hum of many voices, either of wise legislators discussing the affairs of state over wine and cards, or of blustering "Heenanites," with fists raised high in air, enforcing the "criminal code." Through all the long nights the flickering lamps are seen in the merry ballroom, where moves "the beauty and chivalry" to the touches of enchanting music. Wine dinners and wine suppers, wine speeches and wine quarrels, and the hurling of bottles and glasses across tables at the bleeding heads of belligerent councilmen, is one source of occasional amusements exhibited here, with a "free ticket" to spectators.

I see it stated in the last Vermillion *Republican* that our delegate in congress and the ex-speaker, had met, fought and spilt blood. No blood was shed on that memorable occasion. The speaker jumped from the window and ran, as but few law-makers could run.

But let me now go from the street over to the house of representatives. That body is to-day discussing the "Nigger bill," which provides that "no person of color, bond or free, shall reside upon the soil of Dakota territory." The governor and officials of the territory, councilmen, and the ladies of the city, are to-day to honor that house with their presence.

We enter the door of the hall, and perceive directly in front of us, at the far end of the room, standing upon a raised platform, a very young, good-looking gentleman, saying: "As many as are of the opinion that the motion ought to prevail," etc. The motion is to indefinitely postpone the "negro bill."

But hold! Who is this stiff-haired, fierce-looking gentleman who rises on the floor and addresses the "speaker?" That is the hon. ex-speaker, the imprudent politician, who essays to open the bleeding wound of slavery, and to show his loyalty and his silliness to the governor by saying that "this bill is the legitimate offspring of four gallons of villainous whisky," and then, after much spouting, resumes his seat.

But who is this attentive and watchful member on our right, who rises and suggests the propriety of members confining their remarks to the features of the bill, rather than indulging in personal attacks upon its originators. This is the Hon. M. K. Armstrong of Yankton, a "conservative Democrat."

But here rises the dashy and dressy orator from "the land of rocks and waterfalls," Hon. S. P. Waldron, a strong

Republican, who somewhat "wades into the member from Yankton"—the latter in the meantime receiving the storm as calmly as a summer shower.

Between the two members are seated, side by side, the Hon. A. W. Puett of Vermillion and Hon. John Stanage of Yankton, both old-line Democrats, who say little but stand ready "to vote the bill into the grave."

On our right, also, is seated, near the lobby, the Hon. L. Burgess and Hon. J. Jacobson, both of Vermillion, and both Republicans. They are Norwegians, and they generally vote to suit themselves. They are honest working members. But let us stop.

The yeas and nays are being called on the "indefinite postponement." "The yeas have it, and the 'Negro bill' is postponed indefinitely," says the speaker.

"A bill regulating marriages" is now taken up, but hark! who is this good-looking, jolly gentleman who rises immediately upon our left and, amidst a roar of laughter, moves that the "bill be referred to the committee on Internal Improvements." That is the Hon. H. S. Donaldson, from Red River, and his motion is carried.

Upon his left sits the Hon. Bly Wood of Vermillion, who laughs and votes and votes and laughs at Red River's marvelous wisdom and foresight.

Close by his side is seated the Hon. J. C. McBride of Cole county, who smiles dubiously and looks inquiringly, as though he doubted the ability of the committee on "Internal Improvements" to perform the arduous duty assigned them. He is one of the committee.

The house now adjourns, and the day being beautiful and spring-like, legislators, officials, ladies and "logrollers" are seen strolling upon the hilltops, the plains and along the river sides.

YANKTON, April 30, 1862.

The legislature is nearly through with its business for the present session. A wholesome civil and criminal code has been passed, and nearly all laws of a general nature have been enacted and approved.

The apportionment bill has been returned to the council with the governor's veto; which veto was founded upon the belief of his excellency that the bill increased the representation too much in all the districts. Another bill, it is thought, will be raised in the council.

Divorce bills are "all the rage" at present. One of these bills came up in the council last Monday, and was read a first, second and third time and passed in ten minutes. It is believed that the council is composed entirely of "disunionists." The matter should be looked into by the governor, and, if true, their "pay should be stopped." Some rich letters are read in connection with these divorce bills—in one of which, read to-day, the wife calls her husband "no better than a wooden man."

The two houses are yet sparring at each other. Party politics have been sprung in a tangible form. A bill prohibiting slavery and involuntary servitude in the territory has been defeated in both bodies.

Hon. Reuben Wallace of Bonhomme, member of the house, was charged with uttering disloyal sentiments while on a "drink" with some of his friends on last Friday, which was immediately carried to the ears of the governor, who forthwith sent a message to the secretary of the territory protesting against his paying any further per diem to Mr. Wallace. The house immediately took the matter in question, and appointed a committee, consisting of Messrs. Waldron, Armstrong and McBride, to investigate the matter, with power to send for persons and papers. The committee met this afternoon, in the hall of the house of representatives, and at the request of Mr. Wallace the doors were thrown open and the investigation made public. A great gathering was the consequence, and the hall was filled to overflowing with earnest spectators.

Some thirty witnesses were brought upon the stand, and the investigation was long, interesting and impartial. Mr. Wallace came out of the fiery ordeal bright and shining; and when the old gentleman rose, at the close of the scene, with trembling voice and tearful eyes, and said, "I have, in my life, taken the oath of allegiance in four different states and territories of the Union, and I am now ready to renew that oath every morning and evening," a burst of applause and sympathy arose from the assembly, and all felt that he had been wrongfully and cruelly persecuted for the purpose of making political capital. His loyalty was proved beyond suspicion, and although the committee did not require a renewal of his oath of allegiance, he still insisted upon taking it, and thereupon voluntarily appeared before the committee for that purpose.

The whole affair sprang from the fact that Dr. Wallace is an incessant debater, and will oftentimes, for argument sake, take issue with men for the mere purpose of discussing both sides of the question. In this instance he was heard to say that, "The war is unjust; it was brought on by Republicans, and should be fought by Republicans; if I were to fight, I would fight for the South." Immediately the government eavesdroppers fled to the governor with the cry of "Secessionist!" And thereupon that well-meaning, but bewildered official, dispatched his message to the secretary. Take it all in all, the affair has raised a great smoke from a little fire, and a strong stench on a small matter.

Yesterday, at ten o'clock, both branches of the legislature adjourned to witness the mustering in of the Dakota Cavalry by Lieutenant Luce of Fort Randall. The parade ground was thronged with spectators. The day was delightful, and the martial music, prancing steeds, and glistening bayonets rendered the occasion one of life and interest. Previous to taking the oath the company were drawn up in the form of a crescent to receive the address of the governor. His remarks were thoroughly patriotic, and inspired the soldiers with zeal and pride in behalf of their country. It was a noble sight to see the uplifted hands of this brave company of Dakotans, each swearing to fight for the Union and the "old federal flag."

YANKTON, May 8, 1862.

This is the last letter that you will receive from "Logroller" during the present session of the legislature. The two houses will adjourn *sine die* one week from to-morrow. After the adjournment I will send you "the last shot in my locker," and will throw up the sponge. Both branches of the "pony congress" are getting fractious and unruly, each biting and kicking at the other.

The governor, too, has caught the bit in his mouth and is running away with his unlimited veto power. Where he will end and what he will gain is hung in a cloud of mystery. Next September will reveal the matter, and "political pegs" will begin to stick out.

Nothing of importance, I believe, remains to be enacted in either house, save the apportionment bill. No satisfactory bill has been, nor I think can be, settled upon this session. Every member has an apportionment bill in his pocket which he is anxious to have become a law. The territory stands greatly in need of more representatives; the present ones find themselves utterly unable to satisfy their constituents. It is thought that a few more such men could remedy the evil.

A short but intense excitement prevailed on last Friday and Saturday, both in and out of the legislature, respecting the "General Half-Breed Bill," which passed the house by one vote and was defeated in the council by the same majority. For the first time during the session, on Saturday morning, the governor was seen upon the streets "logrolling" with the councilmen on the half-breed bill. Everybody was scared, but nobody hurt. The bill provided that all mixed bloods who could read, write or speak the English language should be entitled to the right of citizenship. Under this act the half-breeds would have outvoted all the rest of the territory. Hence, delegate aspirants and appendages were on the *qui vive*.

Outside chalking and peg-driving has already commenced on the delegate election this fall. I have heard of a dozen who would consent to serve their constituents in that capacity.

Our town to-day is thronged with distinguished visitors who are watching the amusing proceedings of the "pony congress."

The council have adopted the very original plan of "concurring in the governor's veto" to their bills. They also wait upon his excellency occasionally, and inquire if he will veto certain bills if they pass them. If he says "Yes," they immediately go back and defeat the bill. If he says "No," they pass it.

The district court convened at this place on yesterday, being the first Monday in May. Out of three judges appointed for Dakota, and paid by the government a salary of eighteen hundred a year each, *not one of them was to be found in the territory*. Where are they? They are back in the states, where they have been for the last year, drawing their salaries as judges of Dakota. Have they gone to the war? No, not one of them. Are they saving the Union? Not by any means. They are seated in their eastern homes, carefully bagging the government's dollars.

A real executive fist fight took place last night, at the Hotel d' Ash, between the governor and Hon Jesse Wherry, late receiver of the land office. Hair pulling, choking, striking, blood spitting and pugilistic exercises were the order which were performed with grit and relish.

YANKTON, May 18, 1862.

The legislative assembly of Dakota adjourned *sine die* on Thursday last, at six o'clock p. m. The adjournment was not attended with anything of particular note or interest, as all the important business of the session had been closed up in the fore part of the week. All bills in the hands of the executive were returned to the two houses, approved or vetoed, by seven o'clock on Thursday. Only three bills have been vetoed during the session, two of which were apportionment bills, and the third a bill regulating marriages, all of which were more or less defective in their provisions, and needed vetoing. No apportionment bill could be passed which was satisfactory to all the representative districts; hence the governor vetoed every bill of that nature which did injustice to any one district; and, therefore, the representation in the two houses stands the same for the next year, increased only by the Red River delegation, which will raise the council to ten members and the house to fourteen, being twenty-seven members in both branches. The representation is high enough for the present population of the territory.

One of the most important of the laws enacted during the session is one preventing Indians from entering upon the ceded lands of the territory without a written pass from their agent; and any Indian found without such pass may be arrested by the county authorities and conveyed to his proper reservation, and the expense incurred by such arrest is to be refunded by the United States Indian agent to the county making the arrest. This law throws a safeguard around the timid emigrants who have hitherto been kept out of the territory through fear of the red man's ghost.

Another law which will be of vital importance to many of the industrious and embarrassed laborers of the East is the one exempting from execution all property acquired within the territory for the satisfaction of debts contracted out of and prior to the debtor's becoming a citizen of the territory.

This will make an asylum of Dakota for hundreds of the honest and hardy husbandmen and mechanics of the states who are now laboring under an unreasonable burden of debts and taxes, brought upon them by a series of unavoidable circumstances.

A very important and liberal railroad bill has also passed both houses and become a law of the territory. The company (which is styled the Missouri River and Niobrarah Valley Railroad Company) is composed mostly of Dakotans, who will be likely to guard against any "railroad fraud" which many companies formerly palmed off on the people of other territories. The charter extends for a period of twenty years, and all land grants hereafter to be made to the territory for railroad purposes are by the provisions of this bill placed under the immediate control of the company. The bill could not pass, and was likely to be defeated, until the company stopped their wheels and took on a full load of passengers, consisting of all the members of both houses. Then the twenty years' charter went through like the wind.

The governor and most of the members of the legislature have now gone to their homes. Political figurers are mapping the ground for the September canvass. Campaigning, electioneering and camping out in the streets was the order of exercises carried out by some members of both houses during the last nights of the session. For three nights before the adjournment camp-fires could be seen in the streets from dusk till daylight, around which was seated, wig-wam style, an electioneering party of councilmen and representatives, all happily drinking, smoking, eating, singing, snoring, speech-making and milking cows. I happened to cross the street one morning at the peep of day, and there I beheld, around a smouldering camp-fire, two lusty legislators holding a kicking cow by the horns, and a third one pulling his full weight upon her horizontal tail. On each side of the milkless heifer sat two councilmen flat upon their unfailing foundations, with pails in hand, making sorrowful and vain attempts at teasing milk enough from the farrow quadruped for their final pitcher of "egg-nog." Off on one side lay a corpulent representative, sprawled upon his belly and convulsed with laughter. And there in front of the scene stood another eloquent law-maker, with hat, coat and boots off, making a military speech, and appealing to the sympathies of the cow, in behalf of her country, to give down.

To-day the town is quiet, and is likely to remain so, and perhaps I shall have nothing further to write you for some weeks. In my letters I have aimed to write nothing but truth, and if some have been nettled by a close application of facts, their fault is all their own, not mine. The acts of public men should be public talk. I now throw up the sponge, retire from the ring, and extend to all my hand.

YANKTON, July 1, 1862.

Our territory begins to put on her robe of brightness. Farmers are joyous over their prosperous fields, which promise a bountiful harvest. The roads are lined with immigrant teams, and our green hills and plains are covered with the droves of cattle of new home-seekers. On every hand, by almost every grove and brookside, can be seen the smoke arising from the newly-erected claim cabin of some hardy immigrant who has come to open a farm under the homestead act. This law is a god-send to Dakota, and from its effects, in less than two years, the whole Missouri valley will ring with the clatter of invincible enterprise. Nowhere in the West are more desirable farming lands to be found than along the valley of this stream. Little or no immigration has as yet ascended the valley beyond Fort Randall, above which point there are tens of thousands of acres of timber and well-watered prairie lands yet unclaimed.

The Dakota cavalry have been placed under the control of the governor, and are being stationed at different points in the territory to check the inroads of marauding bands of Indians. This will greatly facilitate the settlement of the territory.

The annual payment of the Yanktons took place at their agency, last week. They manifested a great deal of dissatisfaction at the amount they received, claiming fifteen dollars per head, and getting about five dollars. Their head chief finally concluded in council that "it was better for them to take what was left than to let their white father [the agent] steal the whole."

The surveyor general has arrived with his imported horde of Michigan and Illinois voters, and has sent them to work in the valley of the Big Sioux, and is feeding them with surveying contracts to the tune of $4,000. Teamsters and cooks were even imported from the states and paid twenty-five dollars per month, in preference to hiring men in the territory; and why? Simply because Michigan cooks and teamsters, who are to stay here but three months, will vote to suit their employers, while Dakotans desire to vote for the interests of their territory. Last year $6,000 was paid by the surveyor general into the hands of his Michigan and Illinois friends and was carried out of the territory. This season these same leeches return, and are fatted with a contract of $4,000, to the exclusion of every resident surveyor in the territory. Is this right? Is it Republican? Is this the manner in which our government intends to make friends and admirers? Yet this is done by honest, economical, sympathizing officials—men who can weep like crocodiles over the condition of the "poor negro," while their own thieving hands are thrust into the pockets of every taxpayer in the territory; men who cry "Loyalty to the Union!" and at the same time are running to the north pole to escape a rebel's bullet.

The tutored organ of the officials at Yankton is weekly opening its assaults upon our present delegate for not attending to the "interests of the people." Yes, the "people," the "dear people," all at once, we, the "people" hold a dear place in the affections of our truant and aspiring officials. But the people know their business, and they know by whom they have been well treated. They know, too, that not a government official has built a house, fenced a lot, or expended $200 in the territory since its organization. However, some of them occasionally have the nerve and daring to take their families and cross the line of Iowa—venture into the territory—then hastilv return to the states to snivel about the slow growth of towns, the lack of enterprise in the people, and the "isolation from dear society on the frontier."

Not many years ago the wife of Governor Ramsey, of one of our western territories, was living in a small cabin, and at the same time was recognized as one of the most accomplished ladies in the Northwest. Are our officials too proud, too good, or too rich to live with us? Do they think that the pioneers of the West were born full-grown and wild upon the plains, and must therefore bow at the dash of broadcloth and the swell of dignity, and set to and build houses and donate property to induce salaried officials to enter the territory in the discharge of their duty? If they need houses, let them build them; if they want property, let them buy it. They have money, we have none.

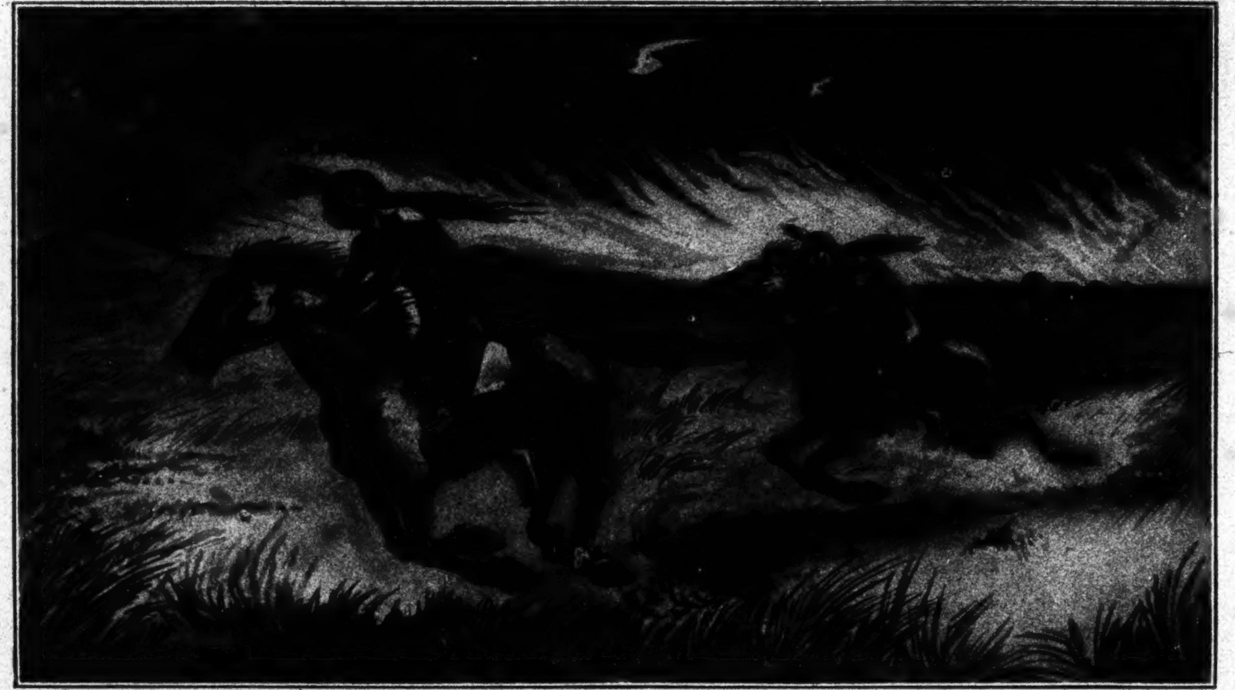
We have labored hard for the last three years to secure our little homesteads, and now live by what we can earn and raise. Somebody must set the example for immigration, and plant the germs of civilization in the wilderness, and we know of none upon whom the duty falls more directly, or who are better paid to discharge that duty, than the officials of our territory.

INDIAN PANIC.

YANKTON, Sept. 23, 1862.

Since my last letter Dakota has been swept with a whirlwind of excitement. Immediately upon the heels of the bloody rumors from Minnesota, came the news of the murder of two men in the vicinity of Sioux Falls, and soon thereafter followed the still more alarming report that the Yanktons were rising in arms, and were moving down in force to burn the settlements and butcher the inhabitants. Added to this, like fuel to fire, at noon of next day, down came our delegated committee on their return from the Yanktons and stated that "Mad Bull" had informed them that there were 500 warlike Santees in our immediate neighborhood, and that we were in danger of being attacked every hour. The Yanktons had declared their neutrality between the whites and Santees; but would unite with the whites if we were sure to conquer. At this report the people stood aghast, and for awhile the scales of fate hung trembling between fear and courage—to flee or fight. A vote was soon taken, and it was decided to stand and meet the attack. Our fortifications were but half finished, but there was soon at work a force of fifty men, with spades, axes, teams, etc., and before night we had erected breastworks, inclosing about five acres of ground and seven buildings, in which had assembled all the families in the county. The detachment of the cavalry company stationed at this place, comprising about forty soldiers, had moved their camp inside the fortifications, and that night our strength comprised a force of about 150 men, with arms, ammunition, and a small cannon, loaded with grape or trade shot. A guard of twenty-four men was stationed around the inclosure, and a mounted picket guard was all night scouting on the neighboring hills. The long night wore away with fear and anxiety to the many sleepless women and children thrown together in the fortification, and when the red morning flushed the East, and the watchword came in from the faithful sentinels that no Indian had been seen during the night, all breathed free and thankful.

Since then—some two weeks ago—not a man has been shot at, not an ox or a pig killed, or a house or stack burned by the Indians in the territory, with the exception of three



A GREAT PRAIRIE FIRE ON THE WESTERN PLAINS.—p. 54.

buildings at Sioux Falls, which were fired after the four families and cavalry detachment of that place had been gone from the town a week and had arrived safely at Yankton.

Nearly all the farmers in this county have left the fortification and removed back on their premises, and they now complain, not so much of the Indians, as of the depredations of the roaming squads of cavalry scouts committed on their fields and gardens, and pigs and chickens and fences. Rails are used for firewood, chickens are bagged by the sackfull; corn, potatoes and vegetables are confiscated for Uncle Sam's use as freely as though the Dakota farmers were considered rebels against the government. There are some true and plucky soldiers here, but many of them are very courageous where no courage is needed; and the farmers have taken advantage of this, and whenever they now wish to frighten the soldiers out of their cornfields and gardens they mount upon some adjacent hilltop, give the red man's warwhoop and shake an Indian blanket; and in less than ten minutes there is not a cavalryman left on the premises.

We look for no serious Indian troubles in Dakota this fall or winter, but in these times it is wise to be prepared. If the government desires to retain the ceded portion of this territory, and to prevent the people from being frightened out of it, it should at once make them feel secure, even in the absence of danger. The people have already organized themselves into militia companies for self-defense, but the settlers are too poor and needy to leave their crops unharvested for the winter, and to stand by their rifles watching for Indians till snow flies. Unless assistance is sent here nearly all the families will leave the territory before November.

I would scarcely be believed were I to tell you the truth of the conduct, in these trying times, of our weak-kneed, cowardly, runaway officials. To-day there is not one of our officials in the territory—men who are drawing from the government's life-blood the pretty sum of twelve thousand dollars a year. These brave and "loyal" dignitaries, at the first approach of a red man, are the first to leave the country; and with such rapidity do they fly, pale and breathless, for the states, that a boy could play marbles on their horizontal coat-tails. And on they go, governor, secretary, judges, attorney general, clerks, in one wild, panic-stricken express train of "loyal" officials. Well, the people became frightened and looked for Indians and officials, but could see nothing but the vanishing coat-tails of the latter disappearing on the far shore of the Big Sioux river. Safe in Sioux City, under the protection of four military companies and a battery, these "loyal" officials, like rats in a haystack, stick their heads from under their wives' multitudinous crinoline, and whisper, with white lips, "Are they coming?" Reason answered, "No." Then out comes our gallant governor from his silken ambush, and, with a military escort he follows the mail stage to the territorial capital, and immediately issues a proclamation, offering an escort of cavalry for all families who wished to leave the territory, and prohibiting all single men from leaving at all. Well, he waited two days for somebody to get ready to leave, and not a family went. Then becoming impatient with fear for his own executive scalp, he orders a detachment of cavalry to Vermillion, and thereupon issued passes to some four or five of his friends, and then with them he again fled the territory under a military escort.

YANKTON, Nov. 2, 1862.

Can I be allowed to appear in your columns with a bloody nose or black eye? If not, I must write less truth and more flattery. The Dakota officials took my last letter in high dudgeon, and, like Lars Porsena of Clusium—

"By the nine gods they swore,
That the Great Men of Yankton
Should suffer wrong no more."

One of these "great men," with foaming anger, paced the streets and swore that he had never whipped but one man, but must whip one more before he died, and that was "Logroller." Others bid high in reward of gold for the arrest of the "notorious scribbler."

There is a class of men whose scowls I prefer to their smiles; and their bitterness to their kindness. I do not hope for their favors, but their disfavors; and I know of no reason why a guilty great man should be exempt from censure any more than the humblest peasant.

It is well known that all officers of the government have an amount of official patronage with which they secure a class of fellows who will fawn and cringe at their feet without a whine or whimper. But it seems incredible for men who profess to have brains and talent, to talk of having a highway fight and bruising the body for what the brain has done. The officials have the *Dakotan* at their command, with which (if my articles were false) they could annihilate them, with credit to their cause and lasting disgrace to myself. I have said time and again that if an untruth has been uttered, or an injustice has been done in my letters to any official in Dakota, I will cheerfully and publicly make the correction on having it pointed out to me by the *Dakotan*.

Three military companies are being raised in the territory, under the direction of Captains Tripp, Fuller and Ziebach. The governor has received bills of lading from Leavenworth, consigning to him two brass six-pound field pieces, 300 muskets and about ten tons of ammunition. He is now in St. Paul conferring with General Pope for the purpose of having three additional military companies stationed in the territory and a new post built at Sioux Falls and one above Fort Randall. In these efforts the governor's action is praiseworthy, and it is hoped he will prove successful in his undertaking.

The official canvass of the votes for delegate to congress took place last Monday. Bonhomme and Charles Mix county returns were rejected—the one on account of informal return, and the latter for the reason that the returns smell too rank of fraud. In this county 132 Republican votes were thrown overboard by Republican canvassers. The Red River returns had not yet officially reached here. They arrived by last night's mail, giving 122 for Todd and 18 for Jayne. But they are too late to be canvassed, inasmuch as Jayne has his certificate by 16 majority. The returns, however, will be used by General Todd at Washington, and will undoubtedly secure him his seat. I must confess that Judge Bliss and Secretary Hutchinson greatly surprised us, and well near redeemed themselves with the people, by rejecting the enormous Republican frauds of Charles Mix county. Brule Creek should have been taught the same lesson by rejecting its entire vote, and administering to them a fitting rebuke for blackening the purity of the ballot box. But the canvassers are both aspirants for governor, and by issuing to Jayne a certificate for delegate to congress, the gubernatorial chair is vacated, and the field is opened for all Republicans who wish to be governor of Dakota.

But great men have their objects and landmarks, like storm-driven ships at sea. I am content to stand upon the beach and keep my eye out on the waters. Soon after my last letter the governor entered the territory with his family for the first time since his appointment. God bless him! Judge Bliss, also, is digging a well and laying a stone foundation for a new house at Yankton. We know not whether it is to please the people or president, but it does please us.

YANKTON, Dec. 8, 1862.

The two branches of the legislative assembly of Dakota Territory convened in second session at the new capitol building at Yankton on Monday, the 1st inst. The council at once organized by the election of Enos Stutsman, president, and Judge Tufts, secretary. The lower house, or "fighting body," was five days effecting a permanent organization.

Six out of the fourteen members were contestants, and the house sat six days with only eight incumbents and six vacant chairs. This body was organized on Todd and Jayne principles, and the members were arrayed against each other in two equal forces, voting on a tie of four to four for five days in succession. All this time the eight members were engaged in hot discussions and tie ballots on permanent organization, and deciding the fate of the twelve contestants outside the bar. Hon. A. J. Harlan and A. W. Puett were the opposing candidates for speaker. Harlan was put in nomination by Mr. Armstrong of the Todd party, and Puett was brought out by M. Jacobson from the Jayne force. On the fifth day Mr. Puett withdrew his name and nominated Mr. Armstrong in his stead, who, on the first ballot, received four votes out of the eight votes cast—he in the meantime voting for Mr. Harlan, a former congressman from Indiana.

The contested seats have been reported on by the committee on credentials, and four new members admitted, filling the house to twelve representatives. The officials of the territory are in daily attendance at the sittings of the house, with eyes and ears open to the investigation of the fraudulent elections. In every district where fraud was committed, both parties claim the majority, and in every one of these districts there are contested seats. Some members of the house have planted themselves on an immovable basis in opposition to these frauds, while others are determined to disregard all evidence and vote for men by their brands and ear-marks, or, as a member remarked, "by the chalk marks upon their backs."

No business of note has yet been transacted in either house, and the two bodies having not yet met in joint convention, no message has been received from the governor.

Military matters are quiet, and a band of Indians are now on a visit among us to dance and sing.

The young capital city is all life and animation, and presents quite a different appearance from two months ago, when she stuck her stubborn heels in the earth and held the frightened territory by the horns. Pecott's and Armstrong's new capitol building, planned by Secretary Hutchinson, is a structure of systematic proportions, roomy and convenient, affording apartments under one roof for the three branches of territorial government—legislative, judicial and executive. The first chisel was struck upon the foundation of this building but seven weeks before the meeting of the legislature, and yet the house was in complete readiness, with stoves, tables and platforms arranged, by the first day of the session.

YANKTON, Dec. 9, 1862.

The lower house has to-day broken up and dislodged itself into two distinct and antagonistic bodies. This is the ninth day that this house has been held under a chain of ballots. For the last two days the Jayne men have been dissatisfied with the rulings of the chair, deciding in one instance an appeal lost when tied by his own vote, and in another case refusing to allow two of the contestants to vote on a call for the previous question on a snap resolution to remove them from their seats. This last decision was ruled by the chair in to-day's proceedings, whereupon six of the twelve members rose and left the hall, thereby leaving the house without a quorum, and the body immediately adjourned.

This afternoon the six seceding members, with three contestants, assembled at the hall, and were sworn in by the governor, and effected a temporary organization by the election of A. W. Puett speaker and R. Hagaman chief clerk.

To-night all parties are comparing slates and figuring on the problem to-morrow, and upon the results of the morning session of the Todd assembly. Strong efforts are being made to effect a compromise and to bring the wayward and lost children together in the morning. If all members had discarded their dogged servitude to Todd and Jayne at the opening of the session, and had voted according to merits and evidence on the contested seats, the house would have been organized and doing business eight days ago. At present, the governor, council and two houses refuse to act in concert, and will not meet in joint convention for the reception of the message.

YANKTON, Dec. 17, 1862.

Chaos and disorder still reigns in the halls of the territorial capitol. One-third of the session is already wasted in long speeches, hot words and fruitless endeavors at compromise. The Jayne, or official, branch of the legislature, daily convenes its quorum of seceders at the old surveyor general's office, on the levee, while the Todd branch continues to meet at the capitol building on the hill, under its old organization, and to act in concert with the council and secretary, being unrecognized by the governor.

The council and house,—that is, the house at the capitol,—met in joint convention in the representative hall on Wednesday last to receive the message of the governor. A committee, consisting of Shober and Armstrong, was dispatched to his excellency, and received the very plump reply that he had no communication to make to the bodies, and that he did not recognize the house to which Mr. Armstrong belonged. The convention courteously received the reply and dissolved. each branch adjourning to its respective hall.

The next day the governor's message was transmitted to the council, whereupon that body resolved itself into executive session, listened to the reading of the document, and then returned it to his excellency, accompanied by a resolution informing the executive that the governor's message was a paper which must be delivered to both houses when in joint convention. Then that high official raved, stamped and swore; cursed the territory and damned the people; spit at the council and kicked at the house; and like a wild, untrained steed, broke loose from the machinery of the territorial government, and went plunging and tearing away with the fragmentary wheels of a broken legislature. And what was all this for? I will tell you: Simply because the house refused to admit just such men as the governor desired, and preferred to act as "judge of the qualifications of its own members." Who ever heard of a governor of a territory making it a condition that such and such members should be admitted to seats in a legislature before he would deliver his message or sign the bills passed by the two branches?

The governor's plan was for the committee on elections to disregard testimony and make an even swap, by admitting an equal number of Todd and Jayne men, thereby indorsing the frauds in each district and giving him the benefit of that indorsement in contesting his seat in congress. On the other hand, the Todd party pressed heavily for a fair investigation of all contested cases, feeling confident that the evidence would prove their men fairly and legally elected. The action of the members was in a great measure controlled by outside influence, exerted by the attorneys and engineers of Todd and Jayne, who seemed to consider the representative hall a gambling house, and the members thereof as a pack of cards with which they could trump or follow suit at their pleasure.

There is a regular family fight among the officials, each one wishing to be on the side of the people, and each one desiring to be future governor or future delegate. Both parties are led by injudicious leaders, each being reckless and headstrong. However, it may be well for men to bend a little when the life of the territory hangs trembling in the balance. It does seem strange that the representatives of the people should be so tied to the skirts of two great men as to entirely ignore the welfare of the territory and the interests of their constituents and be used as the cat's paws of a delegate contest at a time when the territory is struggling for its existence.

YANKTON, Dec. 24, 1862.

The clouds that hung dark and threatening over the halls of the Dakota legislature are broken and vanished. A bright ray of compromise has fallen from a clear sky, and the council, house, governor and secretary are now earnestly at work in concert and harmony. The governor's message was delivered to the two houses in joint convention on Thursday last, the seventeenth day of the session.

Not until the sixteenth day did the rebel members return to their seats in the hall, and not until then did the people's house listen to any compromise, on which day five of the nine councilmen publicly declared their intention to recognize the governor's house unless the breach was healed on the following day. Until that date the gulf which separated the two refractory bodies had been growing broader, deeper and darker. The people's house would yield to no terms and listen to no treaty with the official house, until the council and secretary of the territory took the matter in hand and threatened the withdrawal of their support and recognition unless the estranged bodies would join hands again and accept the olive branch of peace. Our nervous, impulsive secretary left the house, refusing even to incur the further expense of supplying the members with pens and writing paper. Then it was that the people's house, for the first time, bent its ear to the supplications of the official house, and four of the seceding members only were allowed to come back and measure swords with the ten members of the other branch. On the re-union of the two branches, on the 17th, Mr. Harlan resigned his position, and Mr. Armstrong was unanimously elected speaker of the house. B. M. Smith also resigned the position of chief clerk, and R. Hagaman was reinstated in his place.

The house on the same day expunged from its journals that portion covering the admission of Sommers and Kennerly, and admitted in lieu thereof Frisby and Pease, thereby filling the house to its full number of fourteen members. It will be remembered that Sommers and Kennerly were admitted on the day after the seceders withdrew, and were sworn in for the purpose of filling up a quorum to proceed to business. The house is now fairly filled with legally elected members. The following is a list of members that compose the house: Armstrong, Buckman, Bothem, Donaldson, Frisby, Gifford, Johnson, Jacobson, Harlan, Larson, Puett, Pease, Wallace and Waldron. Eight of the members belong to the organized house who remained at the capitol building and held their daily sessions during the reign of terror, while the other six belong to the returned sheep of the governor's flock.

Everything in town looks brighter, and everybody feels better and steps quicker, since the wheels of the legislature have got in motion, and the secretary's checks of "promise to pay on demand" are in lively circulation on the streets, and are taken as very acceptable currency at the boarding houses, saloons, etc.

I never before knew a territorial legislature to arrive so near the brink of destruction and still be saved, as has been the case with the Dakota legislature for the last three weeks. The burning wrath of the entire official force of the territory, with one exception, was arrayed upon one side, and the stern, bold will of the people on the other, and like the towering, grim-faced giants in battle, each would rather be victorious and die than to be defeated and live.

The governor has gone above in company with General Cook, to examine the condition of Indian affairs. A portion of the troops comprising the military expedition to Fort Pierre has returned, bringing with them the white prisoners captured in Minnesota.

General Todd, our delegate in congress, is this session devoting his whole time and attention to the interest of Dakota at Washington, and through his untiring efforts in our behalf we feel that our wants will be well represented to the general government.

Candidates for governor this week are thicker than fleas in a sandbar, and are circulating papers of recommendation among the members for signatures. Judge Bliss, Secretary Hutchinson and N. Edmunds of the surveyor general's office are the leading candidates in the number of signatures. They all expect that Governor Jayne will receive and hold his seat in congress, and they each likewise expect to be the favored one to fill the vacant gubernatorial chair.

YANKTON, Dec. 30, 1862.

All is quiet and harmony at the territorial capitol. The two branches of the legislature are forwarding business with true parliamentary dispatch. The house, which at my last advice, was far behind the council in the business of the session, has already arrived close upon the heels of that body, and now promptly clears the clerk's table of all bills and messages received from the council during the day. Several important bills are under way, among which I notice the old notorious "Apportionment Bills." Mr. Harlan has introduced one of these "critters," which gives to his own county (Clay) one-fourth of the entire legislature. This is a very modest grab for the "County of Stampede," which at the time of the Indian excitement, disgorged itself upon the neighboring islands of Nebraska and the borders of Iowa, leaving but four solitary souls in the county. By this bill Yankton county, to which may be justly awarded the credit of standing firm and saving the territory in the time of peril, is allowed two-thirds as many members as the "County of Stampede."

A new criminal and justices' code are under consideration in the council; also, several other very important bills, of which I will speak when passed.

Outside of the legislature the city is as busy as life; the hotels are crowded, merchants are trading, farmers are marketing, ladies are chatting and skipping from street to street, purchasing ribbons or rings for the next ball, or the next "surprise party." Divine service is held every Sabbath at the capitol building by the chaplains of the house and council, Revs. Hoyt and Paine. On Christmas the town was tight, though I saw but one fight, which was between a Todd man and Jayne man. On the second round the Todd man threw up the sponge, and the Jayne man broke his thumb.

Now let us go to the council chamber, and see what they are doing. We enter the hall door, and ascend the stairs, where, upon reaching the landing, we are shown to a back seat by the sergeant-at-arms. In front of us, at the far end of the chamber, on a raised platform, sits the president, a very plain, pleasant, impartial gentleman, who taps his rule lightly upon the table and says, "The secretary will proceed to read the journal," whereupon the members become as attentive as though they were listening to the ticking of a clock. That is the Hon. Enos Stutsman, of Yankton, by profession a lawyer and Democrat. But who is this sharp-looking, black-eyed gentleman, who is immediately upon our left, and submits a series of reports from the committee on judiciary? This is the Hon. John H. Shober of Bonhomme, the most active and laborious man in the council. By his side, and at the same desk, sits the Hon. Jacob Deuel of Clay county, one of the most punctual and faithful members in the body. But who is that at the next table, who rises and stands leaning upon his cane to address the president, with a report from the committee on federal relations, to whom has been referred the governor's message? This is Hon. W. W. Brookings of Sioux Falls, and he accompanies his report with quite a severe and cutting speech upon the action of his colleague in the lower house, who has sneered at the message as "unworthy of notice." By his side sits the Hon. John W. Boyle of Cole county, a man of the best judgment, clearest head, and coolest action of any member on the floor. But hark! there rises a gentleman away in the corner of the hall, at the left of the president, as chairman of the committee on finance, which is the most important committee in the council. After submitting his morning reports this gentleman states to the president in a jocular vein that he desires to introduce a divorce bill, and that he "holds in his hand an instrument for the relief of the unfortunate woman," and begs the consent of the council to present it. Judge Tufts, the virtuous secretary, bites his lips and files the bill for its second reading. The gentleman who has just had the floor is the Hon. D. T. Bramble, who is the most bold, outspoken, independent member in the body, and who works with, if not leads, the majority of the council. At the same table is a vacant chair, the seat of Hon. J. S. Gregory of the Fort Randall district, chairman of the committee on military affairs, who is now absent on business to the Ponca agency. At the next desk on our right, and the last one in the chamber, are seated two gentlemen, the one of which is the oldest, and the other the best looking man in the council. The one is a perfect, inimitable wit, and is the life and pride of the assembly; the other is a shrewd, silent, attentive scrutinizer of all the minutes of the proceedings of the body. The one is the chairman of the committee on agriculture; the other of internal improvements. The first gentleman is the Hon. A. Cole of Cole county; the second is James McFetridge of Red River.

From here we descend the stairs, and passing through a small anteroom we enter the main hall of the house of representatives, which, as usual, is crowded in every nook and corner with eager spectators, logrollers and officials. We hunt our way to a seat on the woodbox in the corner of the hall, and now we behold upon the stage in front of us the speaker, a small, active gentleman, standing and repeating the words—"As many as are of opinion that the bill should pass will say aye," etc. That is the Hon. M. K. Armstrong, of Yankton. By his side sits the reporter and chaplain of the house, Rev. J. S. Paine.

At the first table to the right of the speaker are seated the two polite and gentlemanly members from Red River, the Hon. H. S. Donaldson and Hon. J. Y. Buckman, two of the most esteemed members of the assembly. On the same side of the hall are seated, at one desk, the Bonhomme delegation, the Hon. C. Gifford and Hon. R. M. Johnson, who fought long and hard for their contested seats during the first ten days of the session. They are now attentive and industrious members. But who is this tall, raw-boned Yankee, who rises with his fists in his pockets, and thunders out at the top of his voice, "Mr. Speaker!" and then follows with a loud, fierce speech, lashing everybody and everything? This is the Hon. S. P. Waldron of Sioux Falls, the man who represents the land of rocks and Indians:

> "From whose bourn no traveler returns."

He is a fair lawyer. By his side is seated Hon. F. D. Pease, from the notorious county of Charles Mix, where the enormous frauds were committed on the delegate question. Mr. Pease was three weeks contesting his seat in the house before it was finally decided in his favor. He is a quiet member, and an independent voter. On the opposite side of the hall, and directly in front of us, are seated the Norway members, Bothun, Jacobson and Larson, who are as still as the grave, and seldom utter a syllable, except in answer to the call of the roll, when they respond in rotation, "aye," "aye," "aye," or "no," "no," "no." They are true to their constituents. But who is that large, portly member who rises yonder on the left of the speaker, and proceeds with a somewhat lengthy but well-delivered speech on the matter before the house, to-wit, the Banking Bill? That is Hon. A. J. Harlan of Clay county, ex-speaker of the house, and formerly member of congress from Indiana. He is the leading member upon the floor. At the same table is seated Hon. N. J. Wallace of Cole county, one of the most useful and reliable members of the body, and one of whom Cole county may well feel proud. And who is that tall, dark, southern-looking gentleman farther down in the corner of the hall, who rises and calls the ex-speaker to order for speaking against time and not to the question? That is Hon. A. W. Puett of Clay county, the best parliamentarian on the floor of the house.

YANKTON, Jan. 6, 1863.

This is the last of my letters for the present session. The legislature will adjourn *sine die* on Friday, the 9th inst., after which I will send you a letter embracing the closing scenes and labors of the two houses.

Nothing of interest has occurred since my last advice, except the report of the committee on elections, admitting Mr. Somers of Cole county to the seat formerly occupied by Mr. Frisby.

The house is now holding two sessions a day, and is rapidly drawing its business to a close. Divorce bills and apportionment bills are occupying much of the time of the law makers of the lower house. To see the divorce bills presented it would seem that half the women this side of hades were tired of their husbands and wished to marry the Dakota legislature. One of these precious creatures sets forth in her petition that her husband is given to "habitual drunkenness"; another, to "habitual sleeping and snoring"; while a third one avers the want of "natural affinity," and the fourth one states that her husband

"Hast learned to love another,
And her heart is lonely now."

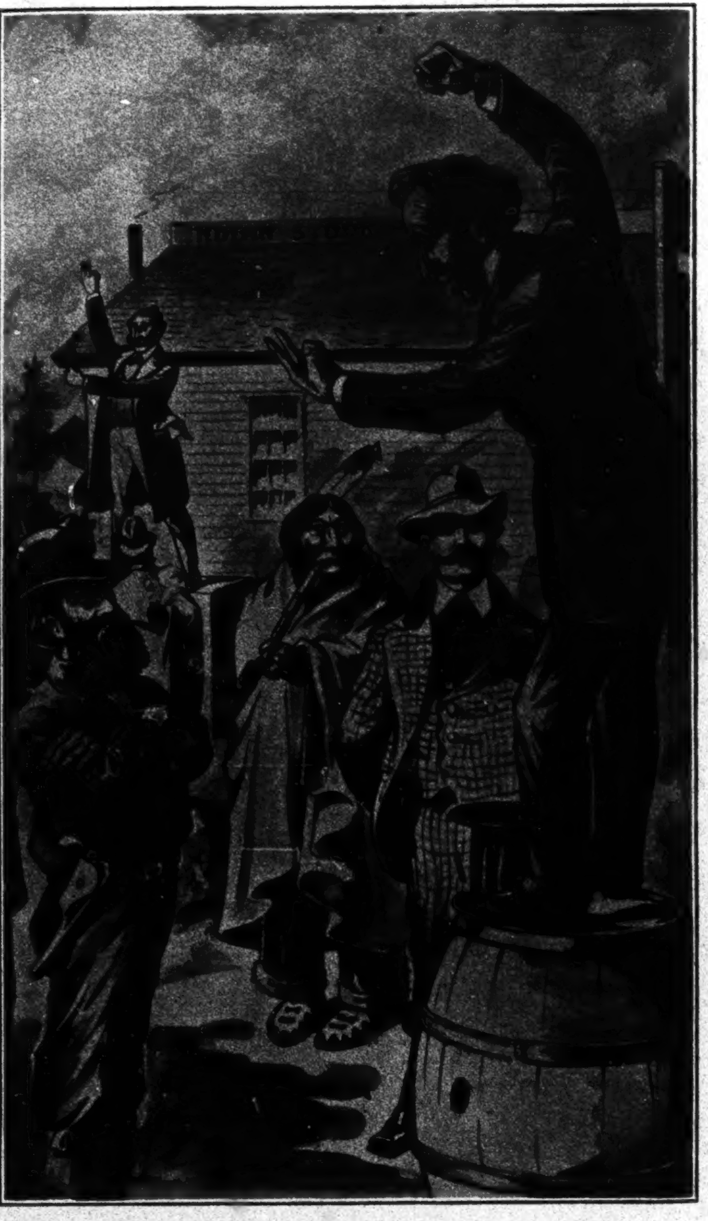
General Cook has not yet returned from the upper country. The Iowa company, quartered at this place has been ordered to Fort Randall. It is said that 5,000 troops will be sent into the territory before May. Major Galpin of the fur company reports that unless troops are ordered to Fort Randall by April we may look for an avalanche of Indian warriors from the Upper Missouri early in the spring.

Mr. Galpin has started on his long and dangerous journey to Fort Benton; but if on arriving at Fort Pierre he encounters deep snows and large bodies of redskins it is his intention to return immediately to St. Louis and report the state of affairs to the headquarters of the company, in order that they may delay their boats in the spring until the government orders troops into the valley of the Upper Missouri.

A very important bill has been passed incorporating the "Racine and Armain Mining and Transportation Company," with Mr Galpin at its head, backed by a list of wealthy St. Louis merchants and bankers, "for the purpose of building and chartering steamboats, packing furs, digging minerals, etc.," and for the general transportation of trade and travel on the Upper Missouri. The general headquarters of the company will be made in the territory, at the capitol for the present, at which place the company will open in the spring a general forwarding, commission and banking house.

Mr. Galpin states that within 180 miles of his present post (Fort La Barge) there are now 1,500 men making from five to twenty dollars per day by digging gold on the forks of Wind river. These men mostly came over the mountains from the Pacific shore, in California and Oregon.

At Fort La Barge there is a large saw and grist mill, from which the miners procure their lumber and hominy. An almost inexhaustible body of large pine timber is situated twenty-eight miles below the fort, near the three forks of the Missouri. The pines, however, in this forest are of shorter growth than usual—no tree cutting more than two saw logs suitable for lumber. One thousand feet of this pine lumber



PIONEER ELECTION AND STUMP SPEECHES.—p. 56.

will be sent to Yankton as a specimen, on the return of the first boat from the mountains in the spring.

A banking bill has also been passed, which, however, is so stringent in its provisions that it is doubtful whether any corporation of men will plant their stakes in the territory under such poor inducements for swindling.

Several apportionment bills are still pending before the two branches, but none of them have yet become a law.

Another divorce bill has gone through this afternoon under the whip and spur of dashing crinoline. Bonhomme county leads off in the list of unfortunate females, and the State of Indiana comes next in the complaints. It is amusing to observe the long and anxious faces of married men, listening to the reading of the morning journal of the house, to see if they have not been divorced the previous day. But the legislature has to-day "shut down" on all further divorce bills until—next session.

A great many of the officials and legislators are going to Washington soon after the adjournment here, in order to *advise* and *assist* congress in performing its laborious duties. Congress will stand abashed to witness the grand array of Dakota talent!

YANKTON, Jan. 14, 1863.

The legislative assembly adjourned *sine die* on Friday, the 9th inst. The gigantic fraud fight of the session came off on the day of adjournment, over the bill apportioning a new representation to the several districts of the territory. The inception and movement of this monstrous bill has done more to reveal and lay open to view the true or false manhood of the different members and officials than all the other proceedings of the whole session. On the day before the final adjournment the two houses had agreed upon and passed a very fair apportionment bill; that is, one which came nearer doing justice to all districts than any that had been proposed. The Bonhomme and Red River districts, however, were dissatisfied. On the night after this bill was passed, there being but one day of the session left, the Red River delegation started on their long journey homeward. No sooner had they left the city than a few of the great Todd moguls and the great chief, Governor Jayne, met, embraced, and slept in each other's arms, and, alas! what a monstrous birth of corruption was the result of their strange connection. A new bill was drafted, giving the same representation as the old one to all districts, with the exception of Bonhomme and Red River, the first of which was increased to two councilmen and three representatives, and the second was stricken entirely from the bill and a clause inserted repealing the Red River apportionment of last winter, and leaving them without a representation in either branch of the legislature.

In the morning the new bill was introduced into the council by Mr. Shober, and passed its first, second and third reading, under a suspension of rules, was sent to the house and passed, in order, to its second reading, when the question arose for a suspension of the rules that the bill might be read a second and third time and put upon its passage; and the vote being taken, there were ayes 7, nays 5. It requiring a two-thirds vote, the speaker cast in the negative, and the motion was lost. The galleries were crowded with excited spectators, and when the vote was declared an irrepressible shout went up from the people. One vote in the affirmative, and Red River would have fallen a "dead cock in the pit," and the great executive would have flapped his wings and crowed with victory. The Red River members, with one exception, had voted and worked, in the halls and at home, for Todd; and the delegate vote in that country had been cast against Jayne.

The new criminal code was also passed and approved. A bill was also passed appointing Hon. James Tufts a commissioner to audit the military accounts of the territory. On the day of adjournment a flood of military commissions issued from the executive office, fell like a shower of autumn leaves among the governor's friends. In one instance, a green boy was commissioned with a lieutenancy, to the exclusion of the best drilled officer in the territory, who had devoted his whole time and money for the last three months in raising the same company in which the youth received his appointment.

The governor and his official attendants have gone to Washington to contest the delegate election. I can never touch upon this topic without growing warm and earnest (perhaps too much so), not because I am an admirer of General Todd, but because I am one of the people, and we claim our rights; we claim the privilege of being represented in congress by a man who is the undoubted choice of the territory; we claim the rights of the ballot box as the only altar on which we can burn to death the despotism of official powers; and we implore congress, in the name of humanity not to foist upon the heads of an unwilling people a man who has no more interest in our welfare than a wild bear of the Norway snows.

That expedition of General Cook is looked after very anxiously up here, and many are fearful that the approach of spring will bring the approach of hostile Indians. The Yanktons have just been driven back from their hunting grounds by the Santees on the Missouri; also, several cattle with Indian lariats on have recently come down the valley of the James into the white settlements. They are supposed to have strayed from the Minnesota Indians now encamped on the tributaries of the Dakota river.

The winter has thus far been an open one, and the weather almost equal to that of our Indian summer in October, and the hostile tribes have been roaming upon the plains and subsisting in the valleys of our neighboring streams. All our protection in the way of soldiers has been called to Fort Randall, leaving the entire settled portion of the territory, for a distance of 140 miles, utterly defenseless and unguarded.

Two hundred Indian warriors to-day could clean out the whole Missouri Slope with the rapidity of a whirlwind, and lay the towns and settlements in ashes. This may not be done; indeed, it cannot be done, if the settlers could only tell when to be ready or what night to grapple their rifles and meet the merciless savages.

There are, at present, ten tons of ammunition and ordnance stores at the towns of Yankton and Vermillion, literally unguarded and unprotected against a force of fifty Indians at either post. These points, if any, will be the first attacked. One company of soldiers has been recklessly marched into the heart of the Indian country, and prisoned within the crumbling walls of old Fort Pierre, to protect a few isolated traders, open a sutler's store, and furnish to favorite speculators remunerative contracts of transporting government supplies. What is the pressing need of troops in that bleak and desolate country in the dead of winter, when the whole southern part of the territory is left without a soldier?

General Cook *may* be "the right man in the right place," and we hope that his next visit to the territory will establish that opinion with the people. Upon his action hangs the hope of the people. It will be a sad story if the young territory of Dakota must die for want of government protection, in the face of all the hostile Indians of the Northwest. Here we are, a population of hardy, industrious citizens, who have planted in the wilderness our homes and fortunes, built our towns, schools and churches, improved our farms and opened the territory to the future emigrant; and now, if driven from here, we shall go like a distracted people, homeless and hopeless, looking for new abodes hither and thither everywhere between the two oceans.

Is it possible that General Todd and Governor Jayne are unable to secure from the government a single soldier for the protection of the territory? or are they so wedded and tied to their own selfish interests and the delegate contest that they have become totally deaf to the entreaties of their constituents? No, but there is a personal war at Washington between Todd and Jayne, and what one recommends the other condemns, and *vice versa*, while the people are left to suffer the consequences. What we now want is a true man in Washington; not only true to himself but true to the wants of the territory.

YANKTON, Feb. 10, 1863.

By the way, Mr. Editor, the people of Dakota begin to be heard at Washington, and are reviving in spirit to hear of the reported promotion of General Sibley to the command of the Indian war; and to learn, also, from the department that our officials will hereafter be required to reside in the territory, attend to their duties, and work with the people. It is well known that our great complaint has been, hitherto, that our rulers were unwilling to stay among us and assist in building up the wealth and fortunes of the territory. With one exception, they have made their homes in Sioux City, Iowa, for the past year, and have been paying to the citizens of that fortunate town the handsome sum of $400 a month for board of themselves and families; for the simple reason that it is much more safe and respectable to live in the city, than to reside away up here in the unpolished society of farmers, mechanics and Indians. But "Old Abe" has heard of these truant boys, and sends word to them to shoulder their knapsacks and start for the field of their labors, and there stay. Here is his "circular," which has been recently forwarded to every official in the territory:

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, COMPTROLLER'S OFFICE,
Jan. 5, 1863.

SIR—The first section of an act approved June 15, 1852, chapter 49, pamphlet laws, page 10, is as follows: "That whenever an officer of either of the territories of the United States shall be absent therefrom, and from the duties of his office, no salary shall be paid him during the year in which such absence shall occur, unless good cause therefor shall be shown to the president of the United States, who shall certify his opinion of the sufficiency of such cause, to the proper accounting officer of the treasury, to be filed in his office." Aplication for his official certificate having been made to the president by a territorial officer, whose absence was not on leave, previously obtained, or thereafter sanctioned; and it having come to his knowledge in the investigation of that case that officers of the territories occasionally absent themselves from the place of their duty for considerable time, under circumstances in which the president may have reason to doubt of the sufficiency of the cause, to the prejudice of the public service, to avoid which, in future, I am directed by the secretary of the treasury, under instructions from the president, to address this circular to all officers of the territories, notifying them that the president will not in any case hereafter certify the sufficiency of the alleged cause of any absence of the officer of the territory when not on duty by order of the proper department or the president, unless such absence shall have been communicated to and sanctioned by the proper head of department according to the analogy of what is already practiced in other branches of the government. To avoid delay in settling and paying your salary, you will be pleased to address a letter to this office, in season to arrive by due course of mail before the end of each quarter, stating whether you have or have not been absent during the quarter, from the territory and from your duties. *The above regulations and law will be henceforth strictly enforced.* Sincererly yours,

ELISHA WHITTLESEY,
Comptroller.

Only two officers of Dakota have ever lived within sixty miles of the above requirements (Sioux City). The rest have violated it most shamefully, both in letter and spirit, by being absent from the territory and their duties *more than three-fourths of the entire year*. Will they now obey it, or will they belie it to the President? We shall see.

Military matters in the territory are progressing slowly, no orders having been yet received for the mustering in of the two cavalry companies now being raised under Captains Tripp and Fuller. These two companies, if once mustered in, equipped, rationed and paid by the government, would be a sufficient protection to quiet the fears of the people, and encourage the planting of our spring crops. By that time the government could certainly spare three or four companies of infantry to be stationed in the territory. We would not assume to call for any unnecessary protection from our government in time of war, nor do we; but we believe the government is willing and able to grant us the aid we desire, and would long ago have sent us the necessary protection, had it not been for a gross dereliction of duty on the part of our chief exponents and representative men at Washington. *They* flee for protection in the time of danger, while *we* must stand and fight for our homes and families. I do not say that there is danger, or will be; but there *may* be, and the people feel and fear it, when it is known that the punished and enraged Santees of Minnesota have taken up their abodes in the valleys of the James and Missouri. An exhibition of military strength on the part of our government will do more to subdue the Indians than a hundred little victories gained with small detachments of soldiers. The war can be made offensive or defensive. Five thousand mounted men could drive all the Indians of the Northwest beyond the mountains, while 500 could defend the settled portion of the territory against the whole Sioux nation. Governor Saunders of Nebraska is distributing a strong force of dragoons all along the Nebraska side of the Missouri, for the protection of the settlements of that territory. So long as the ice bridges the river the Nebraska troops are a defense to Dakota; and if we do not soon receive protection of our own, we shall begin to pray to God instead of the government, in order that the river may retain its flooring of ice throughout the summer season. Thirty-one Santees, consisting of men, women and children, have recently come down the Missouri in a starving condition, and have surrendered themselves to the military authorities at Fort Randall. A detachment of cavalry has been sent after ten more lodges now encamped seventy miles above the fort. Among those already captured was found a stolen horse, taken last season from a settler on James river.

The unknown cattle spoken of in my last letter as having strayed into the white settlements have proved to be those that were driven off by the Indians last fall from the settlements in Clay county. The Yanktons and Pawnees have recently made a treaty, and sealed the contract by an exchange of ponies and squaws.

Aside from military movements and Indian rumors little of interest occurs in the territory. The citizens are generally engaged in building block-houses by day, and in dancing and dreaming of Indians by night. The grand *sociale* of the season came off at the Hotel d' Ash, on Franklin's birthday, under the auspices of the "Printer's Festival." Most of the notables and aspirants of Dakota have fled to Washington, to offer their services to the president in filling vacancies in office. "Poor Uncle Sam," what a legion of friends he has —outside of the army.

DEPARTMENT OF THE NORTHWEST,
St. Paul, Minn., Feb. 11, 1863.

M. K. Armstrong, Asst. Adjt. Gen., Dakota Territory:

SIR—The brigadier general commanding acknowledges the receipt of your communication of the 29th ult. He fully realizes the great importance, to the frontier states and territories, of the movement to be made against the Indians in the coming spring.

Extensive preparations are being made for a vigorous campaign as soon as the season will permit.

It is proposed to start an expedition from this point to unite with one from Iowa, and proceeding directly to the heart of the Indian country, attack them in their villages. The work must be done effectively and at once, and all fear of Sioux depredations east of the Missouri forever removed.

It is confirmed, also, that a third expedition will move up the Missouri river, for the purpose of protecting the interests of civilization in that region, and co-operating with the Minnesota and Iowa troops.

Advices from headquarters of the army give assurance that supplies necessary for the prosecution of the campaign will be furnished without delay.

Very Respectfully,
R. C. OLIN, *A. A. A. General.*

The glad tidings of the fact of three expeditions to move against the Indians this spring have inspired the people with courage and industry. Farmers are returning from the towns to their fields and settlements and are building houses and repairing fences preparatory for the planting of their spring crops. In the towns business is reviving, and many with their families who were one month ago packing their goods to leave the territory in the spring, are to-day busily engaged in making preparations for building themselves permanent homes in the territory.

Land claims are becoming valuable, and a few are bought and many "jumped." Since the rise in land warrants and the fall of "greenbacks" most of the settlers are using the homestead law instead of the preëmption act. These settlers will need protection from the Indians during the summer, and care should be taken that, while the expedition is pushing far into the wilds of the red man's country, the settled portion of the territory may be left well guarded; otherwise Little Crow and his warriors may flee the plains and pour in upon us a force that will lay waste the whole Missouri Slope, before the expedition returns from the north. Ten good companies can perform this work of protection, while the rest move upon the foe. I predict that the coming expedition will repay the government in developing the hidden resources of our territory, and in bringing to light the mineral and agricultural wealth of the Upper Missouri valley.

The gold mines of northern Dakota are at present attracting the attention of the leading men in the territory. A company has been organized in this city under the head of the "Wind River and Rocky Mountain Mining and Transportation Co.," of which Hon. James Tufts is president, and R. G. Williams, Esq., secretary. George Detwilder is exploring agent, and is now in the mines, having passed up on the steamer Shreveport last season. The reports brought from the mines are so direct, reliable and encouraging, that Mr. Tufts intends starting for the Wind river gold beds, at the head of 150 miners, early in the spring. These are the mines spoken of in one of my former letters from information obtained from Major Galpin, who has traversed that country as fur trader for the last twenty-one years.

The gold is found in dust in the river beds and banks, and covers an immense region, stretching over all the tributaries of Wind river toward the base of the Rocky Mountains. The average yield per man is from eight to fifteen dollars per day. All kinds of produce have been enormously high in the mines during the last season. But freight can be taken by steamboat to within 130 miles of the mines for four dollars per hundred weight from Sioux City, or for six dollars from St. Louis.

It is no folly to believe that the great gold fields of the rocky region of the Northwest will yet fill the lap of the nation with its yellow harvest, and the Upper Missouri will yet float a carrying trade of millions of dollars. This may be considered wild talk, but the first discovery of new mines is always considered wild talk until proven a reality. But one thing is true, there is a gold harvest in that region which needs only to be gathered; and one hundred and forty thousand dollars in dust passed down the river this season on steamboats and Mackinaws.

To be sure, the mines are a long way off, but gold is worth going a long way after. And still these fields are more easy of access from the Eastern States than any other now open on the continent. The distance is about 1,100 miles by steamboat and 450 miles by overland, from the mouth of the Running Water.

The news in our congressional drawer is meager; nothing of importance having been heard from Dakotans at Washington.

Private letters state that Hon. J. F. Potter of Wisconsin, and of Pryor duel notoriety, has been confirmed governor of Dakota.

The nomination of General Todd as brigadier general has been rejected by the senate; and we shall now look for all our Dakotans home again.

The weather here is delightful and warm, and the snow having all disappeared from the earth, the hazy smoke of spring is hanging over hill and dale, as though ten thousand Indians were smoking their pipes in all the valleys of Dakota.

The great river has burst its chains and has gone leaping and plunging away for the sunny climes of the Great Gulf. Vast armies of rebel water fowls are flocking from the South to the northward, and the tuneful robin has been heard to peep in her woodland home.

YANKTON, April 18, 1863.

I hope it will not be inferred from my last letter that gold can be plucked from the Rocky Mountains without labor. The gold fever is spreading with alarming rapidity, and to the many hundreds who are preparing their outfit for an overland trip to Wind river, I would utter this warning: Remember that sloth, intemperance and dissipation will make a man poor even in a garden of gold; while labor, frugality and diligence will hammer a fortune from the sparkling grain of a mountain rock. A company of miners intend starting for the mines, I am told, about the middle of May, by the overland route from the mouth of the Running Water. They expect to reach the gold fields in about thirty days, with ox teams, and a portion of them will return in the fall for winter supplies.

The opening of this short thoroughfare to the northern mines will serve as a gateway through which will be poured an immense trade into southern Dakota and northern Iowa. This trade and travel at present all passes by the circuitous route of Salt Lake City round to the Missouri.

With the approach of spring and the appearance of grass our settlers begin to fear the knife of the red man. Some of the James river farmers were in town yesterday, considerably frightened, and reported the discovery of six lodges of Indians encamped on Clay creek, about eleven miles from this place. A number of ponies were seen feeding around the encampment. A squad of horsemen have this morning left town in search of them. I am of opinion, however, that they are a band of friendly Yanktons, with their families, on a fishing excursion, for the reason that a small war party never goes incumbered with tepees.

Several scouts sent out by Major Burleigh have returned, and report a large encampment of the Minnesota murderers at Sioux Falls, within sixty miles of the territorial capitol and eighty miles from the brigadier general's headquarters.

I understand that General Cook has dispatched an order to Fort Randall for Captain Miner's cavalry to proceed immediately, with guides and interpreters, to the Indians' encampment and demand them to surrender or fight. They will not accede to the first request, but will probably fight or flee before the cavalry are within a day's march of them.

Sioux Falls is like Milton's "nest of hell-hounds," and unless cleaned out and guarded with soldiers, it will always be a thorn in the side of the territory, inasmuch as it is a safe and favorite retreat for murderous bands of Santees, who have been accustomed to annually assemble there to fish and hunt and to gather pipe stone from the great red quarry, which by the bridle path is only a few hours' ride from the Falls.

We are encouraged to learn that General Cook intends to guard the settlements with an ample force against the inroads of the savages, while his main body invades the red man's country. In my former letter I stated that five companies of cavalry or ten of infantry could protect the entire territory. Two companies should be stationed at Sioux Falls to hold that place, and guard the mail route to the Missouri; one company at Yankton and James river ferries; one company at Vermillion and Clay creek; one at Brule creek and Sioux point; one at Bonhomme and Choteau creek; and the rest at the agency and Fort Randall; making ten companies of infantry.

I presume all the cavalry will be needed with the expedition, but at least ten horsemen should be left at each of the above points to act as scouts and picket guards. This may be considered an extravagant and needless protection, but if there is any fighting with the Indians in Dakota this summer it will take place at Sioux Falls or James river, instead of on the northern plains.

These are the only two places in the territory where our cavalry and citizens were attacked last season. At the former place one Indian was killed and three wounded by Captain Miner's men, and two citizens were shot dead in the field; while on James river eleven horses were stolen during the summer and one of the owners shot while standing in the door of his own cabin. This same war party, on the next day, attacked a squad of cavalry from Yankton, and exchanged some thirty shots, but without effect.

The long, deep and rugged valleys of the Sioux and James rivers afford a hidden passage through which the red warriors can skulk and pounce in upon the settlements almost unperceived until they stand at our very doors. General Cook, we are assured, is a man of military tact and foresight, and will survey well the ground before distributing his forces. We truly hope that he will, for we are settled in the belief that if there is any blood shed on Dakota's soil in combat with Indians this season, it will be within one hundred miles of Sioux City. Little Crow is not the man to draw up his warriors before a regiment of well drilled cavalry, and expose them to the fatal fire of 7,000 balls from carbine and revolver, so long as he can easily shun such a force and dash upon defenseless settlements of men, women and children, burn their houses, kill their cattle, steal their horses, and retreat in triumph to the plains with the reeking scalps of his murdered victims. I dare say that 5,000 men can, to-day, traverse the entire circuit of the Northwest, from Devil's lake to the Rocky Mountains, and not meet a hostile Indian. Where will they go? These Indians must stay somewhere. They will conceal themselves in some safe and unknown recess, from which they will, day and night, send out scouting parties to scour the plains and scent the enemy until their invading foe has passed beyond the circle of danger. According to the reports of friendly Indians lately, from the north, this intrigue is now being resorted to by all the hostile bands of the plains, who are now congregating under Little Crow, and fortifying themselves upon a secluded island in Devil's lake, far beyond the reach of rifle or cannon, and unapproachable only by rafts and flatboats, on account of the low marshes and deep, miry banks. If this be true, they can be eventually wiped out, for the government has guns powerful enough to blow the island from its roots into the winds of heaven, and sift the red devils upon the lake like drowning muskrats.

From what I have said it is hoped the settlers will not infer that there is danger before us. Indeed, we believe otherwise, for we are told that General Cook will see us protected in our own fields and workshops. I have merely made the above suggestions that the commanding general may know the wants and feelings of the people, and to apprise him of the fact that the population of Dakota is trembling upon the verge of another stampede, even in the face of his incoming expedition. General Cook is undoubtedly aware, as well as we, that leaving us unprotected, and pushing his expedition of 3,000 men to the north of us, to unite with the Minnesota troops, would be little else than driving the Indians down upon us like herds of buffalo; and he should not be surprised on returning from the fruitless campaign, to find that he had been outgeneraled and the city containing his own headquarters in ashes.

Thus far the Dakota cavalry have protected the entire territory, except the single post of Fort Randall, which has been garrisoned with three companies of Iowa infantry. Through all our Indian troubles last fall, when the people were fleeing from the territory like wild geese, not a soldier was sent to our aid, either from Fort Randall or Sioux City, at which places there were then quartered over 700 troops. All this time Dakota was struggling to defend herself with one company of her own volunteers—Captain Miner's cavalry. This company has done all the fighting, taken all the prisoners and killed the only Indians that have been killed in the territory since the Sioux outbreak. They have escorted a train of government teams and an infantry company to Fort Pierre, and returned in the dead of winter. They also, last fall, performed a wearisome duty in the way of standing guard, and escorting frightened officials. We are sorry to learn that, on account of severe exposure to wintry storms and incessant night-watches, many of the privates of this company are lying in critical stages of lung fever. One or two have died during the past week.

The squad of horsemen which left town this morning have returned, and report no signs of Indians, but a crazy panic has fallen upon the Norwegian settlement, and many are loading their teams to leave the territory. I again repeat my former warning, that a few soldiers are needed *immediately* to steady the nerves of the people and prevent an impending stampede. Give us our Dakota cavalry.

PIONEERS DISCOURAGED.

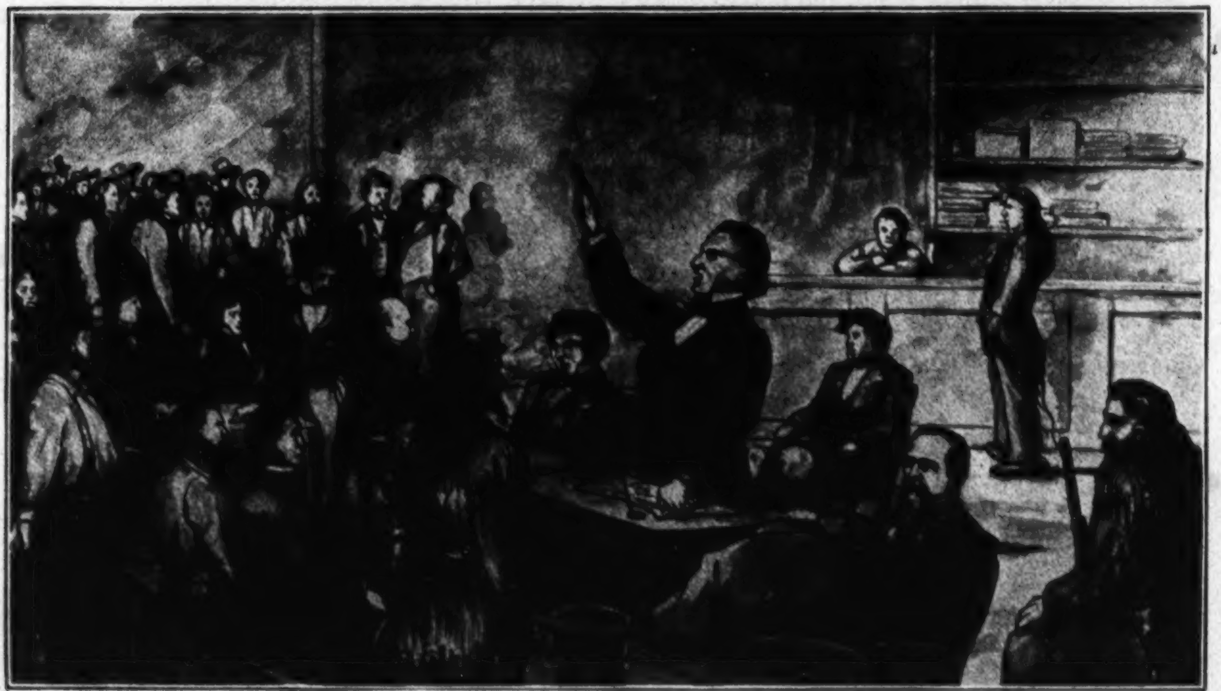
YANKTON, May 6, 1863.

The Norwegian stampede has about subsided, and has resulted in a pretty clean sweep of the Norway settlements from Yankton to the Big Sioux. Nevertheless, we will not mourn over what has passed, but will strive to look with uncomplaining eyes upon the deserted homes and abandoned fields of our once thriving settlements. We may be cowards and fools to dream of danger when 2,000 cavalry are encamped in the keyhole of the territory; but it should be remembered that one hundred miles of settlement lying between said encampment and the Yankton agency is left open to the attack of the whole Santee nation—and this fact alone is calculated to awaken fear and cause sad faces and lonely hearts in the home of many a pioneer family. When dark night hangs its mantle over 400 miles of the red man's plains, it is quite a different thing for men, with their helpless women and children, to sleep within sound of the Indian warwhoop than to rest secure within hearing of the signal shot of two regiments of cavalry. In the latter place we are all brave men; in the former we are seized with quite a different sensation.

If General Cook has been ordered to concentrate all his troops at Sioux City until he is ready to march them straight through the territory to the British line, then we say he is right in obeying orders. But if our government has become more prone to speculation than justice,—more deaf to the cries of her people than her politicians; if she is unable to hold a territory which she has purchased for a million and a half of dollars, and opened to settlement and invited emigrants only to be butchered by a lawless band of Indians; if this be the drift and purpose of our republic, then we say the sooner she sinks to the gulf of destruction the better for the people.

It has been said that "Dakota was not worth fighting for," that "the inhabitants were needlessly frightened," and that "three old women could protect the territory." But I have observed that all who make these remarks are sure to be found in the rear of 2,000 cavalry, with the Indians far in the invisible foreground.

In one sense, it may with truth be said that there is no danger to the settlements, the same as there was no danger at Washington at the time the Union army made its grand retreat on that frightened city. Neither was there any danger at Bull Run, and still our army fled with its officers as though the earth was pregnant with rebel batteries. A people will perish in a state of fear and anxiety sooner than of blank despair; and although it may be folly to cry "Wolf!" when no wolf is near, yet a child that has once had its hand in the lion's mouth is very apt to dread another such experiment. We of Dakota have once experienced such a calamity, and if the government will now take care of her murderous Indians, we in the territory will take care of ourselves. We



A PIONEER LEGISLATURE LOCATING THE CAPITAL IN 1862.—p. 63.

have already raised for the government two companies of cavalry, and we have not to-day a soldier stationed in all our settlements, notwithstanding the fact that the campfires of all the hostile bands of the Northwest are nightly kindled within the borders of our territory. In our present situation we are like stool pigeons chained to the outposts of the frontier, to invite a massacre and tempt the Indians within striking distance of the government troops. We are informed, however, that General Cook is blameless in this matter, and that he has been ordered to march his entire expedition into the heart of the Indian country and attack his enemy. It will prove a sad movement, and can only be realized by the defenseless settlers who will be left unprotected in their fields and villages. I freely admit that much of the fear of the people is extreme and unwarranted, but that should not prevent steps being taken to allay a fright which threatens to depopulate the territory. It is a rule of all good generals to keep their sentinels out, even in the absence of danger, and when the enemy is far in the distance. If no danger is apprehended why is a night guard kept out by 2,000 cavalry now encamped at the heel of the territory, while 100 miles of settlement are left open to the night-watch of Little Crow and his sentinels?

It is said here to-day that General Cook intends establishing a line of scouts from Fort Randall to the Sioux river, and connecting his own division with that of General Sibley. If this be so, it will serve as a great protection to settled portions of the territory, inasmuch as the trail thus followed would pass beween us and the Indians. In such a case we could almost take care of ourselves, provided the scouts were not too far removed upon the plains to warn us of approaching danger. We shall await with anxiety the movement of the troops.

The 3,000 Minnesota Indians which are to be transported to this territory are to be located in the region of Crow creek, near Fort Lookout, on this side of the river. We have no particular objection to their being brought into Dakota, provided the government will send troops enough to keep them from cutting our throats. When they arrive at their new home they intend to wash the blood from their hands, garments, knives and tomahawks, and live in peace. If so, we may look out to see the Missouri run red soon after the "great wash" takes place.

Many of our best citizens are leaving for the new gold mines, some by land and some by river. Judge Tufts and Colonel Hagaman will go by the first steamboat. All who go are confident of making a golden fortune, and expect to return in a year to exhibit their "300 pounds of pure dust." It is beyond doubt that the gold beds are deep and inexhaustible, but it is said there is one difficulty in the way of digging it, occasioned by the necessity of blasting through six feet of solid silver in order to get to the gold. This is indeed a tough case, but it will undoubtedly not keep many away from the mines.

The United States court opens next week. No news of who or where is our governor, and nothing of importance respecting the delegate contest, except the testimony of Hon. J. Y. Buckman, late member of the legislature, who, it is said, was sworn before a United States judge in Washington, and made oath that at the Red River election there were but five white men in the country, all the rest being half-breeds, and one of the judges of election was a British subject from Selkirk; that after the polls were closed it was found that all the votes were cast for Todd, but in order to make the case appear more plausible, they arranged the returns so as to give Jayne eighteen votes and Todd the rest. Mr. Buckman ran upon the same ticket, and was elected by the same votes, and served in the same session with Donaldson and McFetridge, as members from the Red River. If this be true, as it is said there is no adverse proof, it is a shame and disgrace to the territory to allow that distant region of half-breeds and a few white traders a representation in the legislature. The act should be repealed immediately upon the reassembling of the next legislature.

YANKTON, May 26, 1863.

We are beginning to receive protection. Captain Tripp's fine company of Dakota cavalry arrived here on last Friday, and were greeted with the firing of cannon, the waving of flags and the cheers of the people. For two hours this company were on parade on the village green, before an admiring people, and the remarkable ease and rapidity with which they went through the most intricate cavalry evolutions, from the dashing gallop of full platoons to the wheeling into line at a slow walk, was a subject of universal comment. Dakota may well feel proud of this company and its gallant captain; we are now protected by our own soldiers. It is sad to think that two of our best citizens were required to yield up their blood to the savages in order to carry conviction to the mind of those in authority that danger was upon us. But they now believe us, and have answered our prayer for protection, and we have no more to say against the commanding general, so long as he takes care of the settlements.

Four companies of the Sixth Iowa cavalry passed through here last Wednesday, on forced march for Fort Pierre, which post is garrisoned by a company of infantry, on short rations and surrounded by whole acres of Indians. It was not known whether they were hostile, intent upon attack, or friendly tribes that had come in from the plains to meet the steamboats and receive their annuities.

The last messenger from Fort Pierre met Adjutant Booge within one day's drive of the fort, with six loads of provisions for the sutler's store. Later reports state that General Booge had reached the fort and supplied the garrison with twenty days' rations.

The steamer Shreveport arrived here last Wednesday week, and laid up until Thursday noon, awaiting a fall of high winds. The Isabella, laden with freight for the new home of the Minnesota Indians, passed here on Sunday, the 10th inst. The forward progress of these boats is of necessity slow and tedious, occasioned by the unusual low stage of water. The Shreveport had only reached the Yankton agency on Tuesday last, and was stuck fast in two feet of water, with all her hands at work with shovels and spades digging a channel through the bar.

Scarcely any snow has fallen in the mountains during the past winter to swell the northern tributaries of the Missouri, and besides this we have not had a drop of rain for nearly four weeks, until last Thursday the celestial Aquarius tipped his watery urn and poured a torrent upon field and river. Crops are now looking remarkably well, and notwithstanding the fact that quite a number of farmers have been driven from our borders through fear of the Indians, quite an area of acres have been planted in crops since the appearance of troops in our midst. If the two Dakota companies were judiciously distributed throughout the settlements, the people would settle down to a feeling of security.

The removal of the Minnesota Indians to this territory is looked upon by the citizens with fear and trembling; but it is hoped the government will retain troops enough upon the frontier to overawe the savages and make them know that General Cook, and not General Crow, is commanding general of the Northwest. In order to do this, and to prevent a depopulation of our settlements, it will be necessary for the government to establish and garrison two military posts standing out north of the settlements, and on a line between Fort Randall and Sioux Falls, the intermediate post being on James river, about twenty miles above its mouth. A military road connecting these points would pass near the old Vermillion crossing, and by the head of Turkey creek. The distance from Fort Randall to Sioux Falls, by way of the James river rapids, is about 120 miles, and the government has already mounted men enough in the territory to line the whole route with sentinels, standing within canteen's toss of each other. A line of military posts established on the above route might be constructed with simplicity and economy, and and forever afford complete protection to all southern Dakota and northwestern Iowa, and the whole territory south of said forts would soon be settled with a population of industrious people. One regiment of cavalry could garrison the three posts and scout through the country to the south, while a second regiment could protect the navigation of the Upper Missouri, to its agencies, trading posts, and gold mines; and the two regiments thus distributed would entrap and kill more Indians than ten thousand horsemen flying upon the fading warpath of Little Crow. Since the repulses of the Santees in Minnesota by General Sibley, the Indians are undoubtedly fearful of the strength of the whites, and I doubt much whether a body of 500 of their warriors will ever again be met in battle. They have divided their forces and scattered abroad upon the plains, and their plan is evidently fixed for a guerilla warfare. Our government is making Dakota the camping ground of all her murderous Indians, and if Minnesota, with a population of 200,000 people was unable to defend herself against these outlaws, it must certainly be that the government will see the necessity of sending troops enough to protect the lives of a more helpless population in Dakota. Before three months there will be Indians enough landed upon the ceded lands of Dakota to scalp the entire territory and burn every town and hamlet in our borders. If the present government troops are sustained here, all will be safe; if not, with the immigration of Indians we shall witness an emigration of whites. But we will trust to the justice of our rulers, and if it is decided that the Indians are more entitled to Dakota than her settlers, then we will depart for some other corner of earth to till the soil. Nevertheless, we will not borrow trouble for the future; all may yet be bright before us.

The United States court opened here last Tuesday, Chief Justice Bliss presiding. The case of Todd vs. Burleigh fell to the ground through the non-appearance of the plaintiff. No court has been held in the First judicial district for the reason that Judge Willeston did not leave his home in Pennsylvania in time to reach the territory and draw his pay. The pay he will get, however, but the court we will not. It is said that he was detained at Washington parleying with the president for an increase of salary in order to pay the extra freight charged by the railroads in transportaing his ponderous weight to the territory. I think this is a mistake, however, for if the judge had once squared his 300 pounds before the department, his form would have been a crushing argument in his favor.

Court opens next week at Bonhomme, in the Third judicial district. Hon. G. P. Waldron has received the appointment of Provost Marshal for Dakota. No governor has yet arrived. Surveyor General Hill is expected at his office in a few days. Adjutant General Booge reached here on Friday from Fort Pierre, which post he left on the 12th inst. He reports no trouble with the Indians up to that date. The steamer Isabella passed here on Saturday on her downward trip for the remainder of her freight, which she was obliged to unship some distance below on account of the low stage of water. The river is now rising rapidly, and the Isabella reached here on Sunday at two o'clock, on her return trip, having traveled 160 miles and loaded on 100 tons of freight in twenty-five hours. A second battalion of cavalry from Camp Cook passed through town on Monday, for the fields of scalps and tomahawks. Two hundred Brule Indians came into Fort Randall last week and demanded a feast. They refused to pitch their tents on the grounds pointed out to them by the commander of the post, but daringly selected their own spot in close proximity to the fort. They received their desired feast, however. The two battalions of cavalry now on the road may seriously change the red man's programme.

GENERAL SULLY SUCCEEDS GENERAL COOK.

YANKTON, June 8, 1863.

The change of command in this district, from General Cook to General Sully, is hailed with gladness by the people of the territory. It may, of course, be different with Iowa citizens; they have no cause to complain of lack of protection or patronage. But in Dakota there has been a smothered feeling of injury, which it will take years to obliterate. A portion of your business men have been marked and will be held responsible as acting in complicity with the former commanding general, and effecting a depopulation of large portions of our farming settlements. Men who have lived upon the patronage of this territory for years have been foremost in probing the general with the belief that our cry for protection was "all for speculation." This has been persisted in until we have lost a portion of our settlers, given our blood to the savages, and have been reduced to a suffering territory at a time when forty soldiers would have prevented all, and when eighty of our own cavalry were encamped for six weeks in your city. In fact, it has been said that "Dakota was bled by the Indians on one side and by Sioux City at the other." But such is not exactly the feeling at present. Our people feel that a large majority of your business men and citizens are friends of Dakota, and have done all in their power to obtain protection for us and prevent the depopulation of our settlements. But for those who have acted otherwise by us, the future of this valley will answer. Our former commanding general was no friend of the territory, and took delight in treating all our fears and supplications with a peculiar military sneer and ridicule. That feeling had grown to be reciprocated by our people, until mothers had taught their children to hate the name of Cook, and when the news arrived here of his supercedure by General Sully, little boys would be seen skipping along the street to their homes singing the "Tom Paine Elegy," as follows:

> "Old John Cook, now he dies,
> Nobody laughs and nobody cries;
> Where he goes or how he fares,
> Nobody knows and nobody cares."

We are unacquainted with General Sully, but are informed that he combines the three requisites of a good commander, to-wit, age, experience and judgment, and will treat with respect the wants of his district.

The United States court closed its labors here last week. The grand jury was restricted by the judge in its time of sitting, immediately upon their entering into the investigation of the official acts of our federal officers. Cause not assigned, but well presumed by the people. It is sickening to see the league or chain of corruption which winds its poisonous length through all the branches of our government. Defrauding the government is looked upon as an acknowledged right, in all its departments, and it is hard to find faithful officials enough to investigate the corruption of the nation. Yes, our republic is reeling, not from war, blood or the sword, but from a system of the most wicked and shameful corruption that ever disgraced the history of nations. The great temple is burning over our heads, and amid the scamper and strife for the spoils the voice of warning and justice is no more heard than the whistle of a bird in the howl of a hurricane. . .

G. P. Waldron, provost marshal, has been arrested and sent to Fort Randall, by order of General Cook. It is alleged that on the morning of the killing of Jacobson by the Indians, at James river, Waldron sent word to General Cook that he would shoot him the next time he came into the territory for not sending troops to protect the settlers. I am informed there was a personal spite existing between the two gentlemen, on account of some saucy correspondence that had previously passed between them; and a summary arrest is the way in which a military wrath usually vents itself nowadays.

It is also reported that Captain Smith, of Cook's staff, has been commissioned by Governor Hutchinson as first lieutenant in Company A, Dakota Cavalry, in place of Lieutenant Fowler, resigned. It is but just to say that the appointment does not give satisfaction in the territory; not but that the appointee will make a good officer, but for the reason that, the company being composed of Dakota volunteers, the people had looked for the position to be bestowed upon the territory, either by direct appointment or promotion in the ranks. Whatever motive the governor may have had in this act must have originated outside of the circle of his territorial friends, and is in very bad faith with the confidence reposed in him by his own people.

The steamer Florence passed here last week for Crow creek, laden with 1,300 Santee squaws and papooses, whose yellow pates stuck from every crack and crevice on the steamboat, from hold to hurricane deck, and gave the boat very much the appearance of a floating haystack alive with red-headed woodpeckers. We have had seven steamboat arrivals at our levee this spring, five of which have left freight for this place. Gregory & Bros. are opening the largest stock of dry goods and groceries ever brought into the territory. Their goods are all shipped from St. Louis and are landed at Yankton for only one-fourth a cent per pound above the freights to Sioux City.

I am glad to observe that we are receiving a few immigrants since the stationing of troops on our border. Two farmers last week settled upon James river on two of the claims recently abandoned by Norwegians. Captain Tripp's cavalry are constantly scouring the prairies in all directions, and are called by the settlers the "Dakota Rangers." I believe there are brighter days before us.

A GREAT INDIAN EXPEDITION.

YANKTON, July 1, 1863.

The Indian expedition has come and gone. The advance guard of the whole train reached here on Wednesday noon, from which time there was one continuous stream of wagons and horsemen pouring into our little city from the ferries on

James river until two o'clock on Thursday afternoon, when the *last man*, in the person of General Sully, arrived and encamped with his expedition until Friday morning. The general was gallantly escorted through the city by Company B, Dakota Cavalry, preceded by an elegant brass band from the Nebraska regiment. On approaching the governor's office, he passed between two lines of Dakota Cavalry, with uplifted sabers, and greeted with thirteen guns from a six-pound cannon, in the hands of the Yankton Artillery Company. He was warmly received by Governor Hutchinson, who extended to him the hospitalities of the capital city and the esteem and confidence of Dakota's people.

The entire expedition, with all its attendant train drawn out upon the war path, in single file, will extend about three miles and a quarter. There are 234 wagons, 400 cattle, 320 mules, 2,118 horses, 4 steamboats, and 2,500 fighting men connected with the expedition. The military strength consists of the Second Nebraska and Iowa Sixth Regiments of Cavalry, together with four companies of the Iowa Seventh and four companies of detached Wisconsin Infantry, besides the two companies of Dakota Cavalry which are left on the border for the protection of the settlements. They have set out with 100 days' rations, and will proceed up the Missouri at least to a point near Fort Pierre, at which place they will establish a provision depot, the steamers will discharge their freight and return, and the expedition will leave the river and strike across the plains for Devil's lake, or General Crow's headquarters, where it is expected the red warriors will be found in full force. General Sibley, with the Minnesota expedition, will arrive there about the same time. On the return of Sully's command his forces will be divided so as to scour the whole region from the British line downward.

It is truly to be hoped that the campaign will prove a successful one, for it has already cost the Government over $2,000,000 to set the expedition on foot, and its current expense is now upwards of $4,000 per day. It is by all odds the most formidable expedition ever sent out against the Indians upon this continent. Such a force will frighten all the hostile tribes beyond the British border, and it is doubtful whether we shall hear of any battle with Indians during the summer, unless they are brought on through strategy or intended councils or treaties. Still the ponderous train will have an imposing effect on all the tribes of the Northwest, in the way of exhibiting the military strength of the government to the many chiefs and bands who believe the redmen are more numerous than the white race. I doubt much whether we shall ever be troubled with Indians in this valley hereafter. A great war trail will be opened through the heart of the redman's country, which will always be traversed by a military force for the protection of government property at the new agencies recently established in the territory.

A brighter day is dawning upon Dakota, and its coming is felt and realized by our settlers, who have gone to work with renewed zeal, tilling their crops and improving their homes. Corn is selling at eighty cents and potatoes at $1.50 per bushel to feed our *new* Indians upon, and so long as their appetites are good so long will prices be better. These Indians are costing the government more than the original value of all their lands, and they should now be dealt with in that light. Our troops are now on the longest and dreariest march on the continent to punish these treacherous murderers for the most wanton and wholesale slaughter known in the annals of Indian warfare, and when the long train left here on Friday morning, winding its length over the smoky hills for the far off boundless plains of the red man, and followed by two steamers tugging up the river, laden with rations for the army, I was impressed with the greatness of our government, whose flag flutters upon the hill tops of the West and on every sea of the world. May she weather the storms that are upon her, and rise anew in her glory!

The expedition is expected to return by October, "with scalps enough to carpet Pennsylvania avenue from the president's mansion to the capitol."

Nothing of particular note is occurring in local matters. Company A, Dakota Cavalry, is expected at Vermillion this week, where they will be stationed for the summer. The steamer Florence reached here on the 21st ult., and discharged a heavy stock of merchandise for Bramble & Co. Twelve steamboats have arrived here since the 6th of May. One hundred Indian ponies were taken through here to-day for the new agencies. Seven Indians were recently killed thirty miles from Fort Randall by a detachment of cavalry. it is said that they were "friendly copperheads," two of them being Yanktons and the others Brules. But all Indians are "friendly" before an array of muskets, but they are horrid butchers among defenseless women and children.

YANKTON, July 29, 1863.

Nothing of particular note has transpired in Dakota since my last letter. All is peace and quiet in our settlements since the advent of the expedition into the territory and the stationing of troops on the borders. Detachments of Companies A and B of Dakota Cavalry are, by order of General Sully, constantly patrolling the country from the capitol to the Big Sioux river, on a line leading back from the Missouri and in the rear of all the settlements. Their headquarters are at Yankton and Vermillion. Above here, and between this and Fort Pierre, there are stationed six companies, part cavalry and part infantry, assigned to the duty of protecting the intermediate posts and agencies, and affording security to boats navigating the river.

The Nebraska border, however, on the other shore of this stream, is left entirely unprotected below Fort Randall, and in consequence thereof the Indians have become emboldened to enter the settlements and commit a most shocking murder. The family of Mrs. Wiseman, living ten miles from St. James, Nebraska, was last Thursday attacked by a small party of Indians, and three of the children murdered outright and two of them seriously wounded. The parents were at the time absent; the mother was in this village disposing of some articles she had brought to market, and the father is in the Indian expedition now moving up the river. It is believed by those well acquainted with Indian warfare that this murder was committed by the Brules, and was perpetrated for the purpose of avenging the death of the five of their tribe who were killed among the seven Indians recently attacked and shot by a detachment of cavalry from Fort Randall. If this be the mode of the red man's indemnification, requiring blood for blood, we shall soon expect to see two of the white settlers of Dakota fall by the knife or tomahawk, to atone for the blood of the two Yanktons who were killed by the same detachment of cavalry. As I once before stated, it is certainly a bad policy for the government to open a promiscuous and indiscriminate slaughter among all the Indians of the Northwest whether peaceful or hostile. It is like declaring war against the whole South for the revolt of one of its states and thereby drawing the sword upon friend and foe, loyalists and disloyalists.

True, after the horrid butcheries committed by these savages in Minnesota, it is hard for white men to withhold their wrath in the presence of Indians. But it should be remembered that there *are* tribes of friendly Indians in Dakota, and if all of them, irrespective of their signals of amity, are to be shot down upon the plains, then the government will have upon her hands all the Indians of the Northwest in armed rebellion, and wreaking their ill-directed vengeance upon the defenseless settlements. In such a case the whole army of the Potomac could not, in ten years, ferret out and annihilate the 40,000 Indians that swarm over the vast plains between Red river and the mountains. Since the killing of the seven Indians above mentioned, General Sully has very judiciously issued an order in which is found the following directions to the commanders of patrolling detachments: "Should they meet any Indians on their tour, they will take them prisoners, and bring them in for future investigation. Should the Indians run from them, they will be considered *hostile*, and treated accordingly."

It is reported to-day that an "Indian sign" has been found in the point of woods on James river. The sign consists of a medicine bag, hung upon a pole, and is said by old trappers to be hung out as a signal that Indians had passed there, and that they can travel among us unseen notwithstanding our country is spotted with soldiers.

A detachment of Captain Tripp's cavalry crossed over the river at this place on the steamer West Wind to-day for the purpose of patrolling along the Nebraska shore in quest of the straggling Indians who committed the recent massacre at St. James. A small squad of Company A cavalry has also been dispatched across the river at Vermillion, by Lieutenant Bacon.

The steamer Robert Campbell, on her return trip from the mountains, arrived at our levee last evening, and left this morning. She brings alarming tidings from the upper Indians. The steamer Alone was boarded by 300 Sioux above the mouth of the Yellow Stone, and literally robbed of all the most valuable portions of her cargo, such as groceries, provisions and ammunition. Her men offered no resistance, and hence not a man was injured. The Shreveport, which was the first boat up the river, had by some good fortune, reached the mountains and returned without being seriously annoyed by Indians. Above the Yellowstone river the Robert Campbell and one of the company's boats were attacked by a large body of Sioux, when a battle ensued, lasting over an hour, in which three men were shot on the deck of the steamer, and from thirty to forty Indians killed upon the shore. Captain LaBarge, from whom I obtained this information, was engaged in the battle, and reports that the Indians have become emboldened to these daring deeds by the slow movement of the expedition, he not having seen a soldier north of Fort Pierre on a journey of 1,100 miles of river navigation through the Indian country. General Sully's command, he states, is moving up the river in battalions, and were seen from the boat marching along the east shore all the way from Crow creek to Fort Pierre. The grass and trees in the upper country were parched to a crisp by the unremitting drouth. Six hundred miles of prairie are burnt off by Indians above Fort Berthold to prevent the advance of troops. General Sully was using every means in his power to press forward with his army and reach the region of the hostile tribes. He impressed one of the company's boats into the service, and turned her up the river with supplies. Late rains had commenced falling in that country, and it was hoped by the commander that the plains would soon be clothed in a new growth of grass which would enable him to carry out the designs of the expedition.

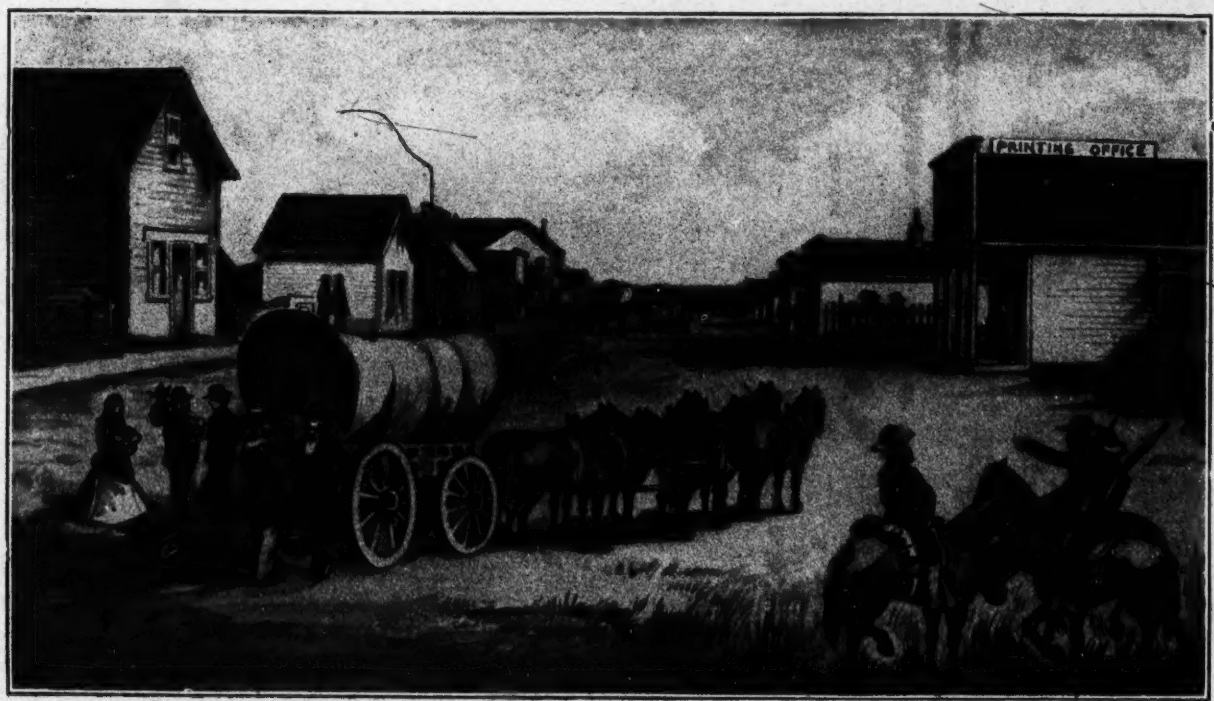
It is the belief of Captain LaBarge that, if the troops fail to overtake and punish those tribes this season, or are withdrawn from that country during the winter, the government will be obliged to abandon the navigation of the upper Missouri until the Indians see fit to raise their blockade. He asserts that it is more useless to *hunt* for Indians than rattlesnakes, and that the only mode of ever entrapping these "red birds" is to station small detachments of troops at every post and town on the river, and *keep* them there until the Indians are starved off from the plains and come into the valley for subsistence, which would not take a long time if the government and fur companies' goods were kept away from them during the time. He thinks, moreover, that a reward should be offered by the government for Sioux scalps, and let the people of the territory band themselves together and assist in executing the business, and in less than six months the fur would fly in this valley like a snow-storm. All peaceful tribes should be ordered onto their reservations until the work is finished. The present expedition, even for this season, will cost the government at the rate of $150 for every Sioux scalp in the Northwest, whether taken or not. Competent "contractors" will take this job off the hands of the United States for twenty-five dollars a scalp.

By the way, speaking of contracts calls my attention to Surveyor General Hill's contractors, whom he has again brought from Michigan, and has set them to feeding upon the vitals of the territory. Out of $10,000 appropriated for surveys in Dakota, he cleverly says he has $1,000 to expend for the benefit of the territory; the rest must be carried back to the States. We have before condemned the course of this official so often that we are tired of talking, but we are encouraged, however, to see that his own friends—his own party, even—are at last casting him off, and publicly denouncing his policy in their official paper.

Since 1861 $24,000 have been appropriated for surveys in Dakota, and there has not been enough of that money disbursed among actual residents of the territory to build a respectable dwelling house. I have sometimes been accused by official papers of talking harshly of the administration, but if I was ever prone to condemn the administration it was through the shameful conduct and example of such shining lights of the administration as George D. Hill. This man is loud in his cries of "Loyalty to the Union," "Down with Copperheads," "Death to traitors," while by his own traitorous example he is injuring the cause of his government more than all the "Copperheads" in Dakota. Still, he loves the administration; of course, he does. So the serpent loves the blood of its victim; so the midnight ruffian loves the form of innocence; and so G. D. Hill, Esq., loves the "heart of his country." He is a big Hill to climb over, and I will leave him to his own party, for I am sure they will either grade him down or make a hole through him.

YANKTON, Sept. 8, 1863.

Election is over, and many more men are defeated than elected. No election campaign in Dakota ever came upon the people and passed off with so little labor and so short a


PRINTING OFFICE

YANKTON, CAPITAL OF DAKOTA TERRITORY IN 1861.—p. 68.

canvass as the one which ended yesterday. In many counties no nominating conventions were called, while in other districts they were only convened a few days before election, in order to prepare a ticket. Many little issues were consequently sprung, some local, some political, but more that were bitterly personal; issues which would have been considered of ruinous importance in a better natured campaign. In this county the election was fiercely, and, in some instances, brutally contested, and I am sorry to say reflected no great credit upon the politics or morals of the capital city.

Many provoking personalities were indulged in, which, when mingled with strong drink, gave vent in manifestations of cudgels, clenched fists and cut faces. The *main* issue, however, was *party;* but even the dignity of a party contest was buried deep in the rubbish and wreck of selfish and personal motives and purposes.

The Republicans in this county, I must admit, have gained a square, unmistakable victory. The majorities, though small, are decisive and uniform throughout their ticket.

It is alleged, as usual, by the defeated party that fraud was resorted to by their opponents, and so strong was the feeling manifested on the part of a few that the ballot box was hurled from the window and lost in the crowd, *after* the judges had canvassed the votes and were seated round the table. But box or no box, we were neatly whipped, and the only fraud I know of is, that the Republicans had too many votes for us. Clay county has elected two Democrats to the council and a mixed house. Shober is elected in Bonhomme county, and Gregory and Wherry in Todd county. Further than this I am unable to speak. The Republican party brought to bear all their heavy guns upon this, the capital county, and drove our gallant party into defeat.

General Sully's expedition is about to return. When last heard from he was proceeding rapidly to Painted Woods and Fort Berthold, to intercept and fight the flying Sioux. He had left all unnecessary subsistence wagons, and was intend-ing to make one bold, rapid dash at the hostile tribes before returning to winter quarters.

By official information recently received from Major General Pope, it is established that the Iowa Sixth, three companies of Iowa Seventh, and the Dakota companies will all be left in the territory during the winter to renew their war against the Indians next season.

It is no longer my province to chastise our officials, for the *Dakotan* has taken that duty upon itself, and has played it as its *strong card* in the election canvass. I hope it will continue in its "consistent" and newly espoused labors, and never again accuse me of being "inconsistent" for dealing my feeble blows at the great men whom it now delights to beat with heavy strokes. Its pluck and ability has infused new life into the territory, and although we live on the borders of Indian rumors and murders, the future brightens and improvements are progressing.

Straggling Indians in the rear of Sully's command continue to endanger the travel in the upper country. At Choteau creek, on the line of the Yankton reserve, four Indians last Friday attacked the United States mail, shot one man dead and stole the stage horses. The mail bag was brought into this place covered with blood. Forty cavalry are in pursuit.

POLITICIANS AND INDIANS.

YANKTON, Sept. 28, 1863.

Dakota is noted for the freaks of her politicians and Indians.

The first are tricky; the second are evil;
Neither one has a trail you can travel;
And to follow them both, I'm sure it would trouble
The wit of the gods or the scent of the devil.
For Satan has bargained with these bad men
To take Dakota to hell if they can.

The political parties of the territory are in a bewildering chaos of disorder. No strict party organizations have ever been effected, and hence we find men shifting their political signboards to suit the gale of every annual election.

Patronage, not principle, molds the complexion of our political parties, and it matters not into how many little cliques and feuds a party may be divided, the leader of each squad considers himself the head and front of the "Great Union Party" of the territory.

In this situation we are consequently supplied with a large ratio of dictators—the political doctrine of each of whom it is treason to disobey, and brings down upon the head of the disobedient the heavy cognomen of "Copperhead." Hence they are already making the Copperhead party in Dakota too large to be managable, by classing in that party such men as the supreme judge, attorney general and provost marshal of the territory, and resorting to military orders and arrests to prevent United States soldiers from attending the polls and voting the "Copperhead ticket." We are unwilling to believe that these officials, or any other than citizen soldiers at the capitol, should be called "Copperheads," or sympathizers with the rebels, simply because they did not vote the entire "Unconditional Union Ticket" at our little county election. There were candidates upon that ticket who are much later, and, therefore, more rabid converts to the Republican faith, than some men to be found upon the People's Ticket. The *Dakotian*, under its new proprietorship, finds itself unable to please the multifarious cliques of the administration party, and it therefore adheres to one and lets loose its thunder upon the others. Hence, there is a threatened divorce in the wigwam, and the great fathers have become incensed at the saucy blows received from their adopted son. They demand his head, and, like the gods of old when betrayed by the son of Pheobus, they declare that his fate shall be that of—

The youth, who, sky-born, asked without delay,
To guide the sun's bright chariot [Dakotian] for a day;
The gods repented of the oath they took,
And thrice their radiant heads in anguish shook;
Our son, said they, some other proof require,
Rash was our promise, rash is thy desire—
Scarce was the boy upon the chariot raised,
When wild through heaven the fiery charger blazed;
At once, from life, and from the chariot driven,
Th' ambitious boy fell thunderstruck from heaven;
Swift to Earth his blasted corpse was hurled,
And found a GRAVE far in the western world.

Which one will find the political 'grave' remains to be seen. The *Dakotian,* however, is determined to fight while living, and thereupon sets itself back upon its stubborn heels, and shakes its spunky fist plump in the face of our officials, sparing a few only of its chosen exceptions. Let us bid the *Dakotian* god-speed in its terrible adventure, and tender it the consolation so much prized by O'Flinigan, who, clinging to the saw-log as it rolled dashing from the hill-side, afterwards examined his broken bones, and was thankful for the poor sympathy of being assured that he was "on top half of the time."

In every county throughout the territory split tickets are elected, except in Yankton and Todd counties, in the former of which the unconditional union men were triumphant, and in the latter the Democrats. Cole and Bonhomme counties are contested. Clay elects Democratic council and opposition house. The politics of the legislature will be as spotted as the measles, and perhaps as contagious. The coming session will be the most stormy one ever assembled in the territory. When the great day comes, like John Gilpin, I shall "be there to see," and shall wear glasses, stoga boots, go bareheaded, and shall steal stationery enough to write you a letter every week.

General Sully has, at last, met with the Indians, and the expedition is returning. So many conflicting reports are in circulation that it is difficult to determine the *true* particulars of the fight, until the General makes his official report. Enough is known, however, to confirm the fact that he has encountered and routed an encampment of over 200 lodges of Indians, comprising about 1,000 warriors and a corresponding number of women and children; that he killed and wounded in the engagement over 200 savages, and captured 130 prisoners of all sexes and ages. His own loss was nineteen killed.

The enemy's force was composed mostly of Yanktonnais and Minnesota Sioux, and were the same who engaged Sibley's command. The prisoner's report that Sibley inflicted but slight punishment upon the Indians by his three days' pursuit and long range firing, and finally withdrew, with more of his men killed than was lost by the enemy, and that they were, at the present battle, returning upon his war path to winter in the Yanktonais country, near Devil's lake.

All their winter's supply was captured and burned in the late engagement, and they are left in a starving condition to roam like hungry wolves over the vast plains in search of food. It is said that the battle was commenced contrary to General Sully's order, and before the Indians were completely surrounded, as intended. The Nebraska regiment, impatient for the fight, dismounted, and leaving every fourth man in charge of the horses, marched right in upon the Indians and drove them straight through the partially formed line of the Sixth. Darkness settled upon the field and prevented pursuit. But this is rumor, and I give it only as such until the general's report explains the matter.

His command had been eleven days on half rations, and the horses were so worn and jaded that pursuit on the following day proved to be ineffectual in overtaking the enemy. For twenty miles along their bloody trail, were to be found heaps of from twelve to twenty Indians thrown together in small coolies and pit holes dug for the purpose. The vast stacks of dried buffalo meat which were burned for two days after the battle formed actual rivulets of running fat, resembling little water courses. It is a curious fact, that all the soldiers who were left dead on the field during the night were found next morning completely stripped of arms and uniform. Lieutenant Leavitt, of the Iowa Sixth, lay all night wounded upon the field unperceived, having crawled to the side of a dead horse and wrapped himself in a robe, and the next day crept to the camp of the regiment and died at noon.

The Second Nebraska is now at Fort Randall, on its way home to be mustered out of service, their time having expired, with the exception of two companies. The Iowa Sixth, with General Sully, are near the mouth of Medicine creek (the line of the ceded land), building a new fort and providing hay for a battalion to be stationed there during the winter. A battalion is to be left at Fort Randall, and a sufficient force at all intermediate settlements for the complete protection of the border from Sioux City to Fort Pierre.

Captain Tripp has returned from his reconnoitre to Dirt Lodges and Snake river in pursuit of the mail robbers and murderers of Trask. "Grey Face," a friendly Yankton, was out as guide and interpreter. They struck the trail of the murderers, and also found the hat of the lamented Trask and two folded newspapers perforated with ball holes. They followed the trail into a country of hills and springs, between the James and Missouri, where the rocks and trees were painted in various colors with Indian signs.

On one large stone was the print of a human hand, as though dipped in blood and struck upon the face of the rock. On James river they came in sight of a lone Indian on horseback, who, on being discovered, flew like the very wind over hill, valley and plain, and was pursued for a distance of fifteen miles when he finally disappeared in the marshes of the river. It is believed from this reconnoissance that there is no formidable body of Indians on the ceded lands. I understand that the commanding general has warned the isolated settlements to be on the alert for small parties who will endeavor to make good the loss of their winter's provisions by stealing from defenseless settlers and unprotected wagon trains. A great work has been achieved by General Sully for the people of Dakota and the general government, and if he can have but one more season to carry on this war in his own way he will teach the murderous hordes of savages that the hand of retribution is swift and terrible, and that although their haunts are far in the wilderness, their own soil shall yet drink their blood and conceal the bones and tomahawks of their wicked nation. The day is dawning when there shall be peace and prosperity for Dakota and her people.

YANKTON, NOV. 4, 1863.

General Sully has proved himself Dakota's deliverer. No more the hostile Sioux lurks in our noonday pathway, or flits, ghost-like, through the visions of our feverish night dreams. The Indians have learned to fear the arm of the white man, and they have retreated from the settlements, and fallen back upon the great plains to take up their abodes in the river valleys, and subsist through the long, snowy moons of the coming winter. The commander of the district, like a true friend of the people and servant to his government, has distributed his forces for winter quarters among all the important settlements of the territory, and the result is, that we have now a chain of garrisoned posts extending from Sioux Falls City 260 miles westward, along the Missouri river to Fort Sully, near the boundary line of Indian territory, thereby affording complete protection to every settlement on the ceded lands of Dakota.

A small party of government surveyors, comprising not over a dozen men, have recently returned from their field of labor, lying between Sioux Falls and James river, some forty miles from settlement, and report that no recent tracks, trails or camp grounds of Indians were discovered on their tour of four weeks, and that after the first few nights no guard was stationed and their horses were picketed out many yards from the tent, yet no alarm or disturbance occurred.

From a few old and well-worn paths found imbedded in this season's grass, it is evident that quite considerable bodies of Indians have visited the valleys of the James and Vermillion rivers during the early part of the summer. The appearance of soldiers on our borders and the bloody battle of White Stone Hills has undoubtedly turned the face of these savages farther toward the setting sun. Next spring's grass, however, may bring them to our doors again, but we have now in our midst a general with men enough to hurl death into the Sioux nation should they venture too far upon our settlements.

Some of the settlers who fled from the territory during last spring's panic have lately returned to their homes, bringing others with them. They report that a colony of 100 Norwegian families are to leave Wisconsin for Dakota next April.

In this connection, I desire to urge upon the commander of the district the propriety and political economy of establishing a line of small frontier military posts, as set forth in my letter of November 27th, and extending from Sioux Falls *via* James river rapids to Fort Randall, thus passing back of and protecting all the settlements in southern Dakota. A post on this line at James river would stand about thirty miles above its mouth. A military road connecting these points would pass by the old Vermillion crossing and the head of Turkey creek, and would not exceed 130 miles in length. The most desirable portion of the ceded lands of the territory is situated south of said route, and all the farming settlements in Dakota are located on the same tract of country. Five hundred soldiers would be sufficient to guard the whole line, and afford complete protection to all southern Dakota, and even northern Iowa, by extending the line to Spirit lake. Rude log forts, comfortable for men and horses, could be constructed on this line with dispatch, simplicity and economy, and would save the government, in future, the enormous expenditure of projecting ponderous expeditions over the long and barren waste of our northern plains in pursuit of a flying foe.

And here I wish to offer a word in behalf of our new neighbors, the Winnebago Indians. There is now about 100 of these pitiable creatures at this place, who have been taken prisoners during the last week while attempting to pass the town in their canoes. They are sadly dissatisfied with their new home beside the Santees, and are endeavoring to escape down the river to go and live with their old friends, the Omahas. They are very friendly and obedient, and many of them speak good English and can perform all manner of manual labor. Our town for the last few days has been alive with these Indians chopping up all the wood piles in the place, for which their price is "something to eat." They have formed a wild fancy for the James river below us, and say that they want their "Great Father" to give them a home on this stream, where they can fish and hunt and build their "wigwams" in the valleys, and work with the white men. Indeed, they have lived so long in the states surrounded by civilization that they appear to feel more at home with the whites than with their own red brethren of the forest; and, in fact, I believe that the settlers of Dakota would be as secure from danger of the hostile Sioux, guarded by the Winnebagoes located on a reservation on James river and within twenty miles of the capitol, as by a regiment of soldiers located in the same position. If a small military post should ever be established on this stream as before referred to, we shall then advocate the removal of the Winnebagoes to the valley of the James. They could remove themselves and effects by overland in four days to a point on the river where light-draft steamboats could transport their annuities three months in the year. The commander has ordered these prisoners to return to Crow creek, and they are now marching under a military guard and with sad faces to their home again;

but it is only right that they should be made to feel the power above them and to remain on their reservation until the government shall deem it proper to give them a more productive reserve.

Political matters in the territory are somewhat unsettled and formless, and will not perhaps assume a determinate front before the nominating conventions of next spring. The germs of a strong union party are getting root, comprising a coalition of the War Democrats with the true, consistent, *nonabusive* Republicans. There are Democrats in Dakota who are proved of true worth, for their inherent devotion to their country, from the fact that they have remained *true* to its flag without commissions, contracts or salaries, and have patiently endured the abuse of those "patronage loyalists" who continually persist in calling all Democrats traitors and copperheads who do not lean upon the government for their daily bread. There are many good Republicans in Dakota, but some shameful cheats upon the party and the administration.

The editorial reins of the *Dakotian*, though temporarily tied to the wheel of the "chariot" for somebody to get off, are again placed in the hands of its old editor, Mr. Kingsbury.

Hon. N. Edmunds of the surveyor general's office has been appointed governor, and Hon. J. M. Boyle of Vermillion receiver of the land office at that place. Both are old residents of Dakota, and whatever else may be said of them, they possess the credit of having stood with the people through all our troubles and dangers. Governor Edmund's official conduct will receive a fair, impartial criticism as he proceeds in the discharge of his new duties.

The legislature will meet on the first Monday of December. I shall endeavor to give you a faithful record of its proceedings.

YANKTON, Dec. 14, 1863.

The territorial legislature assembled at the capitol building, on Monday, the 7th inst., and organized by the election of Hon. E. Stutsman of Yankton president of the council, and Hon. A. W. Puett of Vermillion speaker of the house.

The council organized with eight members, the house with fifteen—Cole and Bonhomme counties being contested, and Red River absent. On the second and third days the committee on credentials, in both house and council, reported in favor of the unconditional Union members from each contested district, whereby the house was filled up to twenty-two representatives, and the council to twelve members—the Red River delegation, consisting of one councilman and two representatives, still being absent at the date of this writing, with no probability of their arriving at all.

Had the Democratic delegations been admitted from both Cole and Bonhomme, the council would have stood seven Democrats and five Republicans, but the house would still have retained two Republican majority. As it now is, the Democrats in both houses are, like our soldiers at Bull Run, "overwhelmed by superior numbers." But it could not be otherwise expected than that a Republican committee would report in favor of the Republican members. Democrats would have done the same thing. Perhaps I am doing wrong—in fact, I am not correct—in classing the opposing candidates in the legislature as Democrats and Republicans. There are no such party organizations in the territory. These names were first given to the followers of Todd and Jayne in the delegate election of 1862, and although Todd was a Democrat and Jayne a Republican, many of the most ultra-Republicans in the territory supported the former, while some of our oldest Democrats voted for the other.

Since then there has been opposing parties in Dakota, each of which was an amalgamation of men of all political proclivities. The war of these parties has been more for men, localities and prejudice, than for the good of the people, the territory or the government.

The message of Governor Edmunds was delivered before a joint convention of both houses on the third day of the session, and was replete with good sense and practical recommendations. Many bills have been already introduced, among which is one repealing the Red River apportionment bill of 1862, and cutting off the representation of that portion of the territory, and leaving them on an equal footing with all other white settlers on unceded Indian lands. The bill has passed both houses with but slight amendments. With this act repealed, the Dakota legislature will stand: Council, 12; house, 22; total, 34.

There is not an equilibrium of parties in either house sufficient to make the session and discussions interesting and spicy, and I fear in consequence that I shall not have much to write you during the winter. The sinless secretary of the council, Judge Hanson, admits me to his drawer of stationery, and the compassionate president has promised to present me with his "stoga boots" as soon as I show my head in the council chamber.

The Dakota Historical Association have inaugurated a series of lectures for the winter, the first of which was delivered last Saturday evening, by M. K. Armstrong, on the "Early History of Dakota." The next of the series will be delivered by Mr. Hoskins, on the evening of the 19th inst.

Colonel Thompson, with his train of 120 wagons loaded with provisions for the Santee and Winnebago Indians, has arrived at Crow creek in safety. Not an Indian was seen through their whole journey until they reached the Missouri. His train was escorted by three companies of Minnesota infantry, and he pursued a course from Mankato nearly due west to the Missouri, traveling constantly on and near the forty-fourth degree of latitude, between townships 106 and 107 north. They made the trip in less than twenty-five days' travel, with ox teams. The distance made was 240 miles. Not a white settler was seen on the route for 200 miles, and the opening of this great wagon road through the middle of those wild plains, so frequently traversed by the Indians, will do much to impress the savages with the belief that the whites are not all dead yet, but live to penetrate their distant hunting grounds regardless of winter's storms or Indian tomahawk.

A colony of sixty-seven families is already formed in the State of New York, to remove to Dakota next spring. Many buildings are going up in town, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather. Some of our officials have built, and others intend to build. Provost Marshal Waldron is about to be removed from office for breaking the *official laws* of Dakota, by erecting a dwelling-house and living with his family in the territory. He is pronounced a "*traitor*" and rebel sympathiser. We wish all our officials would turn "traitor," and go to building up the territory. Governor Edmunds talks of building in the spring, but I'm at a loss to see how his well known shrewdness will allow him to hazard the dangerous experiment.

YANKTON, D. T., March 9, 1864.

The delegate election is approaching and nominating conventions will probably be held in the course of a month or two. Some half a dozen candidates have been mentioned for next delegate in congress, among which are Bliss, Burleigh, Boyle, Pinney, Hutchinson and Allen. The mass of the people are thoroughly discouraged with trying to get justice at a delegate election, and many are so perfectly indifferent in the matter that they declare themselves ready to vote for the devil, or any other "actual resident" of the territory, at the coming election.

To be sure, the "old gentleman" is one of the first pioneers in Dakota, and a very shrewd figurer, but when he comes to measure swords with Dakota's politicians he will be thrust through with the fiery dart of "Traitor!" and buried among "the charred corps of copperheadism and treason."

This was once sure death in Dakota, but many a truly loyal man has been stabbed so much with the crooked sword of "Copperhead" and still come to life again that the people begin to believe that a man must be judged from his deeds instead of his "name." Thus far, none of our "Copperhead officials" have been removed from office, for the very good reason that they attend to their own business, are true to the administration, and don't steal from the government. These appear to be better testimonials at Washington than paper professions and platforms.

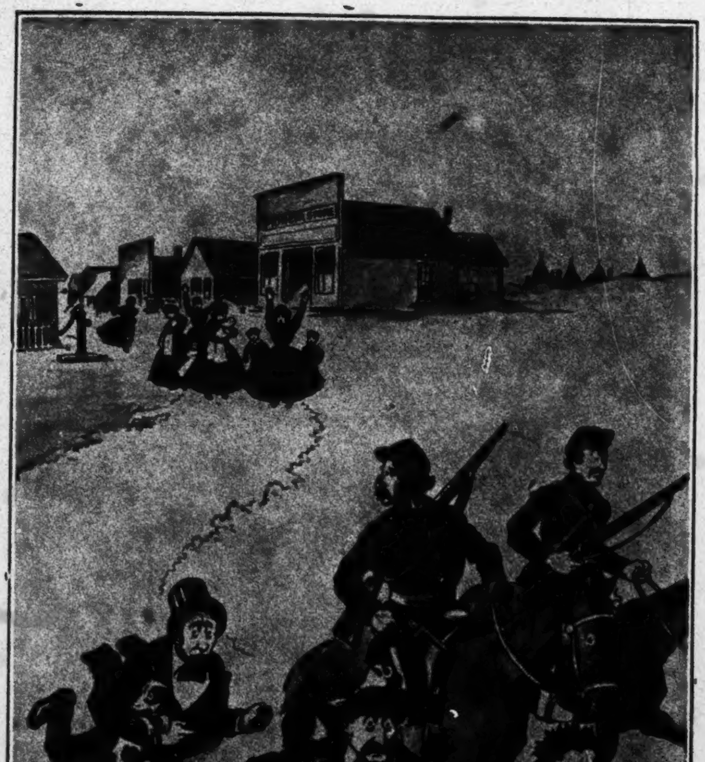
A colony of 126 families, in the State of New York, have made their arrangements for immigration to the territory in April, and have testified their sincerity by advancing money as a passage transportation fund from Syracuse to Yankton. Another colony is forming in Michigan for the purpose of removing to Dakota in the spring. The New York colony will travel by cars and steamboat to Yankton. A number, however, will leave the cars at Chicago, and pass through central Iowa for the purpose of buying teams and wagons for the use of the colony after reaching its destination. An accession of one or two hundred families to the settlements of the Upper Missouri valley at this time would be the means of placing Dakota on a sure road to prosperity. Our lands need only to be cultivated to yield the husbandman a bountiful and profitable harvest. The forthcoming expedition against the Indians of the Northwest, if projected energetically, will silence the hostile tribes for long years to come. An effort is being made in congress by our delegate and the representative from your district for the establishment of a line of military posts from some point in southern Minnesota, by way of Sioux Falls and James river, to the mines. We have always believed that such a line of garrisoned forts would afford the most complete and perfect protection to all southern Dakota and northern Iowa, and with but a small proportionate expense to the government.

Bills are also before congress for the opening of a mail line and emigrant route through Dakota to the gold mines of Idaho. Two public meetings have been held in this place for the purpose of taking steps to open a new route to Idaho from the East *via* Dubuque, Sioux City, Niobrara and the Black Hills. Mr. C. M. Davis, who has been two years in Idaho, and is now perfecting a map of the two territories, was present at those meetings, and expressed the desire of the Idaho people to obtain an outlet eastward to the Missouri. He favors the Niobrara route, which passes by the southern base of the Black Hills, to Virginia City,—a distance of about 640 miles from the Missouri. Mr. Davis will pass over this route in June at the head of an emigrant party from the Missouri. I am inclined to think, however, that the great thoroughfare to the new gold mines will yet pass by way of river to Fort Pierre, thence by the base of the Black Hills, nearly due west, to the mines beyond the Big Horn river. The Black Hills are 150 miles west of Fort Pierre, with a good wagon trail, made by traders, leading between the two points. From the Black Hills to the gold mines, on the Big Horn and Gallatin Forks, the distances are, respectively, 280 and 370 miles. The whole land travel from Fort Pierre to the mines is about 490 miles. As far up the river as Fort Pierre the line is already protected by garrisoned military posts and another fort, built in the Black Hills country, and one on the Big Horn, would protect the whole line to the mountains. This may not be the route pursued by emigrants this season, but I venture the assertion that it will yet become the great traveled thoroughfare of the Northwest, as travelers and trains from the mountains will naturally seek the nearest point on the Missouri from whence they can easily descend upon barges and steamboats, with but little expense. But it needs the coöperation of the people of Dakota and Iowa to secure the opening of at least *one* route this season. If the people of Idaho wish an outlet by the way of the Niobrara, let us first labor for that and get the road open and then look for a better and shorter route. If they are willing to travel a long road to get out of the mountains, they will certainly follow a short one when we find it for them.

YANKTON, D. T., March 28, 1864.

The future of Dakota begins to brighten with the opening season. One year ago to-day the settlements of the territory from the Big Sioux river to the Yankton agency, a distance of over a hundred miles, was left, defenceless and unprotected, to the mercy of the hostile Sioux of the plain. At that time farmers were packing their wagons to leave the territory; now they are fencing their fields and tilling the soil. Then the murderous red man sulked in our very midst, and beleagured our citizens on the highways of the territory; now the trail of the red man is followed by that of the government soldier, and 300 troops are distributed among the settlements, which one year ago were scattered over the frontier a hundred miles from the sound of a musket or the gleam of a bayonet. Instead of our citizens preparing to abandon the territory with their families and effects, Dakota is now receiving accessions to its population from the neighboring states.

The agent of the New York colony, mentioned in my last letter, has arrived, and contracted for lumber to erect fifty cabins for the temporary accommodation of the families on their arrival. They will be landed by steamboat at this place, where they will remain until they shall have examined the different localities in the territory and selected their places of business and abode. The plan and proposed route of the Indian expedition is inspiring our people with renewed hope and courage. No more beneficial plan of operations or line of march could be desired by the people of Dakota than the one decided on by the government for the summer's campaign in the Northwest. It is proposed to proceed up the Missouri river, with about 3,500 cavalry, to a point near old Fort Pierre, or the mouth of the Big Sheyenne; thence westward, establishing a military post in the Black Hills and one on the Big Horn, on the head waters of the Missouri, in the vicinity of the gold fields of Idaho.



STAMPEDE OF FRIGHTENED OFFICE HOLDERS.—p. 81.

General Sibley will proceed with his forces from Minnesota by way of Devil's lake, upper James river and the valley of the Yellowstone to Idaho, opening a northern route and erecting garrisons thereon. Three routes will thereby be opened through Dakota to the mountains by the government, to-wit, the northern or Yellowstone line, the central or Black Hills route, and the southern or Niobrara valley road, on which last route the government has appropriated $10,000 for the protection of emigrants during the coming season. The route opened by General Sully's forces, by way of the Black Hills, will probably be the most prominent thoroughfare to the mountains, since by this route emigrants can reach the gold mines at a distance of a little over 100 miles from the Missouri river, at Fort Pierre. The mysterious Black Hills, 150 miles west of the Missouri, will in the opinion of all explorers of that region yet yield a mineral wealth equal to that of the mountain ranges 250 miles further west. The coming expedition, followed by its attendant train of explorers and miners, will test the mineral resources of that region, and if moderate anticipations are realized there will be opened there a vast gold region, as it were at our very doors, and within five days' travel of this city.

We are truly grateful to the general government for bestowing this timely and needed attention to the interests of Dakota and the Northwest. It is giving a new impulse to farmers, officials and politicians. Many are already erecting their buildings in town and country, and preparing homesteads, which looks like a permanent residency.

La Blanc and Bouret are just completing a toll bridge on James river in this county, at an expense of not less than $2,000, which is really an ornament to our county and territory, and reflects high credit upon the energy and perseverance of the men who have undertaken and completed such a structure of labor and expense in a wild frontier country like this. This bridge is on the Sioux City and Fort Randall mail route, and everything appears to be made comfortable for man and beast, by the erection of a saloon for the *watering* of the former and a pump and trough for the latter.

Major Burleigh is running for congress with 3,000 sheep and a mule. Judge Bliss is in pursuit of him with his grey Morgan stallion. Dakota is somewhat noted for the stock-raising propensities of her delegates in congress. General Todd, our first delegate, is recorded in history as having imported the first Durham bull and game-cock in Dakota, while William Jayne, our first governor, is known as the introducer of the American elephant and African negro.

HUMOROUS RACE OF DAKOTA CONTRACTORS.

What's the cause of all this rumpus,
Which we hear today among us?
Good, loyal men are running wild,
They never speak and never smile—
Horses borrowed, horses hired;
Men and wagons *greased* and tired;
Some on foot and some a-horseback;
Some take the road and some the cross-track;
All plunging eastward toward Sioux City.
Zounds! the people start with pity,
To see this flock of politicians
Fleeing in such wild conditions.

"What's the matter," the people cry,
"Is Burleigh dead, or going to die?"
"Is Todd thrown from his old war-horse?"
"Or Bliss gone crazy with remorse?"—
"*No, no!*" respond the flying train,
"Bliss, Burleigh, Todd, are all the same.
"*We run* for life, and *they* for Congress,
" 'Tis hard to tell who'll run the longest."

"But where are you going?" cries a man,
With hair erect and eyes that span
The size of onions;—"What's the matter?"
"What's the cause of all this clatter?"
"Do tell us, are the Indians coming?"
"And where on earth are you all running?"
"Or are you going to *Convention?*"
"Speak, for God's sake, your intention"—

The leader fiercely spurred his nag,
And pointing forward, whispered "Bagg."
And as they thundered on their way,
One, now and then, would murmur "Hay;"
And when the Gov'nor blew his *horn*,
The whole procession shouted, "Corn."
'Twas all explained, the people said;
"No politician yet is dead,
Nor ever will be, long as *Hay*,
And Corn, and Cordwood fill the way;
For men are apt to dodge behind them,
Where the war can never find them."

Right on did these contractors go,
And take poor Bagg in savage tow;
They pulled and picked and punched and squeezed him
And rubbed and hugged and begged and teased him,
And round the town on wheels they hauled him,
And often up to drink they called him;—
"For," said they, "can we but wet him,
The Bagg will *give* and then we'll get him.
But well did Quarter Master Bagg
Hold up his *ears* and never *sag*,
Till all said: "Bagg is put together
Devilish well for wind and weather."
The Bagg proved sound; and all their picking
Drew not enough to feed a chicken;—
Each "Old Corn Rooster" looked paternal
On every *Southern* cob and kernel.

And, though the Bagg was rounding full,
It was no use to pick and pull;
Each "*Shanghai*" picked his empty crop,
And started homeward on a trot;
While each Contractor cursed and said:—
"The Devil take a Copperhead,
Or any *other* Quarter Master,
That won't shell out the corn we're after;
For he must know this *starving* truth:
That chickens will come home to roost."

Sioux City teased them long to tarry,
And not to leave in such a hurry;
"For," said they, "though we abuse you,
'Twill never do for us to lose you;
We love the people of Dakota,
We love the soldiers, that you know, too;

We'll *treat* you well while you are here,
We'll take your dimes and give you Beer;
Our hotel men can badly feed you;
Our merchants, too, can nurse and bleed you."
And so they did, we hear it said,
Dakota ate, and drank, and *bled*.

DAKOTA REPELS ATTACKS FROM IOWA.

Northern Iowa hates southern Dakota, as the devil hates daylight. Why? Not because we ever abused or slandered that state, or in any way spoke disrespectfully of its people. Still, all the little hungry newspapers along the line of the Fort Dodge and Marshalltown road are continually howling in the ears of immigrants the most pitiful lies concerning the "barren, desolate, God-forsaken land of Dakota." We cannot see why the grumbling denizens of the wind-warped and clapboard towns of Iowa should borrow so much trouble about Dakota and her people, unless it be because we are independent enough to mind our own business and refuse to beg or steal, but go on steadily improving from day to day in all that makes a people content and prosperous. We have plenty to eat, drink and wear, and all the necessaries of life can be bought in Dakota to-day nearly as cheap as in northern Iowa, notwithstanding our visitation of drouth and grasshoppers. Apply the same misfortunes to northern Iowa for one year and her prairie towns would be laid out as dry and lifeless as a dead mackerel on a sandbar. We will bet a load of frozen Iowa potatoes, for which we paid four dollars per bushel, that more new buildings have been erected in Yankton during the last eight months than in any town of equal size in all northern Iowa. Hence it will be seen that the "old settlers" of Dakota are neither starving to death nor out of money. Every new immigrant who comes to Dakota cannot and does not expect to get into the legislature within a few months after coming here, as did Cole and Kenyon, who issued the spit-spite circular on which the Hamilton *Freeman* and the North West Fort *Dodger* raised such a pitiable howl Those men came to Dakota last spring, and settled in Bonhomme county, and so long as they were kept in good employ they "blowed" beyond all consistency in favor of the territory; but so soon as they learned that it required nine months residence here to entitle a man to hold office, they sloped for Iowa, where they will probably live till spring, without much expense, by softsoaping the charities of the people, and will then leave for some other "promised land," looking back and spitting hate at the "barren, worthless desert" in the neighborhood of the Fort *Dodger* and Hamilton *Freeman*.

All new territories must receive a certain amount of abuse and hard knocks upon the head by its older sisters before putting on its robe of state. Dakota has not put on that robe yet, but she intends to wear short dresses, run her own road, and do her fighting with the slanderous editors of northern Iowa.

It is a curious fact that a citizen of Dakota, now residing in Yankton, nine years ago defended Iowa, in the *N. Y. Tribune*, against the slanderous article of one of its own "residents." It only shows their natural proneness to hate and slander, and that in those early days when they had no one to hate but themselves, they practised self-abuse; and have not now manhood enough left to elevate themselves to the legitimate duty of attending to their own business. Long before the townsites of Webster City and Marshalltown were marked by a board shanty, we had traveled on foot and surveyed through most of the northern portions of Iowa, and we feel that we know fully as much about the advantages of that prairie country as any country editor can tell us. We know that ten years ago the people of those little towns were living upon corn bread and wild game, and were heartily sick of the country.

They were removed far in the interior, away from railroads and steamboats, while here, in Dakota, we have the Missouri river washing our entire central domain, and carrying an annual trade of many millions of dollars in front of our very doors.

Our neighbor, Minnesota, on our right, is ready and eager to join hands with us, and will protect and encourage our trade and travel in passing across that state to the Mississippi.

If newspaper abuse and indignant lying is all that Iowa has in store for us, the sooner we open our trade in some other direction the better it will be for the whole Northwest.

A few of the northern Iowa newspapers have gone stark mad at Dakota. Their distemper was bad enough before, but our little article of self-defense, a few weeks since, has set them howling clean into Dubuque. For the last two years they have followed us with kicks and curses, while we have said nothing, but went on attending to our business, until they have flattered themselves that they were like the pups that barked at the moon—monarchs of the world. They are utterly surprised to think that young and feeble Dakota, so often kicked and cuffed by them, should all at once resent their insults by hitting them one good, round slap in the face. It starts the bad blood, and will do them good. They roar like Goliahs struck with slung-shots. They are mad—frothing mad. They bite their own tongues, pull out their own hair, tear their ragged garments, and stamp upon their granger hats with wooden shoes. They throw up their red nostrils, and snort like gored bullocks; they paw up the wild prairie around Fort Dodge, smash down the "only cabin" between that place and Webster City, while down at Dubuque the *Times* declares that "frogen potatoes were raised in Iowa" last year. A great country is northern Iowa, and astonishing must be the race who live in Dubuque, if by a freak of grammar or the soil, they can "raise frozen murphies" in the summer time. This beats the Fort Dodge prairie, where the cows give blue milk, and the wind whips the long-tailed pigs to death.

The "load of frozen Iowa potatoes" which we wagered in our former article, at four dollars per bushel, struck the Iowa editors where we thought it would, right in the mouth, and they caught at it as a "good thing." With his usual inconsistency the editor of the Dubuque *Times*, concludes that, because we paid four dollars per bushel for Iowa potatoes, which afterwards froze solid for the reason that they were never ripened, therefore we must eat them because we bought them, and "eke out a miserable existence on frozen potatoes at a dollar a peck." Perhaps they do such things in Iowa, but we don't up this way. We keep these frozen murphies to bet on, and to hurl at Iowa editors. We have an abundance of other things to live on up here, and we do not hang our chances for life, like Iowans, upon the immortal murphy. One would think, from reading some of the Iowa papers, that the whole state rested upon a potato bed, and that when that gives way down goes the state. On the other hand, our basis is more firm in Dakota. All kinds of small grain have yielded well in this territory for the last five years, and even vegetables were last season doing finely until the appearance of grasshoppers. But this is not what's the matter with the Iowa papers. They were always willing to admit that we had a fine country out here until people began to "come through that state to settle in Dakota."

They would like to see our territory fill up and pour its trade and travel down through Iowa, but they want emigrants who come here to go round by the Red River of the North, or Behrings straits, or some route by which they can't be seen "coming to Dakota." Two years ago this month, when Dubuque was looking for the Dakota trade, the *Times*, that consistent journal, which now says, "vegetables won't grow here," gave our territory the following truthful notice:

> The speedy union of Dubuque with Dakota by railroad will decide the future prosperity of our city. With that connection, nothing can prevent the rapid growth of the city in proportion to the development of the great and rich country lying upon our direct line of latitude to the shores

> of the Pacific. Our Minnesota friends, with the foresight belonging to their Yankee origin, are inquiring into the ways and means of diverting the Dakotans from the Dubuque route, and appropriating to Minnesota the commercial advantages and resources of the new territory.

That's where the rub is. Dakota was a "great and rich country" so long as our trade was not diverted "from the Dubuque route," which the *Times* said was to "decide the future prosperity of that city." These late newspaper spirts of hate will never kill Dakota, especially when they come from journals that are continually quarreling about the disadvantages of their own state. Take the following, for instance, from the *Marshall County Times*, wherein is exposed the humbuggery of that farming paradise on the "wild uninhabited prairie" in the vicinity of Fort Dodge and Webster City, where the lands are owned by speculators and will never be settled so long as grass grows and good homesteads can be found on the Missouri river in Dakota.

The *Times* of the 4th of January thus lets out the truth about the desolate portion of northern Iowa, in speaking of the location of military headquarters:

> Fort Dodge is some twenty-five or thirty miles west of Webster City, to reach which you have to cross an uninhabited prairie, there being but one house in the entire distance, and we presume the inmates of that have frozen to death and the shanty blown away ere this. Everybody who has ever traveled from Webster City to Fort Dodge knows that he does so at the peril of his life. How many instances there have been of men losing their way and perishing on those unknown wilds. There is no one who would dare undertake to cross that prairie with the trail snowed under, unless he was familiar with the swells of the prairie, and thereby enabled to pilot his way. We have crossed that prairie in the summer time, but would no more presume to set out to do the like in the winter than we would think of navigating the ocean without a compass. The fact is, Fort Dodge is an isolated place, to one side of the population, with mails every now and then, according to the state of the wind and snow on the prairie.

This is the bleak moor which the Webster City *Freeman* and the New York wanderers pronounce the garden of Eden, and this is where they load themselves with prairie wind and shoot their paper bullets at Dakota, and get men to sign their circulars who have never been within 150 miles of this territory. A pretty country is that for the Fort Dodge *North West* to boast of, and then talk about the "desolate region of Dakota." There is no place on the road from Sioux City to Yankton, in this territory, where the traveler can pass eight miles without coming to settlements, with houses, stacks, stables and fields.

In fact, Dakota is beginning to come out of the fog, and the more we are abused the faster and stronger we grow; and in less than two years northern Iowa will see us rapping Dubuque over the knuckles with the golden key to the Black Hills, and shaking our dust and nuggets in the streets of Chicago.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL

AND

EARLY HARDSHIPS

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL AND EARLY HARDSHIPS.

A JOURNEY TO SIOUX FALLS AND THE RED PIPESTONE REGION IN 1864.

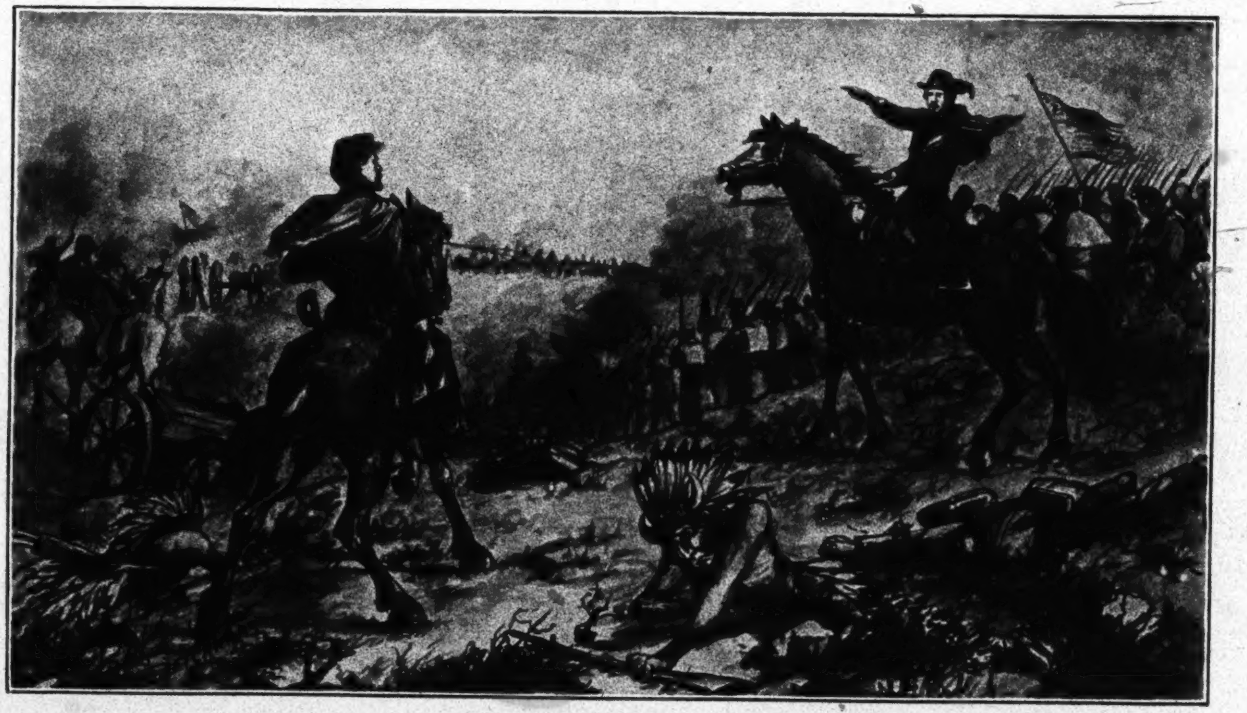
On the 17th of last month we left Yankton, as one of a party of twelve well-armed men who were assigned to the duty of extending the government survey of eastern Dakota, to connect with the state boundary of Minnesota.

We were provided with forty days' rations, which, with our skin lodge, blankets and implements of labor, were loaded in two wagons and drawn by six oxen. We were three days on the road before reaching the ill-fated and abandoned town of Sioux Falls, where we arrived and encamped in the old stone printing office on the night of the 20th. The cold, rocky shores of the Big Sioux river, studded with scattering evergreen trees; the little lone island of ash and maple above the falls; the abandoned fields and broken fences; the ashes of burned houses and the crumbling habitations of a once thriving settlement,—were all that greeted our vision on ascending the prairie hilltops which overlook the great valley of the Sioux. It was one of the cold, cloudy days of October, and the wild desolation around soon impressed us with the fact that we were within the pale of an Indian country, where but two years ago a massacre was committed by the savages and the town evacuated by citizens and soldiers, a portion of the houses being burned by the Indians.

Four or five buildings were still standing, and the printing press of the old *Dakota Democrat* (the first paper published in the territory) was standing in the room where we stopped for the night. The steam mill was there, though the building was burned around it. Ploughs, wagon wheels, stoves, sleds and many other farm and household implements were scattered about the town among its ruins.

The old mail road from Yankton to Sioux Falls is now nearly overgrown with grass, and the falls are nothing but a noisy brook in comparison with the thundering torrent of white foam and flood that they were when I first saw them in 1859. These falls consist of a succession of cascades, from twelve to twenty feet in height, falling over perpendicular precipices of rock, and extending one-quarter of a mile down the river. When the stream is at full banks the roar of the falls can be heard at the distance of three miles, and their appearance is one of the most beautiful imaginable, resembling immense drifts of snow tumbling down over the rocks of a steep mountain side. The whole townsite is underlaid with rock, covered with a few feet of earth. The course of the falls is nearly north, and the general direction of the stream is south.

The next morning we were on our journey by sunrise, and passing around the long bend to the north, we turned our way eastward for the Split Rock river, the field of our labors. We were soon overtaken by a Yankton, who informed us that there were fifteen lodges of his tribe encamped at different points on the river, who had been sent out by their agent, Dr. Burleigh, as scouts, with the privilege of hunting and trapping along the streams. They were very friendly, and seemed pleased at our arrival among them, and said they were friends to the whites, but enemies to the Santees. Moving on to the Split Rock we found them doing a fine business in the way of trapping furs in the small streams of the country, wherein beaver, otter, mink and muskrat abound in great numbers. There is great ingenuity in the manner in which the industrious beavers dam up the streams and build their winter homes. We found them at work on nearly all the streams we crossed, felling and hauling trees, dragging brush, rolling stones, packing mud, cutting and fitting chinks, and working as busily and systematically as a party of lumbermen would do in building a mill dam. Their labor is performed in the night, and trees which are as thick through as a man's body are gnawed down and cut into pieces by these little animals, and fall with a crash that can be heard for a quarter of a mile. We found one work of theirs, where the water above the dam was raised four feet higher than below it, and the structure contained stones as large as a man could lift. These stones are rolled along the bottom and unto the dam to hold it to the bottom of the stream when high water and ice run over it in the spring. In the deep water above these dams the beaver pass the winter. The Indian catches the beaver by breaking a hole in the top of the dam and placing his trap therein, whereupon the animal hearing the unusual roar in the water, goes out (always in the night) to repair the breach, but often finds himself fast in the firm jaws of a steel trap. Their tails are nearly as long and broad, and as flat as a common spade, and are used by them with great ingenuity in building and repairing their dams. On the night of the 30th of October, one yoke of our cattle estrayed or were driven off by the Indians, and were not seen afterward. During the first week of November we moved north into the region of the Pipestone creek, and on the 7th we completed our work by running the second standard parallel, and closing unto a post on the Minnesota boundary, marked seventy-six miles south of Big Stone lake. We had now crossed the Fort Ridgely and Fort Thompson wagon road, and were about 120 miles northeast of Yankton, and nearly 100 miles from the nearest habitation of white men. The whole country had been recently burned over by Indian fires, that had run down from a great distance to the north. Fresh buffalo trails covered the prairie in all directions, bearing to the southwest. We were in the midst of a vast, black, boundless waste, unrelieved by tree, shrub or verdure, save an occasional winding of the Big Sioux river, which coursed its lonely channel through the burned desert. We were obliged to feed our cattle on bread and hardtack, and change teams each day. Some days we were unable to reach camp at night, and were obliged to lie down upon the ground, cold, wet, hungry and fatigued. In such cases, being unprovided with a sufficiency of clothing to cover all, some were obliged to stamp around and keep warm while others slept. The last night on the work my bed was in a ditch on the prairie, between friends Meyer and Foster. The night was boisterous, and whenever we peeped out from under our blanket, longing for the appearance of day, the sky rebuked us with its frosty stars, drifting snow-clouds and wailing winds. It was a dismal, dreary night for a little party of eight men. The next day we started homeward, passing within the holy atmosphere of the great red pipestone quarry. This celebrated spot is situated in Minnesota, six miles east of the Dakota line, and about 100 miles from Yankton. It lies on a little brook running north and west, in the center of a great rocky basin covered with a few feet of earth, coated with grass. A cliff of rocks some thirty feet high runs along the east side of the creek. The quarry itself consists of a ditch in the level plain, some six feet deep, eight feet wide, and 150 yards long, dug into the solid pipestone, and bearing northeast and southwest. From this ditch the Indians have from time immemorial taken the soft stone of red pipe, which is easily worked into any figure soon after taken from the earth, but becomes hardened on exposure to the atmosphere. Proceeding onward we encamped at night on the open plain, with neither wood nor water for man or beast. Again we feed our cattle hardtack. Starting at daylight, without breakfast, we reached Sioux Falls toward evening, in a snow storm, having traveled two days without water and lived upon frozen bread and bacon. On the 15th we returned to Yankton, a wiser and better man, having not changed a garment nor looked in a glass for thirty days.



GENERAL SULLY'S ARMY IN THE DAKOTA INDIAN WAR.—p. 121.

JOURNEY UP THE MISSOURI BY STEAMBOAT.

FORT SULLY, June 13, 1866.

I last wrote you from Crow Creek agency, under date of May 29th. The steamer Ben Johnson, with the remaining members of the Indian commission and 240 tons of annuity goods and treaty presents, arrived at that place on the 5th of June, and, after putting off some agricultural seeds for the Brule and Yanktonnais Indians, proceeded up the river for Fort Sully, reaching the last mentioned place on the 5th inst. This steamer is chartered by the government, at $330 per day, to make the trip to Fort Union. She left St. Louis on the 7th of May, and was consequently twenty-nine days in making Fort Sully—a distance of 1,400 miles. The distance from the Crow Creek agency to Fort Sully, about 100 miles, was made in ten days, the boat being obliged to stop at the Cedar Islands and skirting forests to "wood up." Boats on the upper waters of the Missouri are unable to run in the night hours, on account of the uncertain channel and shifting sandbars.

Capt. Joseph La Barge, master of the Ben Johnson, one of the pioneer pilots and steamboat navigators of the Upper Missouri, passed up into the Northwest wilds, by steamboat, in 1833, being then engaged in the fur trade with the Indians. The first steamboat, the Yellow Stone, ascended the Upper Missouri as far as Fort Pierce as early as 1829, only six years after the steamer Virginia plowed its way up the Mississippi to Fort Snelling, above the present city of St. Paul.

The remains of the old Spanish and French trading posts are still to be seen along the green prairie shores of the Missouri for a thousand miles through the Indian country.

The earliest post on the river, built for the Indian trade, is found on Cedar Island, above the great bend of the Missouri and was founded by a Spanish trader in 1803. Old Fort Clark, near the ancient Arickaus villages, was next built, in 1807, by those early and reliable American explorers, Lewis and Clark. Next came the establishment of rival American fur companies; among the first of which was the old fur company of Fletcher & Co., who built old Cedar Fort, or Fort Recovery, in 1817, at or near the Sioux crossing of the Three Rivers, immediately under the forty-fourth parallel of latitude. Old Fort Lookout, near the same latitude, was established in 1823, by the American fur company of Pratt, Astor & Co., and Fort Pierce, near the mouth of the Teton, or Little Missouri, river, in 1825, by the same company. This post was for many years the central metropolis of all the Northwestern fur trade, being situated in the heart of the great Sioux country.

The meridian days of the upper Indian fur trade were about seven years ago, at which time the furs brought out of the country, mostly to the St. Louis market, amounted to 7,500 bales, or 75,000 robes, valued at $350,000. The early fur trade was so lucrative and attractive that many smaller rival companies embarked in the business, and transported their goods into the Indian country by means of pack-horses and flat-boats, towed and rowed by voyagers of the wilderness. Old Fort George, opposite the mouth of Medicine river, was built by George Livingston & Co. of New England in 1843, and in 1845 Fort Berthold, in the Mandan country, was established by Berthold & Co. of St. Louis.

Fort Union, at the mouth of the Yellowstone river, was erected for the fur trade, in 1830, by P. Chouteau & Co. of St. Louis. This company soon monopolized all the Northwest fur trade, and succeeded in putting down, or buying out, every formidable competitor that entered the country. For a long series of years the standard price for a buffalo robe was three tin cups of sugar, or a pound of coffee. They also waged an effectual and ruinous warfare on every Indian agent in the country who dared to do justice by the government in preference to the company. The government agents were often obliged to store the Indian goods with the fur traders at the different posts, without receipt or insurance, until the

Indians came in from the plains, to find their goods already distributed and gone.

This system of driving sharp bargains with both agents and Indians soon gave the company more power and influence over the Indians than was possessed by the government itself; and, under such circumstances of misapplied power on the part of the government, it is not to be wondered at that many tribes of the Northwest have been steadily nursed into open rebellion.

On arriving at Fort Sully we found encamped near the fortifications 445 lodges, or about 2,500 Indians. Several steamboats were also lying at the levee, loaded with supplies and troops for the Upper Missouri. They had been pressed into the United States service, and were drawing an aggregate of over $3,000 a day from the government.

The Indians, who had been waiting with commendable patience for their annuity of goods for nearly three weeks, on our arrival, came dancing and singing across the plain to the river, all painted, and dressed in the wild costume of the red man. They had but a few days before performed the terrible ordeal of the Sun dance, wherein twenty-one young men went through the most excruciating tortures of the flesh, to become brave men and favored warriors in the eyes of the Great Spirit. A pole was raised in the plain, and thongs tied to its top, reaching nearly to the ground. The victims were then taken by their comrades, and with a sharp knife, slits were cut in the breast and back, through which the ropes were fastened. The young men then danced to a discordant jargon of music, ever gazing at the shining sun, until the flesh broke out from the body, and let the victims loose. One young man danced around the village with the ghastly heads of four buffalo bulls dangling from his bleeding body.

Up to this date seven bands of the Sioux nation have appeared in council with the commissioners—the Lower Yanktonnais, Brules, Blackfeet, Minnecongoes, Sans Arcs, Two Kettles, and Uncapapas. By the treaties made last fall, to succeed the old Laramie treaty, which expires this year, the government stipulates to pay to each lodge or family of Indians, who settle down and plant and cultivate it, lands, twenty dollars in money and twenty-five dollars in agricultural seeds and implements. Aside from this, $6,000 to $10,000 annually, in clothing and provisions, is given to each band, for the loss of game occasioned by the opening of the new government routes across the plains through the Indian country; the Indians, on their part, relinquishing the right of way, and agreeing not to molest the passage of trains along the lines of travel. About sixty tons of flour, pork, sugar, coffee and clothing were distributed to these Indians on the 12th inst. from our steamboat load.

These treaties run for a period of twenty years. Many of the chiefs, in council this spring, declared that they misunderstood the provisions of the treaties made last fall. They still claim that the lands and roads are theirs, and that a boat load of goods every year would not replace to them the loss of buffalo occasioned by the great trains of white men passing through their hunting grounds. Bone-Necklace, head chief of the great Yanktonnais tribe, made a very eloquent and affecting speech, which I will give you in full at some future time. All the chiefs who have thus far spoken in council—numbering twenty-three in all—have expressed the sad dependency of their tribes, and seem to want the Great Father to understand that, if he will keep his white soldiers out of their country, and give them guns, and powder and lead, they will take care of themselves without annuities, by chasing the buffalo and raising their little corn patches along the streams, which abound with fish and small game. The Indians of the Northwest are yet a wild and superstitious race of people, and should be treated more like children than men. They are jealous among themselves, and often expressed in council that they knew not what was best for themselves, whether to plant or hunt, and wished their Great Father to direct them what to do. It is high time that some uniform system were established for the successful management of our Indian tribes. There are now too many hands at the bellows, and the Indians become confused and bewildered in the multifarious councils and plans of the Great Father. The rival fur traders in the country, and the introduction of liquor among the Indians, consequent upon the steamboat navigation of the Upper Missouri, are fast working the moral destruction of the natives. Indians barter the virtue of their young daughters to the soldiers for food and raiment, while the well-meaning precepts of the government are falsified by the example of some of its own children. The steamer Cora was arraigned last week by Agent J. R. Hanson for selling liquor in the Indian country, and four men shot in the hospital here by a raving maniac, recovering from the delirium tremens. Such are the effects of whisky everywhere.

OLD ARICKAREE VILLAGE, June 17, 1866.

Leaving Fort Sully on the 12th, the steamer Ben Johnson, bearing the Indian commission, arrived at the old Arickaree village on Sunday, the 17th. Stemming both wind and current, the boat makes but slow headway toward its destination. Fort Rice is one hundred miles above here, where the next great council is to be held, and where the commission is expected to arrive on Wednesday next. Herds of buffalo and antelope already begin to make their appearance on either shore of the river, and a number have been shot by hunters from the boat. Nothing of particular interest marks the monotony of the long, slow journey of a traveler on the Upper Missouri. The valley of the Missouri widens, and affords more timber and meadow land, north of the forty-fifth parallel. The bluffs are more gradual and green, and the channel of the river not so much broken by islands and bars. The Big Sheyenne river, which drains the Black Hills country, is the largest stream entering the Upper Missouri south of the Yellowstone. It is well timbered, and waters a fine valley, but is walled up in the background by very barren and hilly country near its mouth.

At the old Arickaree village are found the remains of the residences of those Indians who resided here sixty years ago. Where this village was, in the center of the island, is now a large forest of cottonwood trees, and the frequent overflow of the river has obliterated all traces of the lodges. Here it was that Astor's fur parties in 1811 left the river and commenced their long overland journey across the mountains to the Pacific.

FORT RICE, June 25, 1866.

The Northwestern Indian Commission arrived at Fort Rice, on the Upper Missouri, on the 21st inst. We found encamped at this place five hundred and seventy-three lodges of Sioux Indians, numbering about three thousand souls, belonging to the Upper Yanktonnais tribe, the Blackfeet, Sans Arcs, and Ogalalabs. Councils have been held, and terms of peace arranged with the different tribes on substantially the same terms as are expressed in the treaty with the Santee Sioux. Over seven hundred barrels of pork, flour, bread, sugar and coffee, aside from a fine assortment of presents, have already been distributed by the commission to the various tribes along the river. An interesting council was had with the surrendered bands of the rebellious Sioux of Minnesota.

At this place was again perpetrated the horrible performance of the "Sun Dance" by the Upper Sioux. One hundred dancers in white robes, with flags, shields, spears, feathers, drums, whistles, sprigs of green sage and head-wreaths of flowers and paint, danced all night and day to propitiate the spirit of the sun. The young men were mutilated on the breasts and arms by the old medicine man, and tied by cords through the bleeding wounds to the tall center sun-pole, where they danced till the flesh broke from the thongs, when the Great Spirit was supposed to be appeased by the sacrifice of blood and suffering, and induced to cover the plain with buffalo.

Our next great council ground will be at Fort Berthold, for which place we depart to-morrow. We already begin to meet the steamers on their return trip to St. Louis. Buffalo and elk are also seen upon the prairie shores. The Indian tribes all appear to be desirous of peace, but they are confused and jealous among themselves. A fight occurred to-day among their headmen as to who was first chief in distributing the presents. I will write you again from Fort Berthold.

SPEECH OF BONE-NECKLACE, HEAD CHIEF OF THE YANKTONNAIS TRIBE, BEFORE THE NORTHWESTERN INDIAN COMMISSION JUNE, 1866.

FRIENDS: My name is Bone-Necklace. I am head chief of the Lower Yanktonnais tribe. My tongue is not forked. I speak the truth, and offer you clean hands. This country belongs to me, and this great river (Missouri) is my own. These medals here upon my neck were given me by the Great Father's white men many long summers ago.

I long ago sent my words to our Great Father, but I have received no answer. I fear they were lost. Every year the Great Father's white children come out to us with good words for my people; but that is all. Why don't our Great Father fulfill his promises with his red children? I see white men touch the Bible when they tell the truth. I have done so, too, and have come here to talk plainly.

The Great Spirit made multitudes of people, and placed them over the world where he wanted them. He placed the red men here, and gave them these rivers and forests, and rolling plains, with the elk and buffalo for their living. But now my Great Father is sending his white soldiers all over our country, and is driving the wild game from my children's mouths. Where shall we go? What shall we do? On the east of us the Santees long ago sold their lands to the whites, and, because the Great Father was slow to bring them food to live on in the place of game, they rebelled and murdered white women and children, and now they are scattered all over our country, fleeing from the white soldiers.

My fair land is all turned over as by a whirlwind. No more can our warriors plant and fish in safety by the wooded brook-side, nor my young men hunt the buffalo on the plains. When I look to the north, and see the smoke of the white man's trains rise from the plains, and find a great wagon-road over my hunting grounds, it makes my heart sad, and I think my Great Father has forgotten his red children.

I look out on the face of my native rivers and plains, and I love them well. I also love the whites, and do not want to fight them; but I cannot hold my young men from going to war when they see the game driven from their country. When the whites come out among us they always move in large armies; but I am not afraid to go among them and shake hands. We do not want the whites to travel through our lands on great highways, but they may navigate the river. It would take more than a boat-load of goods every year to pay my people for the loss of game, in feeding and clothing their children. What we want our Great Father to do for us, is to send us guns, powder and ball, and let us live unmolested on our own plains and hunting-grounds.

I never planted in my life, but I think I can learn, if my Great Father will but help me; but my people would rather pursue the hunting of game. This is our way of living; planting is yours. Our furs will buy our flour and sugar, and our guns and powder will kill our meat, while the skins will help to cover our nakedness, and then we will be friendly and happy. I don't say that you ever stole anything from us, but the Yanktons sold a portion of my land to you.

I hope that these words will reach the ears of my Great Father, that he may know the wants of his red children.

INDIAN SUN-DANCE OFFICIALLY REPORTED.

FORT SULLY, June 25, 1866.

The whole of the three thousand Sioux camped about us gave early information of their design to have their annual sun dance at this time and place, the season of the year, the trees in full leaf, having now arrived; and they wished us to inform Col. Recor, the commander of the soldiers, that however boisterous their demonstrations might be, they would all be peaceable and of a pious character.

A herald rode or ran through camp on the evening of the 29th, calling on the tribe to unite in the religious ceremonials that were to commence on the day following. A spot was selected near the central part of the great Indian camp, which extends some three miles along the river, and lodges were removed so as to give ample room for the erection of the great lodge or tent which they afterward erected.

On the 30th there was a procession on foot bearing poles for the tent, escorted by a hundred horsemen covered with bushes, the whole looking like a moving forest coming down from the green high hills that skirt the eastern side of the plains. As they arrived on the plains, the horsemen started at full speed running through camp, swinging their green boughs, and yelling and gesticulating as none but painted, half-naked Indians can. This riding and running was attended with singing and howling through the camp for about an hour, when the large and small bushes and poles were deposited at the place designated for the great meeting.

During the night and early next morning, new riding and racing feats went on, and the big tent was erected. A tall pole in the center with bushes and red streamers near the top, about thirty feet high, was the center and sort of sacred tree. Around this a circle of bushes about six feet high, with an opening to the east, was carefully arranged, and a partial roof from this bush wall was spread over in round tent form, making a pavilion about sixty feet in diameter.

About twelve o'clock the musicians seated themselves on the south side; they were about fifteen in number. They had a large Indian drum made of a large bull's hide for instruments, upon which they began their monotonous doleful Indian notes, by pounding with clubs and sticks, and all singing the usual sorrowful Indian dirge. Twenty-five men and women, facing the sun, began the religious dance. The men were decorated with head-dresses of feathers and strings of furs, their naked bodies painted generally a blue clay color, and from their waists down they wore a skirt made of deer or antelope skins. Each had a little whistle made of bone in his mouth. The women were more modest in their costume, but all were painted hideously in the face, and all, with eyes upturned toward the scorching noonday sun, began their dance, each keeping time with the drums by a short hitch of the body, raising the heel, and uttering a squeak, squeak, squeak, with the whistle as the drum went tum, tum, tum. Occasionally they could stop and smoke, but were not to eat or drink, and did not during the twenty-four hours of the performance.

The dancing was delayed at intervals to allow tortures to be inflicted. Two or three men stood over the devotee with needle and knife, very quietly performing penance according to the customs of all these sacerdotal rites, as follows:

First they cut the arms in several places by striking an awl in the skin, raising it and cutting out about half an inch. This is done on both arms, and sometimes on the breast and back. Then wooden setons, sticks about the thickness of a common lead pencil, are inserted through a hole in the skin and flesh. Then cords or ropes are attached to these sticks by one end, and to the pole at the other end, the victim pulling on the ropes till the seton sticks tear out the flesh and skin. We saw one with two setons thus attached to his breast, pulling till it seemed to draw the skin out three inches, and finally requiring nearly his whole might to tear out the seton. One painted black had four ropes attached at once.

The pulling out is done in the dance, and is carried on in the time of the music by jerk, jerk, jerk, and the eye, head, and front all facing the sun in a form of supplication. One had four setons attached to four dry buffalo head bones. These were all strung and suspended to his flesh by ropes that raised each head some three feet off the ground. He danced hard to tear them out, but they would not break the skin. One came off the stick accidentally, but it was again fastened. Finally these heavy weights (each at least twenty-five pounds weight) not tearing out by their own weight and motion, the devotee gave a comrade a horse to take hold of the horns and tear out the setons. While these men were being thus tortured, their female relations came in and had pieces cut out of their arms to show their appreciation of the valor and devotion of their kinsmen. Still as soon as the victim could be prepared, the music was renewed and the dismal dance went on, the victims' bodies now mingled with blood, paint and setons.

There being several steamboats and many soldiers here, a great crowd of spectators rather embarrassed the performers, so they concluded the ceremonies at twelve o'clock, having only danced twenty-four hours instead of forty-eight, as they usually do. All the devotees gave away their ponies and other valuables to their friends, had their wounds carefully dressed by attendant medicine men, and sat down to an abundant feast of dog soup and buffalo meat.

TREATING WITH THE INDIANS.

ABOVE FORT UNION, M. T., July 19, 1866.

The Upper Missouri Indian Commission have this day concluded their councils and treaty stipulations with the Assiniboin and Mountain Crow Indians. By the terms of the treaties consummated with these two tribes the government is put in possession of the right of way up the great valley of the Yellowstone river to the gold mines of Montana Territory, on the head waters of the Missouri.

The treaty is to run for a term of twenty years, and in consideration of this grant of lands for stations and highways and the continued friendship of these Indians for that period, the government is obligated to pay annually $55,000 in goods, provisions, clothing, etc.,—$25,000 to the Crows and $30,000 to the Assiniboins.

An outright cession of lands is made by the Assiniboins to the United States of all their right and title to that portion of their land running from the mouth of the Yellowstone up to the mouth of Powder river; thence on a straight line to the mouth of Milk river; thence down the Missouri to the aforesaid junction of the Yellowstone and Missouri; together with a strip of land opposite and adjacent thereto on the east side of the Missouri, twenty-four miles long by twelve miles back, including Fort Union and the new military fort now being built opposite the mouth of the Yellowstone.

The Assiniboins are also to have an agent to reside with them on the aforementioned reserve, to look after their interests, and teach them to plant and raise crops, and to see that their fields are properly distributed among the respective bands each year. The Crows are to have an agent also, who is to reside on a reserve at the mouth of Milk river, on the Missouri, including the country for a radius of twenty miles around said point.

The Assiniboins number 440 lodges or families, and are divided into six different bands, with a head man or chief to each band, with their great chief—"Cut Thumb"—at the head of the nation or tribe. The Crows consist of 350 lodges or families, and are divided into the Prairie and Mountain Crows, both comprising twenty-three bands, with as many head men.

In style of manners, noble bearing and generous manhood, the Mountain Crows surpass any tribe on the Missouri river. We found them encamped in a spacious arbor of green bowers and awnings of robes, with a large banner of the Stars and Stripes floating over their encampment. They had with them 270 horses, and had come a journey of more than 400 miles over a rough and mountainous country, to meet their Great Father's whites and shake hands with them.

They were quite lavish in their presentations of robes and buffalo meat, and after the first council they retired to their lodges for dinner without begging for food of the commission,—the first instance of the kind we have met among all the tribes on the river.

They maintain a superstitious regard for and belief in the goodness and abilities of their Great Father. One of their young chiefs, in his speech, entreated the commission to tell the Great Father to cover their plains with great herds of buffalo, and to send but little snow on their hunting grounds, that they might kill the game near the camps in the cold winter. He said sickness had diminished the number of their braves and warriors, and the hard winter had killed off their best horses for the chase; and they wanted the Great Father to bless them and their ponies with the power of prolific reproduction, that they might again become strong and rich in men and horses, the better to defend themselves against the invasions of the Sioux.

They were much dissatisfied with the provisions of the old Laramie treaty of 1851 (which gave them about $3,000 annually), and said that the amount was so small that it would not go round among their people, and that for the last three years they had not come down to the river after it, preferring to hunt the buffalo. They were also very much disappointed after signing the treaty and receiving their presents and the last payment under the old treaty. They had formed an opinion that as soon as the bargain was made and the treaty signed, they would immediately receive their first payment of $25,000. After a long explanation from the commissioners, and some sharp words from the chief, in relation to the "double tongued" white men, they took their small supply and started on their long trip to their mountain homes.

The Assiniboins were also opposed to the sale of their lands, and were only induced to do so by long explanation from the commissioners.

Four hundred lodges of Uncapapa Sioux were encamped up the Yellowstone river a few miles, but the head chief refused to meet the commission in council, and sent a few of their young men to get permission to cross the river and trade their robes at Fort Union. The traders finally crossed the river, and went with their goods to the Sioux camp, and in some altercation with the Indians while there in relation to the price of furs, several shots were fired between the parties, and one of the traders and a soldier were slightly wounded with arrows.

The treaties with the Assiniboins and Mountain Crows being concluded, the commission will start at once on their return to the States. Their report of speeches made in council already fills 240 pages of closely written legal cap paper. Every word spoken by a chief is written down, and it keeps a reporter and secretary at work day and night. Dr. C. A. Reed of Iowa is reporter, and M. K. Armstrong of the Dakotah Historical Society recording secretary; and the report when printed will contain a volume of important knowledge of the Indians of the Northwest.

EARLY SURVEYS IN THE RED RIVER OF THE NORTH.

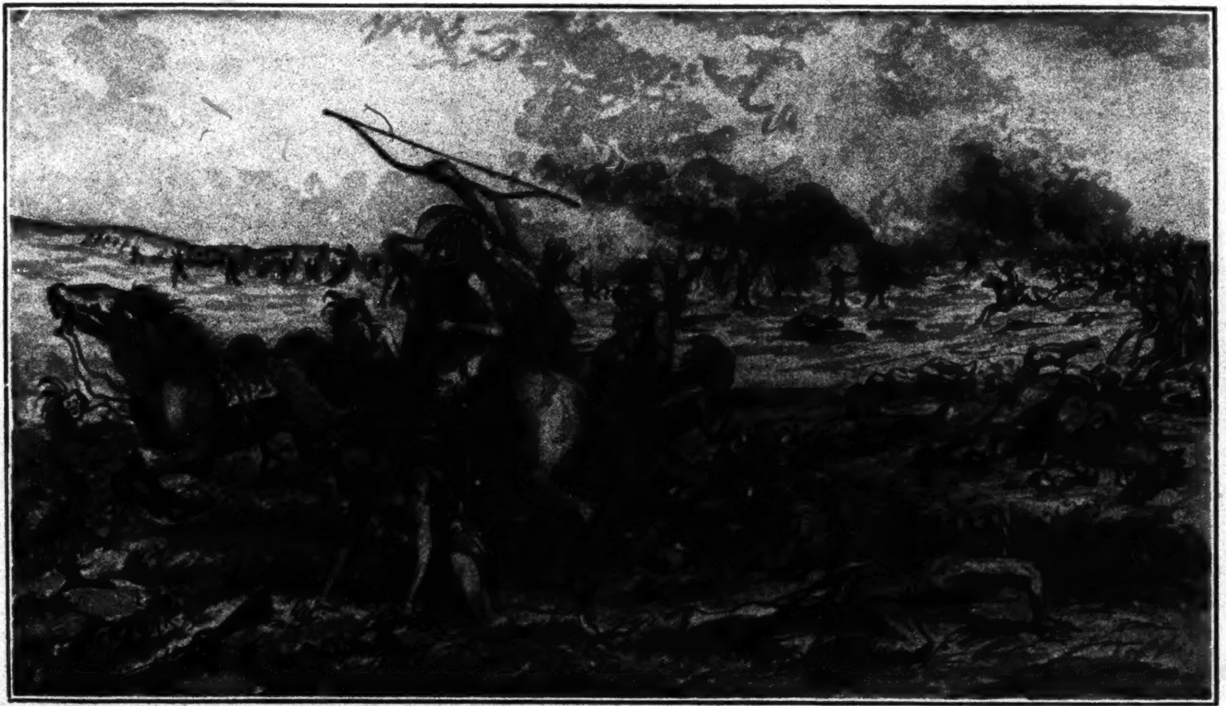
FORT ABERCROMBIE, D. T.,
ON THE RED RIVER OF THE NORTH, Aug. 8, 1867.

Leaving Yankton on the afternoon of the 18th of July with four men and two teams, we commenced a preliminary survey of the Minnesota & Missouri River Railroad by running along under the foot of the table-land back of town, to and along the territorial road leading to the ferry on James river. From there the line of survey passes over a gently rolling prairie, crossing Clay creek, Turkey creek, Vermillion river, and the Big Sioux river in the great bend west of the falls, reaching the state line of Minnesota at the distance of sixty-eight miles, thirty-seven chains and eighty links, at which point a connection is made with the Southern Minnesota Railroad, and also the surveyed line of the Minnesota Valley Railroad from St. Paul *via* Mankato to the Missouri river. The road passes over a fine agricultural country, easy grades and convenient water privileges, with timber stations at no points over eleven miles apart.

At Fort Dakota, or Sioux Falls, we received the hospitalities of Major Knox, commanding, who, giving me letters of recommendation to the commanders of Fort Abercrombie and Fort Ransom on the Sheyenne, bid us good cheer on our long and lonely journey. Leaving Fort Dakota on the 21st, we traveled eight days over the great plains in the direction of the Upper Minnesota river, passing by way of the head of the Des Moines river, the Great Oasis, Lake Shetek, and the Red Wood river, reaching the Minnesota on the 29th, having endured the most inexpressible suffering and fatigue in the way of swimming streams,—men and horses,—and ferrying our loads over in wagon boxes, doubling teams and wading sloughs seven times in one day, and then lying down nights only to fight swarms of mosquitoes till daylight. Our mosquito bars were no more protection against these swarming pests than thin moonshine.

Recruiting one day at Red Wood Falls, we started out on the 2d for Fort Abercrombie on Red river, a distance of 180 miles. We passed up the west side of the Minnesota river through the "Bloody Grounds" of the Indian massacre of 1862, described in Judge Flandreau's history. The battle grounds, rifle pits and breastworks were still visible along the trail pursued by the retreating savages when followed by the troops after the horrid work was done. The crumbling brick walls of the buildings burned by the Indians are still standing at the upper and lower agencies and for many miles above along the river, very many of which are being occupied and repaired by emigrants who have lately moved up the valley. Passing on up the west side of Big Stone lake and Lake Traverse, under the foot of the picturesque Coteau on our left, for fifty miles, we arrived on the great flat divide where the waters are sleeping and meditating as to the course to pursue, north or south which region I must call the Dead Lands. Here our severest troubles commenced with armies of mosquitoes and buffalo gnats which beggar description. The whole country has been flooded with rains, and morning fogs hang over the dead level of the country undisturbed by a breeze. Our bars, tents and blankets and every other available means of fortification against the swarming hordes proved ineffectual. The sting of these little insects is fairly poisonous, and cause men and horses to roll, and fret, and pitch, and kick, and groan all night. Our horses are almost as poor as skeletons, and our own faces look like the last run of the measles. This region of dead lands extends along the whole length of Lake Traverse to the point where the world leans to the north, and where the people say *down* north and *up* south, Red river here beginning its slow and sluggish crawling northward. In crossing this divide we passed the ground on which were frozen to death in a snow storm in February, 1865, the unfortunate soldiers who started from Fort Wadsworth to Abercrombie, some of whom were not found till the following spring. In passing over this great coteau our lone canvass covered wagons seemed to me like two little white specks of civilization moving across the broad uninhabitable disc of the Northwest, and I felt the spirit of the ancient Psalmist in the lines:

"As when the weary traveler gains
The height of some commanding hill,
And views beyond the boundless plains,
He presses on, though weary still."



A BATTLE WITH INDIANS IN NORTH DAKOTA IN 1864.—p. 132.

And passing onward we reached the great valley of Red river, where the blue sky and fleeting white clouds admonished us that we were approaching those high northern latitudes where the rivers pour their waters northward into British America.

ON INTERNATIONAL BOUNDARY,
RED RIVER OF THE NORTH, B. A., Sept. 1, 1867.

We arrived safely upon British soil, having brought up the eleventh standard and seventh guide meridian through one hundred and forty miles of wild country infested by mosquitoes and Indians. The point of intersection with the international boundary is eight miles and fifty-four chains west of Red River of the North.

Leaving Fort Abercrombie on the 9th of August, we passed up the east side of Red river, along the Fort Garry trail, fifty miles to Georgetown, five miles below the mouth of the Sheyenne of the North. Here we found a half-dozen houses belonging to the Hudson Bay Company. A trader is there, and perhaps half a dozen white men in the employ of the same company. Here we found a good ferry, it being the crossing of the Red river half-breed trains to Fort Garry and Hudson Bay from St. Paul.

We succeeded in buying some milk and a large catfish, having entered the land of fish and pemmican; no bread, flour, or pork to be had for love or greenbacks.

We found the river heavily timbered with fine oak, ash and elm between Abercrombie and this place, and a uniform deep channel in the stream, the little steamer International having made two trips to this post from British America since spring, in the employ of the Hudson Bay Company.

Leaving Georgetown on the morning of the 12th, after one of the most terrible thunderstorms that I ever witnessed, we arrived and encamped opposite the mouth of Wild river, just at sunset, this being the starting point of my survey. On the morning of the 13th, after a long search in the woods for the mouth of the river, and being nearly bled to death by swarms of ravenous mosquitoes, we emerged from the wilderness like "Rachel weeping for her children," bringing with us the line to the open plain. We now felt as though the long lost was found, and we rejoiced with all our pains and sufferings, inflicted through twenty-five long days and nights of travel on the plains. But our trouble was not ended. Our line led us through a country haunted by the hostile Sioux and thieving Chippewa Indians. But we moved on with our lives in our hands, six men of us, hoping to run the gauntlet and pass unharmed and silently through the country. Having run our line twenty-four miles west of Red river, we crossed many large hunting trails of the Sheyenne and Devil's Lake bands, but encountered no Indians until we arrived at the head of Goose river, where our noise created by cutting a roadway through the woods and crossing the stream with our teams, and the shooting of an elk which jumped up in front of us, brought to view four Chippewa Indians, who came from a large encampment of that tribe farther down the stream. They shook hands, but looked suspicious and wanted to sleep with us one night, saying their camp was more than "one sleep" distant—my Hudson Bay employe speaking the Chippewa tongue. We gave them supper, put them to bed in a manner to protect ourselves, and kept watch through the night. They wrapped themselves up in their blankets so tight that each Indian was no larger than a sack of flour, and slept and snored and bid the mosquitoes defiance. In the morning we gave them some coffee and flour, a plug of tobacco each, two quarters of our elk, shook hands and started on our line by sunrise, leaving them by the camp fire.

We continued our line day by day, crossing the Turtle, Salt and Park rivers, all well timbered with oak and ash, and requiring a half-day's work at each stream to cut roadways through the woods and build fords over the streams. At Salt Branch we nearly perished for water, the stream being as salty as pork brine, and we were obliged to camp for the night on the stream after a long hot day's run. In the morning each man procured himself a drink of dew by dragging cloths through the long grass and wringing them out in dishes.

The next day we arrived at Park river, a fine running stream well wooded and stocked with elk and buffalo; but we refrained from shooting along the line. Leaving this stream we again nearly perished for water and wood, bringing upon us both hunger and thirst. We dug three wells, ten feet deep each, while running seven miles of line, with no signs of water, when we were forced to leave the meridian line ten miles south of Pembina river, and walk that distance for water. We then brought up our line and made the intersection with the International Boundary, having sent for fresh horses to take us through, our own being nothing but skeletons. We here found our friend Stutsman at Pembina, in the midst of a fine farming settlement of half breeds. A British trading post stands one and one-half miles north of the line and two and one-half miles from Pembina. I start to-morrow to survey the country between here and St. Joseph, with half breed carts for my transportation.

ST. JOSEPH, D. T., Oct. 8, 1867.

To-day I have attended one of the far famed Red River elections. I came in late last night from my line nine miles back in the woods to witness the show to-day. Here, you will remember, is the country where, in the early days of Jo Rolette and Minnesota territory, the balance of power was weighed and never found wanting. But, indeed, the Red River settlement is a reality. Two hundred and fifty votes were polled to-day at St. Jo, mostly all in the morning before

I reached the polls, and about thirty at Pembina. Our old friend, Enos Stutsman, is elected representative without opposition, and will be down to Yankton this winter to bring before the legislature the wants and merits of Northern Dakota. Some of the memorials of this section will be for a district land office on Pembina river, a new county and more representation, and, probably, a division of the territory, forming a new and northern one, by the name of Chippewa.

To-morrow I start my men and teams homeward on their long prairie journey of four hundred miles to Yankton. I remain here some ten days, to extend the international boundary six miles farther west to the foot of the Coteau du Prairie, and to complete the sectionizing of St. Jo township. I shall return by way of St. Paul, and will reach Yankton about the 1st of November.

Away up here in this northern clime we already feel the approach of winter. Great black frosts fall nightly from the blue cold skies, and the high autumn winds are driving the prairie fires all over the plains. The woods are casting their yellow leaves thick upon the ground and the constant moan of the deep forests sounds wintry indeed.

This portion of Dakota is in reality a timbered region. During the last week I ran a line seventeen miles long through heavy forest of oak, ash, birch and whitewood, extending along the base of the mountains from the south to the north. These woods abound with bears, moose, and wolves, in the way of game; and as for fruit, strawberries, cherries and cranberries grow in profusion. The birds of the forest are here also different from those in southern Dakota; the blue jay, the pigeon and mocking-bird being seen daily in the woods.

As for the people, there are a great many here, and they live on pounded meat, or "pemmican." They call themselves "Plain Hunters," and make their annual summer visits to the plains, with horses, oxen, carts and families, to procure meat and robes, and return late in the fall to live in their thatchedroofed log houses on Pembina river, of which the woods are full for sixteen miles below St. Jo. Some of them have small gardens and barley fields which yield abundantly when well attended, and is sometimes done by members of the family who are too old, too feeble or too young to go to the plains. This pemmican trade is like our fisheries, and is carried on almost as extensively, 300 carts sometimes going out from this place in one train. The pemmican is made by drying and stripping the buffalo meat, then threshing the same with a flail, like wheat, till broken into fine shreds. The tallow of the buffalo is then heated and poured onto the meat, and the whole mixed up with a wooden shovel like mortar for plastering, and the entire compound, with berries and other fruits, is then shoveled into sacks of raw buffalo hide, which, when cooled, become as hard as wood, and has to be cut or shaved off with an ax for cooking. This is the food we have been living on for the last six weeks, and I must say that, when dished up "in style," with onions, potatoes, flour, salt and pepper, it is very nutritious and palatable food. This, with black tea, maple sugar, and rather hard shelled bread, completes a northern meal.

As for the means of transportation up here, large wooden-wheeled carts, tireless, and with unbanded hubs, harnessed with raw hide to an ox or horse, constitutes a team, so much so that the roads are all three-tracked cart trails, making them very tiresome for two horses. During my survey up here I have had some Cree and French half-breeds with me and two of these ox carts, and it would make a white man look wild to see these two-wheeled things go through the woods, smashing through brush, tumbling over logs and fallen trees, and plunging down steep river banks, sometimes both ox and half-breed under the cart, and the next moment coming up all straight on the other side. As for myself, I stopped riding in these northern sulkies after my first effort in crossing a creek where I was thrown, compass and all, high and dry, into a neighboring bramble bush.

I believe these people are among the happiest in the world. If they only have enough to eat, storm, sunshine and hardships are all the same to them, and after their day's labor is done and supper is over, they build a blazing camp fire and with the iron kettle for a drum they perform their Indian dance and songs for hours, and when they retire for the night they kneel by their beds and go through with the Catholic prayer. The Catholic religion prevails almost exclusively among the people here. They have a church at St. Jo, and there is a large attendance every Sabbath.

I have heard nothing from Yankton for a long time, and know nothing of what is going on in southern Dakota. I long to get back to the Missouri river.

AN EARLY TRIP TO CHICAGO.

St. Paul, Feb. 18, 1868.

Having a little leisure to-day, I must tell you of my eastern rambles and western behavior since leaving the "Land of Dakota." Taking one of Thompson's "dead axle" wagons at Yankton (the stage being full), I seated myself squarely over the hind axle, on the bottom of the wagon, the front seats, of course, being reserved for ladies and large trunks—with one hand holding on to each side of the box, much like a countryman going to a circus. Being "all set," the driver let loose his steeds, and drove to the first station, twenty-one miles over a rough frozen road, at a rib-breaking speed, like a locomotive behind time. It was very cold, and the driver said he was "going for a fire." I thought he was, and told him that I believed the fire would smell very strong of brimstone if he kept on at that pace. My head was continually bobbing up and down in the frosty air like a churn dasher, while the rest of my body was bouncing all over the bottom of the wagon. The women were at last driven by the cold wind from the spring seats to the bed of the wagon, when millinery, trunks and band-boxes became sorrowfully tumbled and "mixed." On arriving at Taylor's Twenty-One-Mile Station, I was completely undone and submissive, and although a single man, women and eastern tours had no further charms for crippled me. I went to the dinner table with the roar of a lumber wagon in my ears and my head still dodging up and down like a gobble turkey. Thereafter we rode very comfortably until dark, when a snow storm set in which caused us to lose the road over the Sioux City hills, whereby I was obliged to walk ahead of the team for a distance of four miles into that frontier city of rail and telegraph. We arrived at the Northwestern Hotel at twelve o'clock at night, and were met by the clerk at the door with the cold satisfaction of "beds here all full of railroad men." In this predicament our friend Thompson, proprietor of the Yankton fast line of "blood invigorating" coaches, came to our relief, and secured us comfortable quarters for the night.

Next morning I took a sleigh (no more wagons for me), and drove twelve miles down the graded road of the Sioux City & Pacific road to Snowbank Station, where we met a construction train, which had just brought up and discharged a load of iron. "We here took the cars for Chicago," in the midst of a wild prairie, by first clambering over a snow drift, and then piling our trunks up four steps, from which we climbed into a small baggage car and paid fifty cents to be taken down to the passenger station at Gravelles, at which point we were transferred to magnificent cars and paid $24.25 for tickets to Chicago. After fifty hours' ride by rail we arrived at that great city, where people "separate" and travel in opposite directions. Here I parted with my companions, and was "left all alone in my glory" in the New York of the West, with its 260,000 inhabitants.

I was awakened in the morning by a dismal roar like thunder, and immediately looked out the window as usual to witness a driving snow storm on the western prairie. I did not see it. But below me was a rushing throng of people crowding hurriedly along the street and pavement between the towering walls of massive granite blocks,—footmen, hacks, street cars, and the irrepressible and screaming newsboys, in a torrent of confusion. For the first five minutes it struck me that they were all trying to run over each other; but when I watched the expert dodging that was done, the scene looked more as though the Indians had attacked the city, and were shooting their arrows down the street. About this time my naked knee came in contact with the hot heating pipe beneath the window, when I was reminded that I had better "dress up." I took the warm suggestion, and acted accordingly. I went down, took a lunch, strapped on my revolver, and made my first debut into the street. I took up Randolph and down Lake streets, but not being used to "small margins," I accordingly ran against about every third man and nearly every woman I met. Some of the Chicago women don't dodge well, at all. I was forcibly struck with this fact several times, and therefore started to retrace my steps and took the middle of the street, hoping thereby to get a broader prairie margin; but here I was punched by policemen, trod on by horses, and run down by street cars until with the loss of my hat and one overshoe, I leaped into a hack, paid the driver five dollars for his hat and gave him a dollar to drive me to the hotel. Yes, and rather than to have went further on foot I would have bought his horses and hack and struck out for Dakota. But I had now found my man "a city pilot," with steeds and carriage.

We went to the "city water works," where the city fathers have run their shafts into the ground and are stealing water from old Lake Michigan, through a submarine tunnel nearly two miles in length. The engineer asked me what I thought of the thing. I told him it might be a good joke for Chicago to steal their water in that way, but 'twas a mighty big bore on the lake, and out West would be considered a case of *crim. con.* He then took me to the top of the tower from which the whole city is spread out to view, and resembles a distant smoking forest of pines. Descending from the tower, I visited a few of the Chicago elevators, and went in the evening to hear Booth at McVicker's, got a reserved seat, and found myself seated in front of two ladies who knew I was from the wild West. Soon Booth appeared on the stage and the whole house commenced clapping. Booth delivered himself of his first act and retired, when the house claps again and keeps clapping, until Booth appears again and bows, when there is another outburst of ridiculous clap, claps, clapping. Considering that I had seen enough of that, I went out not knowing whether the clapping was for me or Booth. From here I went to the great fire on Lake street, which at the time was raging like the burning of Moscow. The scream of the steam engines, the cries of firemen, the roar of flames and the thunder of falling blocks combined, was truly terrible. Three million dollars worth of property was swept to ruins in three hours.

On the following evening I went to Wood's Museum (the most creditable public institution in the city of Chicago), where I witnessed an amusing stage exhibition of Chicago Life, or "Under the Gas Lights." Being now convinced that I had seen the "Elephant," this closed my list of secular diversions; and accordingly on Sabbath evening I went to the First Baptist Church, and heard the most brilliant sermon of my life, delivered by the Rev. Dr. Everts to "The Young Women of Chicago."

In conclusion, let me say that even in this leviathan city of the West, which is said to be the abode of 10,000 prostitute women, I was surprised to find the large churches more fully attended than the public theatres, and the magnificent avenues of the city, with their marble front palaces and well-kept lawns, are built up principally by men whose families move in the walks of true morality and Christian example. Chicago is truly a giant city, and every commercial throb of its vigorous heart is felt along all the distant thoroughfares of the Great West.

A VISIT TO THE PINE FORESTS.

St. Cloud, Minn., Feb. 28, 1868.

I have just returned from a visit to the cities of sleighs and forests of pine, which adorn the Upper Mississippi river and its eastern tributaries, in northern Minnesota and Wisconsin. The cities up here are cold and frosty, but the streets are filled with gay and warm-hearted people, who drive their fast horses with dashing cutters and chimes of bells. Indeed, I have not seen a wagon or carriage in the streets for thirty days, and am told that none have been out since the first of December. The people up here take to sleighs, skates and snow shoes as naturally as young ducks take to water. The side hills are alive with little boys and girls, with their fancy hand sleighs, singing and laughing up the steep ascents, and rushing down again the slippery hillsides in dashing fleets of little sleds and happy children; while the young ladies, blooming with health, are out on the river parks, mounted upon their glistening skates, and skimming over the glassy ice like nimble fawns, and the young men are daily trying the blood of their foaming steeds along the race course prepared expressly for the winter amusements. The frightful speed and headlong driving exhibited here some days is truly astonishing. The more numerous class of people, however, pursue their delightful ride along the smooth streets of the cities, and out to the neighboring villas. In fact there is all winter one continued jingle of musical bells from early morning till late at night, on all the main streets of St. Paul and Minneapolis.

Taking this opportunity for a comfortable winter ride, and desiring to visit the great lumber regions of the north, I wrapped myself in a sleigh, and set out for the pine woods lying on the upper waters of the Mississippi, Rum river and the St. Croix.

One day's drive from St. Cloud brought me to the dark moaning forests of pine on the waters of Rum river. This was the first pine forest I ever saw, and it struck me as more grand and majestic than the first glance at the blue expanse of the ocean. Although the snow was deep, the air keen and frosty and the woods truly dismal, I found the forest full of lumbermen felling the towering and moaning pines and letting into the dark forest avenues of daylight. These forests are represented to be inexhaustible in extent and quantity, stretching away northeasterly toward Lake Superior and northwesterly across the Mississippi, far away toward the regions of Hudson's Bay. It is estimated that this great pine district of the north covers over 200,000 square miles, or about three times the area of pine represented by Dr. Hayden as existing in the Black Hills of Dakota, but now in possession of the Indians. And yet this northern district is called the largest pine region in America, and it is claimed that lumber enough can be cut from these forests to supply with fencing and building material all the great plains east of the Missouri river. The northern pineries already furnish employment each winter to over 1,000 lumbermen, who fell the forests, saw the logs, and haul them to the banks of streams for rafting in the spring. Many of these streams are nothing but small creeks, not even so large as those which drain the Black Hills of our own territory, and yet along these little water courses millions of logs are "run" down one at a time, each year, by a process which is called the "drive," and is practiced during high water in the spring, when the melting snows and rains fill the little streams with sufficient water to float a log, though in many instances it is necessary to dam the streams for miles to accumulate the waters, before they reach raftable channels. Lower down on these streams the "drive" is abandoned, and the logs formed into rafts, and piloted down, and "boomed" near the large lumbering mills, on the larger navigable waters. Two hundred and seventy-five million feet of lumber was manufactured from the pine forests of Minnesota last year. The lumber mills, driven by the water power at St. Anthony and Minneapolis, are capable of cutting over one million feet per day, and the flouring mills, driven by the same power, are able to turn out 4,000 barrels of flour in the same time. Good pine lumber is sold at the Minneapolis mills for sixteen dollars per thousand feet, and the railroads are delivering it throughout the state for about ten cents per thousand, for each mile transported. It is less than 300 miles from Minneapolis to Yankton. Hence it will be seen that with rail communication between Yankton and the Upper Mississippi (which is inevitable) the prairies of southern Minnesota and northern Nebraska can be covered with the finest quality of pine timber at forty-five dollars per thousand.

The Minnesota Valley Railroad is pushing steadily toward the southwest section of the state with the purpose of striking the steamboat trade of the Missouri river at the nearest possible distance. From what I have seen of the lumbering trade in this northern region I am perfectly satisfied that the pine forests of the Black Hills can be floated down the waters of the Cheyenne to the Missouri with the utmost success and profit.

A powerful influence has been brought to bear against the policy of including the Black Hills country with the Indian reserve, as recommended to congress by the peace commissioners. A letter received to-day from our delegate in congress says the measure will be defeated. The Chicago & Union Pacific Railroad interests are throwing their influence against this damaging project to western immigration and settlement. The Upper Missouri valley is now looked upon by Eastern people as the most inviting and accessible field for immigration to be found in the West.

A JOURNEY FROM YANKTON TO ST. PAUL.

Taking the stage at Yankton at four o'clock in the morning of the 14th inst., nine of us rode very sociably together, on three seats, sixty-five miles to Sioux City. The three lady passengers considered the company worse than "close communionists," while Orton could not find room for his plug hat and dog. Propper stuck his fashionable cane in the top of his boot, and Hanson smoked three long cigars through the cracks of the curtains. I alone contested my seat, and one of the ladies said that if I could squeeze into so small a seat in congress as in the stage, she thanked her stars that no man had the cheek to contest me but Burleigh. However, four noble horses, good drivers and excellent roads took us to Sioux City before nightfall. We were soon made comfortable under the hospitable roof of the largest (but rather poorly furnished) hotel in the city, the St. Elmo. One of our party who had business in the city was unable to get his supper after nine o'clock in the evening, and very naturally went to bed hungry, and angry.

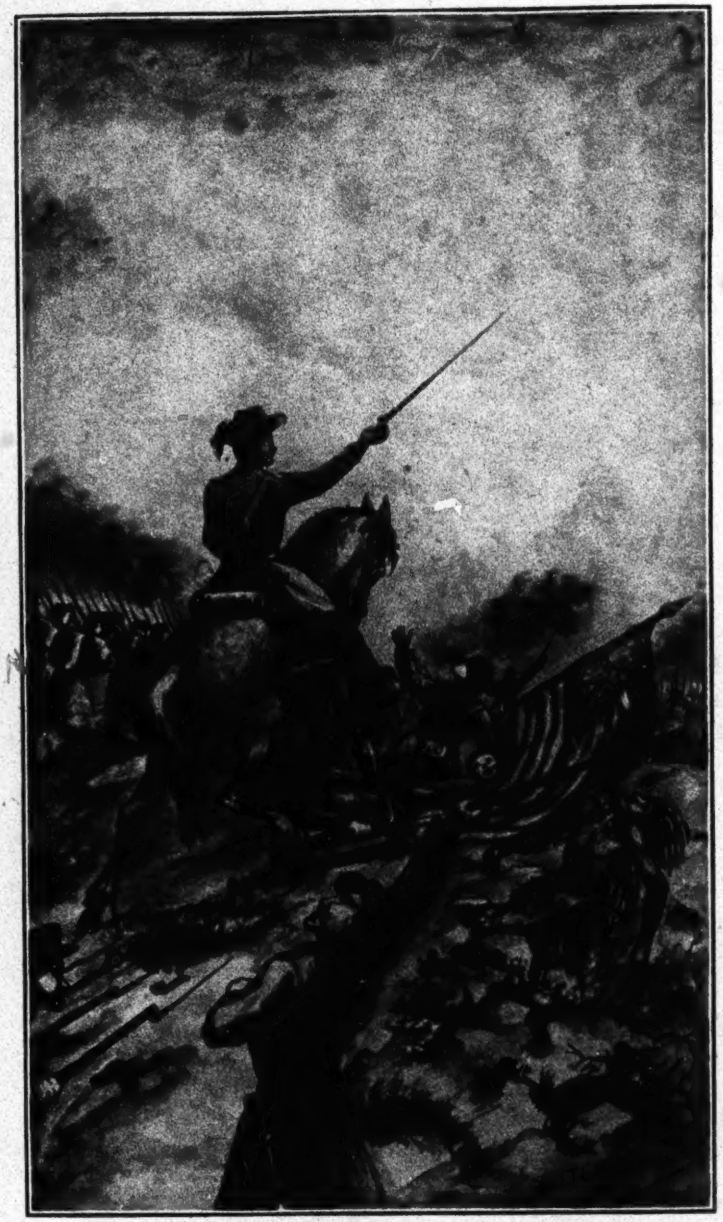
Leaving by the Dubuque train at seven o'clock next morning, we flew away up the beautiful valley of the Floyd northward to Le Mars, twenty-five miles. Here the road makes a great detour to the eastward, and from Le Mars to Yankton the distance by stage is about sixty miles. The Illinois Central Railroad Company, who have leased the Dubuque road, are considering the importance of putting on a daily line of four-horse coaches between Le Mars and Yankton, so as to secure the Dakota travel eastward. From this point we speed over the undulating, boundless and treeless prairies, dining at Newell, and arriving at Waterloo at ten o'clock in the evening. Here my companions took sleeping cars for Chicago, while I waited three hours, and then took a northern train up the Cedar valley, and breakfasted at Mona, near the state line. Remaining here till noon, I took the Milwaukee & St. Paul train for Minnesota, running up through a snow storm to Ramsey Junction. I was now in a country where fourteen years ago I served as county surveyor, and was accustomed to travel on foot and horseback, with compass and chain, to survey out the early county roads and town sites; and where, in that early day, men often were frozen to death in crossing the bleak, snowy prairie. I had ridden but a few miles over this iron rail before we passed a long train of cars drawn by a magnificent engine bearing my brother's name. "Aug. Armstrong," one of the directors of the road. I now felt that I was nearing my old associates, and the whole scene appeared to me like the dream of "Rip Van Winkle." Thirteen years ago I had traveled with this same brother, over this then lonely prairie, behind a slow and poor horse, carrying with us our cold dinners and slim purses, and looking for homes in the West. Under the spell of these dream-like realities I flew forward to Grand Meadow Station. Here I met another brother, T. H. Armstrong, waiting with his prancing steed and lovely cutter to take me to his home at High Forest, ten miles distant. Wrapped in generous furs and cheered by the chime of musical bells, we flew like a snow flake over plain and through groves, talking of the early days of Minnesota, when, in 1856, we entered that wild territory with an ox team and built a little office in the woods, sixty miles west of the Mississippi. Next day, returning by train, I spent the Sabbath with brother Augustus, at the beautiful town of Albert Lea, the Madison of Minnesota, surrounded by lake, grove and lawn. From here I passed up to this city (St. Paul), where the legislature is now in session, and where are assembled all the leading railroad men in the state and many heavy lobbyists from the East. All the Minnesota railroad companies having lines running east are anxious to extend their roads through Dakota to the Missouri river. But these same companies have but little hopes of aid from congress. It is sadly to be regretted that something was not secured for Dakota in this way years ago, when Iowa and Minnesota were getting their grants of land. In 1866 three land grants were given to Minnesota Territory, on our eastern boundary, which could at that time have been extended to the Missouri river by simply asking for it. The fever of railroad building is now upon the people, and unless something is secured soon railroads will move slow through Dakota.

UP THE MISSISSIPPI AND OVER LAKE SUPERIOR.

DULUTH, MINN., July 19, 1871.

Leaving Yankton on the morning of the 14th inst., I rode sixty miles by stage over an admirable route, to the new railroad town of Le Mars. Everywhere along the route the farmers' crops promise an abundant harvest, and the yellow fields of wheat and oats, which stretch away for miles on either hand were already inviting the blade of the sickle and reaper. At Le Mars, the traveler is hospitably received and made comfortable at the large Depot Hotel. Taking the seven o'clock train in the morning, we darted away like an arrow across the beautiful prairies of northern Iowa. Passing beyond Fort Dodge and its inexhaustible coalfields, we entered the great grain district of the state. The golden harvests seemed literally to cover the prairie as far as the eye could reach to the right and left. Men, women and children were in the harvest field. For over a hundred miles our train seemed to run through one continuous field of grain.

Reaching Dubuque at eight o'clock in the evening, I took the steamer Andy Johnson for St. Paul. The noble craft struck out, and all night, through clouds and gloom, she stemmed the dark river with unerring helm and rapid speed. I was lucky enough to fall in with three jolly English students from Liverpool, as traveling companions, who were making a college vacation tour of four weeks in America. I was surprised to learn from them that their first-class passage tickets by ocean steamer from Liverpool to New York were only seventy-five dollars each in gold, and that they had been only twelve days on their journey from England to the Mississippi river. Many were the questions they put to me about American government of states, counties, territories, etc., and of the society, classes and customs of our people; and particularly the wild life of our Western Indians. They said that we Americans are always in a hurry, and eat our meals as though a house were on fire. They would sit sideways to the table, cross their legs and spend an hour at dinner, and complain because their beef had not been killed nine days before cooking. They were highly pleased with our great country, our modes of travel, miraculous growth and enterprise, and our correct and extensive commercial system; but they protested most deploringly against the horribly mixed condition of American society, and claimed that we would yet find that true refinement could only be fostered and maintained by classifying the people into their appropriate grades, and abolishing all miscellaneous social gatherings. Thus we plowed along up the Father of Rivers, through all the next day and into the second night, occasionally attracted by a passing down river steamer, the immense floating rafts of lumber, or the distant lights that flickered like fire-flies from the numerous towns on the dark river shore. Arriving at the city of La Crosse, we met the steamer Milwaukee towing to market five barges, loaded with nearly 20,000 bushels of Minnesota wheat. Fourteen years ago I crossed the Mississippi on the ice at this place, and plunged into the interior wilds of Minnesota Territory to survey lands for its first settlers. At that time there was not a railroad west of the Mississippi north of Rock Island. Now there are over 1,000 miles of running road in Minnesota alone, while the state yields sixteen million bushels of wheat annually, and contains nearly half a million people. A new road of great importance is being graded along the west river shore under the bluff from Dubuque to St. Paul, at a cost of $35,000 per mile. Leaving the Mississippi and my companions, I changed steamers, and passed up through the beautiful lake St. Croix to Stillwater, the town of mills, logs, lumber and state prisons. An excursion party consisting of wives and children of St. Paul merchants, made the evening lake ride of twenty-five miles a delightful pastime. They were destined for White Bear lake, a noted Minnesota watering place. Arriving at this pleasant summer resort, I was detained three hours, until the St. Paul & Duluth train came in, and during this interval I was politely tendered, and cheerfully accepted, a ride over to the



GENERAL SIBLEY'S ARMY IN THE DAKOTA INDIAN WAR.—p. 145.

"South Shore House." Here I found many of the most refined and wealthy ladies of Eastern cities, whiling away the hot summer months, dressed in plain calico and brown linen; some rambling through the green groves and breathing fresh air; others out upon the beautiful lake, rowing their own boats, baiting their own hooks, and catching their own fish. Little children were seen everywhere, swinging in the trees and bathing like swallows in the limpid waters. Four ladies rowed me back over the lake to the depot.

Reluctantly leaving this little paradise, I took the ten o'clock train for Duluth, which flew away like a rocket through 150 miles of poplar groves, tamarack swamps, and pine forests, to the "great city at the sea"—Duluth. No settlements are to be seen along the road, except at the railroad stations. The famous dalles of the St. Louis river exceed in wild romantic scenery anything I ever saw upon a line of railroad. The river, black as ink, tears its dark and crazy path with headlong fury down through a world of rocks and shaggy cliffs, with a fall of eighty feet to the mile; while the railroad train is carried over frightful gorges several hundred feet deep by skeleton bridges, which look like "Death on stilts." At the head of the falls, or dalles, twenty-three miles from Duluth, is the junction of the Northern Pacific Railroad, which is already completed about 150 miles westward through the wild swamps and woods of northern Minnesota. Whole acres of railroad iron are piled up ten feet high at the junction, the company being unable to push it westward by construction trains on account of the sinking of the track in some of the marshes through which the road was constructed last winter. The road is now being ballasted so as to admit of the passage of heavy trains. Tearing on down the St. Louis river, we enter a great lowland basin, opening upon the rising city of Duluth, and blue Lake Superior. By six o'clock, we were landed upon the steps of the Clark House, in the "center of the world," where, according to Knott's speech, the sky comes down to the ground at an equal distance all round the city.

I found the magnificent hotel crowded with a large party of Minnesota wheat merchants, who had come up to Duluth with their wives and daughters, to ride upon the blue waves of Lake Superior, and to examine the city as a feasible point for shipping their grain to Eastern markets. The grain dealers of Minnesota are certainly a jolly set of men. They are blessed with the happiest wives, the handsomest daughters, and the largest crops of any state in the Union. Many of them were exchanging their new wheat in the sack for old rye in the bottle. The ladies at dinner called for trout and huckleberries, and the tables were so crowded with excursionists that I was obliged to throw a biscuit at a waiter girl to induce her to bring me a cup of coffee. A wheat buyer told me it was a waste of grain to throw bread at a Duluth girl. I went out into the street and found an old acquaintance, Dr. Foster, editor of the Duluth *Minnesotian*. He was standing in the middle of Superior avenue, with one eye cocked out over Lake Superior, and the other shot up the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad. The doctor is one of the oldest editors in Minnesota—has labored hard for the prosperity of the state—is now rich, virtuous and happy. He drives a vigorous quill and edits a spunky newspaper; he drinks ale and soda water, and says he intends to live long enough to see Duluth one of the largest cities in the Northwest. He showed me all the churches and saloons in the place—wheat elevators, steamboats, vessels, lake wharves and warehouses, and finally took me down to the beach and introduced me to Lake Superior. I baptized my head in the waves and backed out, while the doctor was counting the fleets of ships on the distant waters. "Yes," said he, "we have water enough in yonder lake to put the fires of hell out, rocks enough in yonder hills to wall the world in; iron enough to build a railroad to the moon, and telegraph poles enough to run a fast line to the day of judgment and back again, to say nothing of our beds of copper, quarries of slate, and forests of pine." "'Tis well," said I; "Good night," said he.

NEW YORK CITY, Aug. 2, 1871.

As contemplated in my last letter, I next morning took the steamer Pacific over the blue billows of Lake Superior for Marquette. All day and night the noble craft plowed through the vast expanse with no apparent landmark in view but the distant heavens stooping down upon the waste of waters. If there is anything in this world that reminds a person of the existence of a God and eternity, it is to float beneath a clear sky over a seemingly boundless world of waves, rolling forward into illimitable space. Occasionally a distant white cloud will rise up from the deep and float like a great ship through the upper ethereal blue, and again a long low line of smoke streaking the far horizon indicates the approach of a magnificent steamer, freighted with human souls, while in another direction a fleet of sail ships is just descried emerging from the skies, and playing, like ghosts, upon the waters. But a journey upon the great waters soon becomes dull and monotonous, and the passengers of the Pacific gradually retired from sight-seeing upon the upper decks to the pleasant and luxurious cabins, where the time was passed with music, dance and song, card playing, chess and checkers, promenading, chatting and lounging. Children ran laughing and romping up and down the cabin, while the steady stroke of the fiery engine below drove the leviathan ship onward to the highlands of Marquette. The green overhanging hills were imprinted in the deep, clear waters, as plainly as though touched by the pencil of a painter. Here at Marquette, amid the infernal scream of engines and iron mills, and the rattle of ore-trains running out over the tops of ships into the lake, is where a swearing captain was once storm-driven with his vessel in the night, and looking up at the fiery iron trains, he exclaimed: "A harbor in hell!"

I pulled anchor, finding this water travel rather slow and changeless, at Marquette, and took the cars for Milwaukee. Arriving at the Plankington House, I met Hon. W. A. Burleigh, who was working in the interest of Dakota railroad matters. The doctor was going to Chicago that evening, and the boat was to leave in five minutes. The wharf was one-half mile distant, and the hacks and 'busses had left. The doctor was determined to be "on time," so he hurriedly chartered the nearest butcher wagon, and into it we tumbled, and down the street the driver lashed his spavined horse, as though the sheriff was after us. I sat in the bottom of the wagon, and the doctor astride of a meat block. We reached the boat and walked the plank, just as she was pushing out. The doctor engaged sleeping berths for Chicago. The berths were too short for the doctor, and over the noisy wheelhouse; but he went to bed early, and slept soundly, with his feet out the state-room window, his head upon his pocketbook, and his virtue in his bosom. At four o'clock we were awakened from our bunks to enter Chicago. I never before saw a great city asleep. Not a policeman, hackman or human being did we meet in walking up several blocks through the principal streets of Chicago. Wharf rats were playing upon the sidewalks and picking crumbs dropped the day previous by the thronging multitude in front of the stone front business houses, now silent as sepulchral monuments. Soon a dismal roar and rattle were heard arising from all parts of the city. like distant thunder, which speedily revealed the fact that a great city was "waking up." Streams of hacks, omnibuses, express and market wagons, loaded street cars and screaming newsboys came pouring like a flood unloosed through the avenues of the city. Doors were unbolted, shutters removed, walks swept and sprinkled, and soon the "world moved on" in its daily routine business.

Leaving Chicago in the evening I took the so-called Lake Shore route, by way of Detroit, Buffalo, Niagara, Albany and New York, to Washington. Crops in the Eastern and Middle States did not promise an abundant harvest. Corn was short and thin, and wheat and oats were light and scattering. Fruit was everywhere abundant—peaches, apples and pears hanging, ripe and sweet, from many a roadside orchard. I had not seen any growing fruit before for sixteen years, and I was consequently much tempted to climb the fences and fill my pockets, like any boy or politician is wont to do. Arriving at the beautiful city of Detroit in the morning, we tarried for breakfast, and then flew on down to Toledo, the home of Nasby; and still forward we sped like a gale through the dust and heat and fruit orchards of Northern Ohio to Cleveand, the most beautiful city in the state. Euclid avenue is called one of the grandest streets in the United States. The city contains about 100,000 people, and is the center of a very extensive shipping trade. Still speeding eastward, we coasted the southern shore of lovely Lake Erie, which stretched away from the car window like a green landscape until lost in the distant clouds floating along the horizon; and fleets of great sail vessels were flitting like spirit wings over the far-off waves.

At Erie, Pa., ninety miles beyond, a place of 20,000 inhabitants, is found the finest harbor on the southern shore, which is now being made available as a transfer port for the iron ore vessels from Lake Superior and the coal trains of the Pennsylvania Central Railroad Co. Commodore Perry's old flag-ship, Lawrence, is sunken in this bay, and is an object of much interest to travelers. Gas wells are also in successful operation here, whereby citizens light and heat their own houses, and run mills and factories by gas and heat alone.

Passing onward we soon enter the commercial city of Buffalo, with its 120,000 people; and still eastward along the shore of the same blue Lake Erie we are hurried forward by the rushing train, like a whirlwind, until we stand upon the brink of the thundering torrent of Niagara. This great flood of plunging foam and roaring cataracts holds its admirer mute and spell-bound, and the mind is carried along down this noisy rushing river of time to the great ocean of eternity.

I paid twenty-five cents to walk over the suspension bridge and walk back again. The great rocks were split open to let the mad river pass, as though the hand of the Almighty had torn the earth asunder.

Leaving this thundering torrent of flood and foam, I took the New York Central Railroad for Albany, and thence down the Hudson, by steamer, to New York City. Among the wealthy interior cities of the Empire State, we passed the city of Rochester, with its 60,000 inhabitants, and the wealthy commercial center of Syracuse, containing over 40,000 people, and its immense and celebrated manufactories of salt. At Albany I remained over night for the day line of steamers. The main streets of Albany are broad, clean, airy and pleasant. The place contains nearly 70,000 people, and is the seat of much commercial wealth. The public buildings are anything but a credit to the state. Down the beautiful Hudson, upon a fast steamer, with a pleasure party of nearly six hundred, is truly a delightful summer voyage. An Italian band discoursed most enchanting music, and the groups of merry children laughed with song, great steamers shot past us like air palaces, while the lovely and bewitching homes which environed the shores were constantly seen like a floating panorama of the scenes in Milton's "Paradise Regained."

Passing West Point, Sing Sing, Catskill, Cornwall Landing, and many other points of interest, I arrived at New York City in the evening, and witnessed, for the first time, with amazement, this great metropolis of America—the home of a million people. I put up at the Hoffman House, and found everything as upon the Hudson river steamer, done in "European plan." The hotel clerk charges for and gives you nothing but a place to bathe and sleep, while in an adjacent and magnificent restaurant the traveler can get what he wants to eat, and pays at the table for what he gets. I ordered a cup of coffee, steak, eggs and potatoes, and paid $1.90 for my extravagant supper. The waiter politely handed me my bill upon a card resting upon a silver plate. I bowed, took my hat from under the table, and left, thinking of New York riots and explosions. The streets of the city are so narrow that long-tailed horses drawing the street cars can almost switch the flies from the windows. People eat their dinners in restaurant windows, and skulking newsboys steal their coffee from the inviting tables. I took a hack and "went through" the city; visited Castle Garden, Central Park, the "Westfield Disaster" dock, and to Greenwood cemetery. At the latter place I was bewildered at the beautiful abodes of the dead. Walking pensively along the smooth avenues, among the darkening overgreens, lovely flowers, and monuments of eternal white, I found myself mourning the confession of the psalmist: "I would not live alway," but would here feign rest from earth's toils in this beautiful and perrenial home of the dead. I next rode over across the thronged and noisy ferry, and mingled in the rush and tumult of the living.

Long lines of teams were struggling to get on and off, goaded and cursed by loud swearing, fighting drivers. I elbowed my way through the crowd, and came out by only having two fists shaken in my face, and being called a thief and a damned Tammany politician. I got out, and rode over to Central park, which is truly a pride to every American citizen. While driving gracefully around the curving pavements, among mossy rocks, evergreens, lawns and lakes, enlivened by grazing deer, white swan, charming sail boats, and elegant carriages, I felt constrained to change the words of the psalmist and say: "I would here live alway."

FARGO, DAKOTA, Aug. 31, 1874.

Seven years ago the present month, I made my first trip to the Red River of the North, and was twenty-one days in reaching Fort Abercrombie from Yankton, by team. Then there was not a house or a settler to be found on the Dakota side of the Red river, from that military fort to Pembina, near the British boundary, a distance of near two hundred miles. At that time, also, there were no settlements on the Missouri river in Northern Dakota, except a small military post and a few Indian villages. I was then engaged in extending and establishing the first lines for the government survey of lands in this rich and beautiful valley, which had recently been purchased by the United States, from the Chippewa and Red Lake Indians.

We encountered untold hardships and sufferings upon the wild plains at that time, and met with no human habitations until we reached the Pembina river, near British America, on which stream we found the old and long-established half-breed settlement, which had been there since 1823, at which time Lord Selkirk erroneously located one of his British colonies on American soil. This is the settlement which was always good for 1,500 Democratic votes in the early days of Joe Rolette and Minnesota Territory. Two years ago I made a second trip to this northern part of Dakota, but on different business. I had been nominated for congress, and I was therefore looking for votes instead of lines and corners, and I very naturally went over the ground again thoroughly, and had a good opportunity to note the progress and improvement made in the interval of five years. At the time of this second visit I found that settlements had crept into the valleys, and that a telegraph and stage line were in operation for two hundred miles along the Red river, also, that steamboats were successfully navigating the same stream, and that the Northern Pacific Railroad had pushed its iron track half way to the Missouri river, and was plunging forward at the rate of three miles of iron rail per day. I then made the trip to Pembina and return in commodious four-horse coaches, and crossed over to James river 100 miles on the construction train of the Northern Pacific Railroad, and from there rode and swore behind a mule team for three days, before reaching Bismarck, then known as Edwinton.

The Northern Pacific Railroad is now completed and regular trains running thereon from Fargo on the Red river to Bismarck on the Missouri, a distance of 194 miles. Under the close and judicious supervision of General Manager Mead and his faithful corps of subordinates along the whole line from Duluth to Bismarck, the road has been safely brought out of the chaos temporarily thrown upon it by the Jay Cooke failure, and is now doing a creditable business above expenses, in the way of freight and passenger traffic. Conductor Beaty informed me that Manager Mead had so systematized his working forces and curtailed the hitherto enormous expenses of the company that the entire cost of operating the road during the present season has only reached about $7,500 per month, while their receipts have so far exceeded this amount that it is anticipated that the company will this season be able to pay $100,000 interest on the North Pacific bonds. Long trains of heavy freights for Montana pass to the end of the road at Bismarck, but the enormous shipments destined for the Hudson Bay country are the greatest sources of revenue to the railroad. Five steamboats have been engaged during the season in transporting these goods from the cars at Fargo down Red river to the Province of Manitoba, a distance of 300 miles by water and about 200 by land.

During the past few years the freight and passenger traffic on Red river has so rapidly increased that shipbuilding on the banks of that stream is becoming an important branch of industry, giving employment to many mechanics and lumbermen in the winter season. At Grand Forks large mills have been erected and boat docks constructed, and at this place steamers, barges and flat boats are built for the summer trade. The large forests of heavy oak timber found there afford excellent material for shipbuilding. The Red river during the boating season is also crowded with rafts of pine lumber which come down from the Minnesota forests through the Otter Tail river, and are safely floated for hundreds of miles down north into the Hudson Bay provinces. Aside from these valuable forests in Northern Dakota the new coal fields, which have been recently discovered on the Upper Missouri near Bismarck, are proving of great wealth to the country. Two and one-half tons of this Dakota coal was recently tested and ran a train of eleven freight cars from Bismarck to Jamestown, a distance of ninety-four miles. Veins of this coal several feet in thickness and of excellent quality are being opened on Knife river, and preparations are being made to render this cheap fuel accessible to the prairie settlements along the Northern Pacific Railroad. Large coal deposits have also been found on the Cannon Ball river, in the direction of the Black Hills, and it is anticipated that the Northern Pacific Railroad will next season extend its track into the very heart of the coal region, thereby securing return freights for its east-bound trains.

The town of Fargo boasts of the largest and finest hotel in Dakota, having been constructed by the railroad company at a cost of $45,900, and is now admirably conducted by N. K. Hubbard. The largest and handsomest courthouse in Dakota is also being erected here at a cost to the county of $10,000, in ten-year bonds. Two handsome churches have just been completed. Fargo can turn out more fast horses, bird dogs and sporting men than any town of equal size in the territory; and the dogs can make more noise and the men can burn more powder and shoot finer chickens than any artillery squad that I ever saw. As to fast horses, I took one ride with friend Chapin behind his two-forty wind splitter, and I lost my hat and shirt collar the first three jumps the critter made. Goldsmith Maid has no business up here. A. H. Moor then brought out his steed Eclipse and picked me up and whirled me round the town at such a whizzing speed than my ears roared like a bumble bee's nest, and my face was so plastered with mud that I looked like a Granger. I handed my wife over to the mercy of these fast drivers, and nearly every day she and the excellent landlady, Mrs. Chapin, are out driving over the prairies, culling wild flowers and stealing melons from the farmers' fields. I called on Harwood, editor of the *Express* here, and found him writing editorials with one hand and fighting mosquitoes with the other, while his partner, Jones, was sticking type with his fingers, talking politics with his tongue, and kicking dogs with his feet. I found Geo. I. Foster here, as clerk of the court, traveling about organizing new counties and picking plums. I also made the trip to Bismarck, and met Colonel Lounsbury, the good looking editor of that great family newspaper, the *Bismarck Tribune*. He showed me through his fine printing office, which is a credit to the town, and asked me to subscribe for his paper and vote for Kidder. Lounsbury has an eye to business, and he ought to start a campaign paper and open a voting precinct for Kidder in the Black Hills. He says, and I believe him, that Red Cloud's and Spotted Tail's Indians know as much about Dakota politics as anybody. My old friend, Captain Singiser, met me at the train with the grip of welcome. He is cashier of the railroad at this point, and he throws greenbacks at a man with as much boldness as he used to sling editorial ink in days gone by. He is register of deeds, clerk of the court, member of the church, and aside from all this, he runs a steam ferry, deals in coal mines, speculates in lands and city lots, and worships his devoted wife. In walking across the street he asked me to take a glass of lager with him, and when I told him I had not touched a drop of liquor in two years, he turned square around and said: "Good heavens! no wonder you are not a candidate for office; you couldn't get a vote in this town." We passed on down Front street, and I was surprised to observe the large and well fitted storerooms, equalling any in Yankton. Business appeared to be good for this season of the year, and the town has more than doubled its growth within the past year. There are two good hotels in Bismarck, and I observed a church tower sticking up above the saloons. Singiser assured me that most of the people there were "spiritually" inclined, but that since the Beecher scandal there was a difference of opinion as to what kind of spirits was best.

On our return through Jamestown, we were served with an excellent dinner by friend Killeher, who keeps the eating house at that place, and we saw the largest vegetables on the table that we had witnessed this summer anywhere. Jamestown has grown to be a pleasant village of well built frame houses, instead of the nest of canvas tents which it was on my last visit, two years ago.

Judge Barnes and his amiable wife and daughter, also Marshal Burdick and wife and son, Attorney Pound and son, Deputy Collector Bennett, and Geo. I. Foster, clerk, left here on the steamer International for Pembina yesterday. Court meets there on Tuesday next. The Bismarck land office opens next month. Politics have not assumed any definite shape up here yet, and will not until Burleigh and Kidder put in their appearance.

SKETCHES OF CONGRESS
AND
WESTERN EMPIRE

SKETCHES OF CONGRESS AND WESTERN EMPIRE.

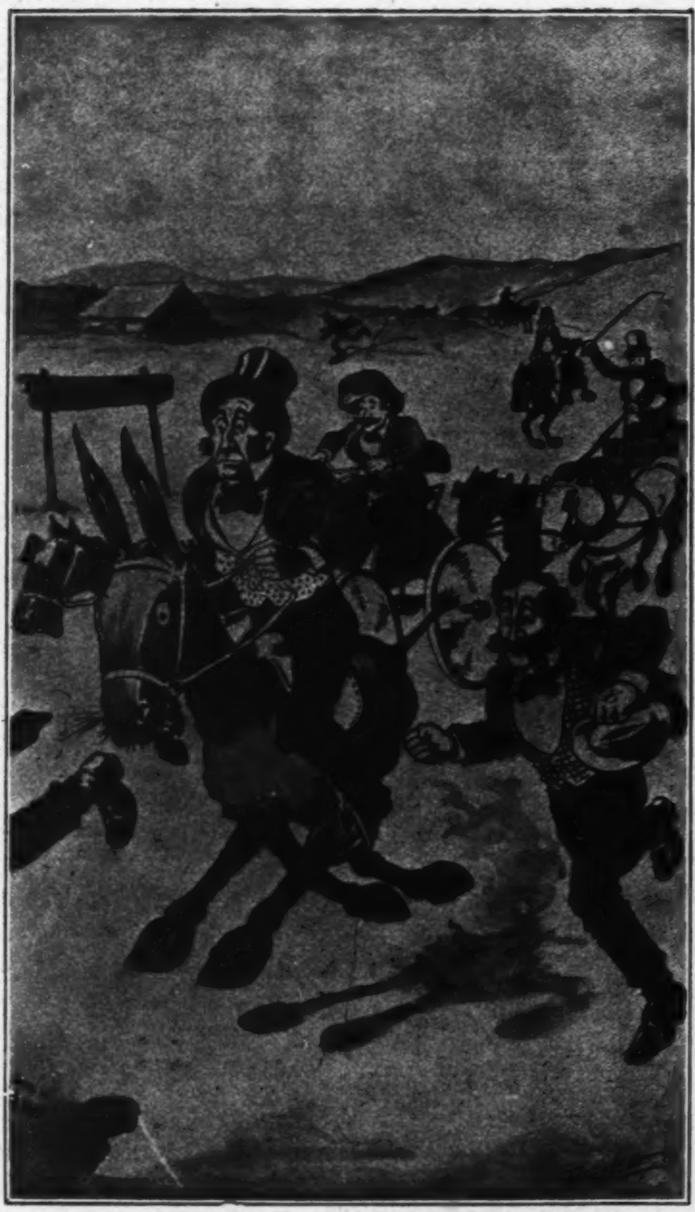
A PIONEER CONGRESSMAN ARRIVES IN WASHINGTON.

NATIONAL HOTEL, WASHINGTON, Feb. 28, 1871.

I last wrote you under date of Feb. 21st from St. Paul, Minn., on my way from Yankton to Washington. Taking the Milwaukee & St. Paul train next morning, I traveled very comfortably and speedily on magnificent cars to Prairie du Chien for supper. At this place I took a sleeping car for Milwaukee, and all night I dreamed that I was riding "feet first and toes up" for congress. Awakening next morning, I found my head swelled, my boots blacked and breakfast ready, for 75 cents, at the Milwaukee depot. My friend in the lower bunk gave me a smell of his "camphor bottle," and consoled me by saying that in Washington I would find all congressmen wearing blacked boots and swelled heads. I took breakfast and rode down to Chicago for dinner over the swift rail of the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad, which threads the now wintry shore of old Lake Michigan. Snows were still deep and drifted in the cities of Milwaukee and Chicago.

Taking the Fort Wayne & Pittsburg train at five o'clock, I rode all night with my head behind me in an old and rattling sleeping car toward the towering Alleghany mountains. Breakfasting at a small town in Ohio, my native state, we flew forward like the wind to Pittsburg for dinner. Here the snow had disappeared, the grass was pricking from the sunny hillsides, while the Ohio river was open, and the steam ferries making regular trips. We now began to ascend the steep and snowy heights of the Alleghanies. With two powerful engines attached, we flew up the winding curves and along the rim of deep and frightful gorges, at the wonderful speed of forty miles an hour onto the very mountain height. Here passing through a dark, cold tunnel three-fourths of a mile in length, we commenced descending the eastern slope of the mountains, and while the long train went springing headlong, like a scared wolf, down the steep declivities and around the sharp cliffs, I felt like jumping off with my carpet-bag and footing it down the mountain. We took supper at Altoona, near the base of the mountains, and then flew onward to Harrisburg, where, weary and sleepy, I stopped over to rest for the night. Leaving at eight o'clock in the morning we ran on through a country of enchanting beauty, to Baltimore for dinner.

It is said that Baltimore boasts of the handsomest women on the globe. I here saw and ate the first fresh oyster in my life, and I slaughtered him on the "half shell." Leaving at two o'clock, we ran into Washington at four, arriving at the national capital in a drizzling rain. Here I found Governor Burbank, Judge French, Secretary Batchelder, Major Hanson, Colonel Propper and others of Dakota. I had not been in the city thirty minutes before they put a new plug hat on my head. I have since bought a cane and umbrella, and my head is still swelling every day. This congress business kills a great many men here; it breaks out all over like the measles. Delegate Spink took me in hand, and put me through the excruciating ordeal of introductions. Ben Butler was about the first man I was presented to as, "Delegate-elect from Dakota—a Democrat." Ben dropped one eye down on me, and the other he cocked up like a listening steer in a corn field, shook hands with me, and I thought he whispered "Where are your brains?" I answered at least, "in my new plug hat." I know by the smile he gave me that I had missed the locality. I next went with Governor Burbank to call on President Grant, who, by the way, is the most perfectly collected and deliberate man that I ever met. I was introduced as the "Delegate-elect, with one fault, that of being a Democrat." The



EXCITING RACE OF ARMY CONTRACTORS.—p. 146.

president shut one eye on me, gave one puff of his cigar, and suggested that it was better to have but one fault than but one idea. I considered the idea a good one, but made no reply to the fault, except that the people had sent me there. I next went with Secretary Batchelder to call on the secretary of war, and see what could be done to procure arms and equipments for the Dakota company of national guards. We were informed that Dakota had already overdrawn her quota, nearly $22,000, and nothing could be done without a special act of congress; hence, until such time, the Yankton Guards will have to uniform themselves in buckskin and use bows and arrows. We next called at the treasury department to inquire about starting a national bank in Yankton, and were plainly told that no bank would be ordered by the government unless the citizens could unite harmoniously in an application. He did not desire to establish a political bank in the interest of any one. From here we sauntered around by the Smithsonian Institute and Botanical Gardens, and I must confess that these two institutions are the only ones that have come up to the anticipation of things which I had prepared myself to witness at the national capital. Returning from these beautiful places of resort, being weary and foot-sore from constant walking on the brick and stone pavements, I made for a passing horse car, and in jumping on to the platform my new plug hat fell off and the wheel ran over it. In scrambling for my stovepipe I ran my cane into a woman's side and stuck my umbrella into the horse's heels, and made the driver swear. I recovered my hat, but it was flatter than a congressman's purse after an election, while a dozen boot blacks were after me to make my mud-scarred stogas "shine." I have concluded to wear moccasins and a Scotch cap hereafter, and turn into the street or hug a lamp post when I meet ladies. I have been into the house of representatives twice this week, and in coming out each time I lost my way among the labyrinths, and found myself once in the basement and once in the garret of the capitol. I have learned to watch the drinking members, for when they go out they take the shortest cut to the street. This is my week of discovery and diversion. In my next I will write of the proceedings of congress.

WHAT I SEE AND HEAR IN CONGRESS.

House of Representatives,
Washington, March 18, 1871.

On the 4th of March I was sworn in and warmed my seat in congress. I drew, by lot, a convenient seat among the red-hot Democrats of Georgia, situated three desks to the right of and on the blind side of the speaker. General Slocum of New York is my desk-mate. I have opened my mouth but once in the House, to introduce a railroad bill, and in order to be noticed at all I was obliged to hollow "Mr. Speaker," loud enough to be heard across a mile of western prairie. My fellow members said I screamed like a Dakota locomotive behind time. I told them that Dakota was "behind time" in having no railroad, and that we were bound to keep screaming till we got one. Every member within twenty feet of me agreed to vote for a Dakota railroad if I would only take the thing home with me and "let her scream" on the western plains, beyond the reach of congressional ears. I bowed and subsided, and as I took my chair I felt as though I had dropped into a "silver palace sleeping car," and was floating away up the Missouri valley from Sioux City to Yankton. But I was aroused from my reverie by a member from the mountains of Virginia, who pinched my elbow and asked, "Do you live on the great plains of Dakota?" I answered, "I do, sir." "How far can you see in that country?" "We can see to where the skies come down to the earth, and in clear weather if a man has a keen eye for the future he can see into the next world." Said he, "Congress ought to build a railroad there immediately, for it is the only opportunity that many of us will ever have to witness the 'holy land.'" Said I: "Why don't your poor and laboring classes of the East come out to Dakota and settle down upon the free homesteads of 160 acres which congress long ago donated to every head of a family." Said he, "What would these homesteaders do in that prairie country, for wood, fencing and building material? They tell me," he continued, "that the young men in that territory seldom marry, for the reason that their homsetead claims do not contain wood enough to keep their wives and children warm in winter; and further, that in many portions of Dakota a home-seeker may travel a hundred miles without finding a bush or stick large enough to kill an offending rattlesnake. Congress might as well give a man a title to 160 acres of blue sky as to offer him a homestead on a boundless plain a hundred miles from market."

At this moment a motion was put for adjournment and a division called for, by rising. Although I have no vote, I kept standing, and my head was counted in the negative. During the great tumult and disorder here at the beginning of the session, I was constantly on my feet watching the "stage performances," and on about half the motions that were put I was counted as voting from a state. But one of the cunning little pages has learned to watch me now, and when I rise he pulls my coat tail and says, "Sit down, Young Dakota." The eternal clapping of hands by members to summon these little errand boys was at first a source of great annoyance and confusion to me. I thought that they were all applauding the speaker who had the floor, but I soon learned that they didn't know nor care what was being said, but were writing letters and mailing documents to their constituents. It was not long till Ben Butler obtained the floor to discuss the measure known as the "Ku Klux Bill," "to protect the lives and property of loyal citizens in the Southern States," and yielded fifteen minutes to the very black member from South Carolina, Mr. Elliott. Immediately the house was as still as a church; the Democrats left their seats and pressed over to the center of the hall, the Republicans gathered closely around the "dark idol of liberty," while the delicate and pale faced flock of errand boys flew around to the left like carrier doves and formed in a line in front of the African orator. Ben Butler took an elevated position and looked the negro straight in the white of his eye for fifteen minutes, until done speaking. The galleries were crowded with ladies and gentlemen, but all seemed to be more astonished at the scene than convinced by the appeal. This question, of course, opened a broad field for discussion, which was indulged in by most of the leading men of the house. Dawes, Butler, Garfield, Stevenson, Farnsworth, Bingham, Hoar and others on the Republican side, and Cox, Beck, Wood, Eldridge, Voorhees, Campbell, Kerr, Democrats, rushed into the contest with bitterness and eloquence. A stranger would hardly believe me were I to tell him, that the most able men in congress are not brilliant or eloquent speakers. Butler, Dawes, Farnsworth and even Bingham are not speakers who would carry an audience. The same is true of Cox, Wood, Brooks, Eldridge and Campbell. Voorhees and Kerr are sometimes truly eloquent. Blaine is probably the most finished and effective speaker on the Republican side of the house. In the recent exciting passage-at-arms between himself and Butler, on the Ku Klux measure, his eloquence was like a sword of silver, so keen and cutting were his brilliant utterances. Butler's great fort of strength is in his determined pluck, his coolness in debate, and invulnerable skin. He laughs at attack and prefers to be in the minority. Half the time that Blaine was pouring out upon Ben the vials of caustic sarcasm, beneath which any other member would have cringed with fear or flown off in a passion, Butler was smiling and nodding his head, and every one of Blaine's fiery bolts seemed to rebound harmless from Ben's tough skin. This was called the stormiest day witnessed in the house for many years, and it reminded me of a crowd of excited passengers crying out their checks for baggage in a union depot.

Another great "field fight" took place in the senate last week, on the removal of Sumner from the head of the committee on foreign relations. Senators Wilson, Howe, Sherman, Schurtz, Logan, Nye and Tipton were the great gladiators in this heated contest. The eloquence of Wilson, Schurtz and Logan and the wit of Tipton carried the sympathy of the galleries and the lobbies for Sumner; but the plain, straightforward senatorial logic of Howe, Sherman, Morton and Nye convinced the senate, and Sumner was dethroned. It is called here a personal fight between Grant and Sumner, on the San Domingo question, and the Democrats appear to care but little which comes out ahead. Since the death of slavery and the freedom of the black race Sumner is, like Iago, without an occupation, and he is now seeking whom he may destroy. But Grant, it seems, don't "destroy well." I think the conservative element of the country is preparing to sustain the president in his annexation measures, as against Sumner. Democrats and conservative men can look for no ameliorating measure to be promulgated by a man whose every act and utterance of his long public life has been so fraught with radical bitterness as that of Sumner. The San Domingo commission are expected home next week, and soon thereafter it is thought that congress will adjourn. No working committees have yet been appointed in the house, and hence no business of importance is being transacted. I am very confident that when the committees get settled down to business we can get a modified railroad land grant for Dakota. But if we ask for too much we will lose all.

KILLING THE "BLUES" IN WASHINGTON.

House of Representatives,
Washington, March 31, 1871.

Nothing is being done in congress but to debate and quarrel over the Ku Klux bill in the house, and the Domingo

Isle in the senate. Resolutions have been passed to prohibit general legislation this session; hence, I, as a delegate, having no vote, have been passing away these wet, gloomy days of Washington by attending to business at the departments.

It seems to rain here with as little difficulty as a woman weeps. The cold, drizzling drops appear to chill the hearts of the people, so much so that they all carry umbrellas over their heads, and look "blue" in the face; except the negroes, and they look "pale." These wet, sloppy days make me long to get back under the bright, cheering skies of Dakota. If there is anything that will make a person blue it is to see the world around him look so; the skies gloomy, the streets wet, doors closed, and the passing crowd looking despondent. But I long ago learned that life is too short in this world for a man to waste time in having the blues; hence, during these dull days of speech-making and rain-falling, while nearly everybody appears to have the mumps or blues, I started out on a tour to the resorts of sport and amusement.

In fact, I have talked railroad so much here that a congressman told me to-day that he wished I had a double track, broad gauge, with a daily train running up and down my back. I told him if I only had the thing on my back, I would start for Dakota to-night. But as it was still raining, he advised me to wait and go to the great horse show, and learn how to tame "vicious animals." Accordingly, in the morning I started out, with umbrella, and wended my way through the rain to the great pavillion, on the avenue. Here I also found President Grant and a number of the High Commission. When the great animal tamer threw a plunging horse upon his side, in the arena, and sat upon his head, the president was greatly pleased, and it seemed to remind him of the floundering Republican party with himself sitting upon Sumner, its head. And when the exhibiter hobbled and mastered a kicking horse in ten minutes, and drove him, like a lamb, in his sulky, the president smiled as though he had learned a new way to hamper balky politicians into the party traces. Next came a kicking mule,—one of the Josh Billings kind, that often behaves a whole year to get a good chance to kick somebody. The first plunge that mule made he threw the bottom of his off hind foot within three inches of my innocent nose. You can rely upon it, I felt "tamed" immediately, and I backed out of that ring like a craw-fish; and I have not been to any horse shows since. It is a good place to get rid of the blues, and affords a man an excellent chance to have his head kicked off so quick that he won't know whether he is dead or divorced. As I passed down the avenue, I heard that long-eared animal braying like a steamboat, and I afterwards heard that he did not become tamed till he had kicked his own shoes off and his hide loose.

Down at the corner of the next block I heard an auctioneer crying out "going for 50 cents." I struck straight for his voice, and as I entered the room he caught my eye and nodded his head. I returned the compliment. At that moment he cried out, "Sold and gone." To my surprise, I found that by nodding my head I had bought a woman's head-dress for fifty cents. I paid the money, and left the prize on the counter. I slipped out and walked slowly down the street, muttering to myself, "Sold and gone"; and I haven't nodded my head at a man since I made that purchase. Being a single man, I felt a little blue over that bargain, so I pushed on through the rain, up the avenue, and soon met a boot-black, who offered me a "shine" for ten cents. Thinking my understanding needed brightening up, I poked my foot out to him. He pulled his artist-brush and looked me in the face and said, "Boss, you looks like one of them ar congressmen; chock down the cash before I spit on your boot, sah; we don't trust them ar M. C. fellars." I paid him the dime, and he blacked one boot and then asked if I wanted the other "slicked," saying that his price was ten cents a foot. By this time I began to get a "mad on," and I turned from the impudent Sambo, and walked rapidly on, with one boot black and the other brindle. My brindle foot attracted so much attention that I stepped the other into the mud to make a match. It now being near night, I began to retrace my steps toward the National Hotel, and in passing the corner of Seventh street and Pennsylvania avenue I was attracted by a large mixed crowd of negroes and white men, listening to campaign speeches on the approaching election for delegate to congress from this new Territory of Columbia. The black orator, Elliot, was thundering at the crowd as I came up, and the whole passing populace seemed to stop and look in wonderment at this African prodigy, instructing white men. He soon closed, and a white Republican speaker arose to address the meeting, and the crowd began to disperse. I was struck by the natural curiosity of mankind. Whoever can attract attention, no matter by what strategy, is popular. Let a man stand in the middle of the street, on a fine Sabbath morning, and look right up in the sky ten minutes, and he will soon draw around him a larger crowd than would Henry Ward Beecher in Plymouth Church. Let a person start a dog fight, a negro meeting, or a horse race, and he will get a fuller "turn out" than could be rallied by the most brilliant speaker in congress.

The rainy, gloomy days are now over, and this morning the warm sun is smiling over the beautiful city.

The fiery debates on Southern outrages are still increasing in congress, and the whole issue, so far, may be stated in a nut-shell, viz.: The Republican speakers claim that the federal government has a constitutional right to protect life, liberty and property on every inch of American soil, whenever it appears that any state shall fail, refuse, or is unable to afford such protection. The Democrats reply that this is breaking down the barrier of state rights, and that each state should be allowed to enforce its own laws and punish its own criminals in its proper state courts. The Democrats, thus far in the debate, have had the advantage of forcible speakers, while the Republican advocates of the bill, although able in argument, are delinquent in eloquence.

CONGRESSIONAL SKETCHES.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON, Feb. 3, 1872.

In compliance with my promise made before leaving Dakota, I shall hereafter endeavor to send to my people each week a letter giving briefly the Congressional news and topics of interest to the people of Dakota. The daily proceedings and routine of congress are pretty well presented to the reading public by the telegraphic dispatches published in nearly all the papers in Dakota, and in consequence thereof I shall devote my letters, through the winter, more particularly to topics of news which are not published in the daily congressional dispatches throughout the country.

The bill before congress for the organization of a new territory out of the northern portion of Dakota meets with much opposition from Eastern members, particularly administration men, who claim that it is injudicious to impose upon the government the expense of a separate territorial organization over a country where there are at present so few people. The committee on territories have listened to statements in favor of the territorial division, made by Judge Brookings, Dr. Burleigh, Colonel Propper, Secretary Batchelder, T. M. Wilkins, and the Minnesota congressional delegation. The Northern Pacific Railroad Company seem to take but little interest in the matters. They desire more immediately the survey of their lands along the line of road than a present territorial government. The chances are that the bill may pass congress in May or June, provided the country is sufficiently opened to settlement before that time by the completion of sixty or a hundred miles of the Northern Pacific Railroad.

There is no hope for any land grant bill becoming a law this session. Congress has become frightened at its own shadow, in looking back at the long list of extravagant and hasty land donations that have been bestowed upon the now rich and powerful railroad corporations of the country. For this reason many sections of the treeless plains of the great West must now remain unaided by congressional land grants for railroads, thus leaving immigration to creep slowly over the public domain. The only prospect for help to Dakota railroads is in the fact that not an acre of land or a dollar in money has ever been given by the federal government to our territory for this purpose, and Dakota being an exception in this respect, congress looks with some compassion on the bill now in the house, which is to allow our territory to select and put in immediate use one-half the amount of "Internal Improvement Lands," which fall to us upon our admission as a state.

DAKOTA SOUTHERN RAILROAD.

The railroad bond law, passed by our legislature, under the provisions of which Yankton county voted $200,000 to aid the Dakota Southern Railroad, is now being considered by the committee on railroads, and will soon be reported to the house for final passage.

The bill to purchase the Black Hills pine lands of the Indians, for the purpose of erecting mills, and manufacturing and rafting lumber to the white settlements of Dakota, meets with favor before the committee on territories.

The bill for arming the Dakota national guards meets with no objection before the committee on military affairs, but the same cannot be said of the bill before the same committee tee to reimburse Dakota for military expenses, which debt was necessarily incurred by the people, to the amount of $28,137.17, in protecting themselves against the invasion of hostile Indians in 1862.

This demand is just, and should have been long ago paid by the war department, inasmuch as the military duty at that time performed by the people who were called out under proclamation of the governor saved to the national government the great expense of sending United States troops to the Dakota frontier to protect the border settlements against Indians who were driven to war by the non-fulfillment of treaty pledges on the part of the government. The fact is, however, that this whole military debt is due to the early pioneers in amounts averagihg fifty-one dollars each, for two months' service in the militia in 1862.

A bill is now before the house which absorbs a great deal of attention, and excites much instructive debate, providing for applying the proceeds of all future sales of the public lands to the establishment of schools, payment of teachers, and the education of all the children of the states and territories, the funds to be distributed each year according to the census of children in each congressional district. This bill meets with general support among Republicans, and is advocated by many Democratic members from the Southern States. The principal objection urged is the fact that by the canvass of children the Eastern States would reap the benefit and profit of the sales of lands in our Western States and Territories. In other words, the East would furnish the children, and the West would furnish the lands. For this reason Western members urge an amendment applying the same amount of proceeds to each congressional district, as a perpetual fund for the free education of all the children thereof.

It is thought that the bill will pass in a modified form, as it has already been reported by the committee, and is now undergoing discussion before the house.

A bill is also before congress giving to each of the territories 30,000 acres of college scrip; the same as is now allowed to each congressional district in the states, for the purpose of erecting one agricultural college therein.

A bill will be introduced on Monday next establishing a new land office at Yankton, with a land district taking in the Dakota river valley, thus leaving the Missouri valley to the Springfield district, and the Vermillion and Sioux valleys to the Vermillion district. This bill is sanctioned by the commissoner of the general land office, on the ground that one of the land offices in each territory should be located at the capital thereof.

Tri-weekly mail service is to be ordered early in the spring, on the routes leading up the Sioux and Vermillion rivers, and from Yankton *via* Sioux Falls to the railroad terminus in Minnesota.

The ten delegates from the territories recently called in force on President Grant to ask that future federal appointments in the territories be made from citizens thereof, and received the favorable reply which has before this appeared in the associated press dispatches. Secretary Batchelder has resigned his office, to take effect the first of February. Gen. Ed. McCook of Illinois had been previously promised the vacancy by the president.

Geo. H. Hand of Yankton is strongly urged by his friends here for the Yankton agency, recently made vacant by the senate's rejection of the new appointee, Mr. Holmes. Judge Brookings frankly declares himself as a candidate for the Republican nomination for congress next fall.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON, Feb. 12, 1872.

The mode and manner of doing business at Washington both in Congress and at the Departments of the Government are indeed subjects of interest to the people. In the House of Representatives, a body of two hundred and forty-three members, representing as they do the diversified and sometimes conflicting interests of the forty odd States and Territories, it is not to be wondered at that oftentimes confusion and excitement and wild discussion holds high carnival in the representative house of the American Congress. Only once a week are the States and Territories called in order for presentation of bills, and then only to be referred to committees for consideration. Many a bill slumbers in the hands of its appropriate committee for weeks and even months before the "call for reports" reaches the matter in question; and then the committeemen are first entitled to the floor for debate, and the member whom the bill may most directly interest, if he be not on the committee, must battle his way to get the ear of the Speaker as best he can, unless yielded to by the courtesy of the member holding the floor.

HASTY LEGISLATION.

Sometimes a member undertakes to make an inroad upon the bill as reported by the committee, by proposing amendments. This move almost invariably puts every member on the alert, and the knowing ones begin to open their ears, and rise to their feet to be ready to throttle any hasty legislation. Long experience has proven that many of the most gigantic swindles have been engrafted into bills by amendments made in open house, when everything was turmoil and confusion. For this reason the house almost invariable sanctions the report of a committee who have considered the matter under discussion; and while to a stranger in the gallery the whole proceedings of the House at times appears "like a mob passing a law," yet upon close inquiry it will be found that the whole matter has been thoroughly investigated by some committee, whose members are now on the floor in the midst of confusion, repelling hasty amendments and defending the bill against the attacks of its enemies.

For this reason, also, it matters not how just and necessary a measure may be if it be proposed to carry it hastily through the house, without a committee's indorsement, it meets the eye of suspicion, is objected to, referred or voted down. The committees, in fact, are the "eyes and ears of congress," and all business of importance is investigated and adjusted in these little "sub-legislatures" of the great congressional assembly.

Congress meets at noon each day, and usually sits about three hours, and adjourns. The committees meet at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and discuss and consider bills until twelve, during which time they send for and listen to facts and arguments presented by the member who introduced the bill under consideration. The committee then "assigns" the bill to a sub-committee of its own members, and they select a "manager" of the bill, who is to defend it before the house when reported, with the aid of the introducer to whom is usually awarded a part of the time allowed to the manager having the matter under charge.

Saturdays are occasionally set aside for "general debate only," no other business being transacted. Entering the house on these days the visitor will find from ten to twenty members in their seats, with a temporary chairman presiding, and some one member upon the floor with a written speech in his hand, reading to the vacant chairs and empty galleries. Early next morning his speech appears in the *Globe*, and the member franks home to his waiting constituents thousands of copies of his "great speech in the American congress." Short, sharp, and eloquent speeches are sometimes made by leading members, upon the spur of the moment, touching some important national matter; but none except the most experienced and able members dare to launch out into the open sea of debate before a full house without being perfectly prepared upon the subject in question, and ready to answer any interrogatory that may be propounded by a hundred able lawyers before him. Hence most of the great speeches in congress of late years are delivered from written copy, which is a convenient way of precluding questions as the speaker proceeds.

There are but very few eloquent speakers in the house, but what will most astonish a visitor during debate is the wonderful scope of information that is displayed by the members of this legislative body. A person will soon become convinced that he is in the presence of the most intelligent law-making assembly in the world—men of keen perception, large experience, and broad views and progressive ideas. A man who follows the advice of vindictive newspapers and goes to the

American congress to find fools, will come away with the opinion that the representatives of the United States are a much abused class of worthy men. Of course, we find an occasional "black sheep" in congress as we do in church; but the exception proves the rule.

"Over in the senate," the legislative proceedings are conducted with much more apparent system and deliberation than in the house. Everything here is as quiet and pleasant as a parlor, the dignified senators always keeping their seats and *none* rushing down to the center or crowding around a speaker in the most heated discussion. In this body, containing only about one-fourth as many members as the house, there is no struggling or jostling to get the floor for debate, but each senator can speak whenever the "spirit moves him." The galleries of the senate are generally more densely packed with spectators than those of the house, and principally by ladies. The position of United States senator for six years is considered one of the best offices in the gift of the American people. His lease upon office outlives that of the presidential term of four years, and instead of being directly indebted to the people for his position, he is only obligated to a few leading members of the state legislature for his election, besides being the dangerous possessor of one of the seventy odd senatorial votes which decides the confirmation or rejection of all appointments sent in by the president.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON, Feb. 24, 1872.

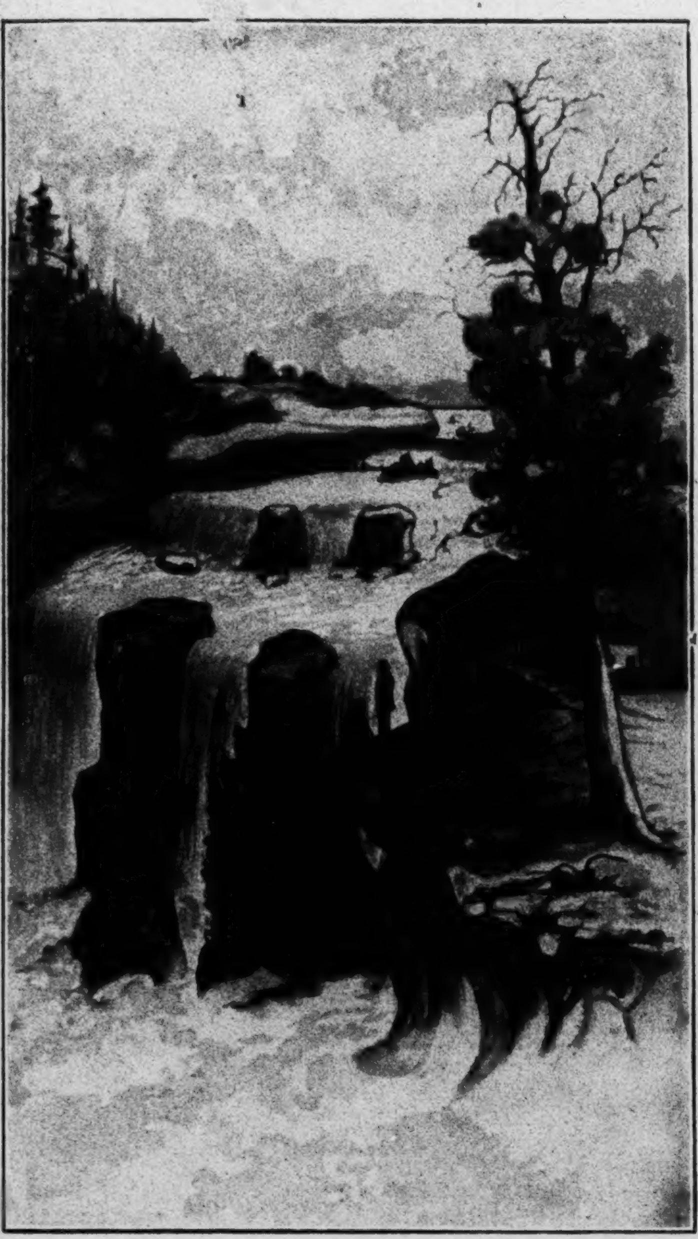
Congress to-day is not in session, and it being a beautiful and spring-like Saturday morning, I will go with your readers to commence our promised "walks about Washington." Stepping out of the door of the National Hotel, we find ourselves in the midst of the gay and social throng which daily promenades up and down the most fashionable street in America—Pennsylvania avenue.

Although the commodious street cars are passing us every five minutes, we will walk leisurely up the broad, clean pavements, toward the president's house, in preference to taking seats and riding among fat colored women, large market baskets, strings of fish, and the dread of smallpox.

We step along to the corner of Seventh street, near the center market, where a long line of elegant carriages attached to silver buckled horses await the weary or hurried footmen, and a dozen coachmen with upright whips present themselves ready to drive us to any part of the city for a dollar. But we prefer to stroll on down through the thronging multitude, witnessing the bewitching wiles of American fashion. Passing on along the broad airy avenue, at each crossing, we look out to the left along the grove-arched streets into the broad blue Potomac waters, where sloops, vessels and steamers are floating about as in mid-summer. But our Dakota reader, now by my side, who sports a silk hat and twirls an attractive cane, looks not so much at the blue waters on his left, as at the bright eyes and smiling faces of the swarms of passing ladies that flit like butterflies on his vision. Down here in this Washington climate American ladies all wear a sweet and cheering smile, no matter how sad or sore the heart within.

But we are now far up at the corner of Lafayette park, and we stop for a moment to stand upon the spot where Sickles shot Key. The tree behind which the assailant and murdered man took refuge has been gradually whittled and hewed into the ground by curious visitors. The window from which the erring woman flung her fatal handkerchief is but a few yards distant, and looks out upon the lovely and evergreen park of Lafayette. We swing the iron gate and walk through and around this enchanting arbor of perennial green.

Crossing again the broad avenue, we step upon the smooth stone pavements leading up through the magnificent "President's Grounds" to the White House. Here the old oaks



SIOUX FALLS, DAKOTA, IN 1859.—p. 158.

and stately elms are seen bearing upon their trunks the moss and ivy of the early days of the Revolution. We approach the white old mansion, and are shown by the ushers to the room of Colonel Dent, father-in-law to the president, to whom we deliver our card, which is sent by a messenger to the president's room, and after waiting our turn, we received the response. "Admit."

We enter, and find the president seated at the far end of his reception table, leisurely smoking his favorite "Havana." He looked wearied and humble, having just closed his usual morning "interviews" with members and senators before the daily assembling of congress. We briefly pay our respects to the chief magistrate of the nation, and received from him a smile of relief and a fervent hand shake when, on departing, we assured him that we did not call "to apply for office." He looked surprised, whiffed his cigar, and said, "Call again."

We now stroll down through the eastern lawn of the grounds, passing a number of gushing fountains and smooth grassy mounds, to the broad stone approach to the mammoth treasury building.

Let us climb the great granite steps and enter its marble palaces of gold and greenbacks. First we will try to find our way to the office of the comptroller of the currency, to ascertain what he can do for us in the way of starting a national bank in Dakota. We pass between marble pillars standing as thick and large as forest trees, until we find at the entrance a one-legged messenger who points us up a broad, gas-lighted and steam heated hall, as long as a whole block of lots in Yankton. We pass on, witnessing scores of clerks at work in the long line of rooms that open upon either hand, until we reach the other end. Here we inquire of another messenger, one-armed this time, who directs us up the iron stairs to the next floor, and here we are met by a little old Irishman, with an eye shot out by a rebel bullet, who points us down another long passage, to the comptroller's room. On we go, passing, as before, hundreds of clerks busily engaged in the rooms that open upon our right and left. We find the comptroller attentively engaged signing his name to papers and a female clerk beside him "blotting" his signatures, and withdrawing the manuscripts.

He turns to us for a moment, and says that he has awarded to Dakota $100,000 of the national currency, but that the parties whom he had authorized last summer to subscribe for the bank stock have thus far failed to deposit the required security before the issue of notes can be authorized. We then filed the application of forty merchants of Yankton, who agree to deposit the bonds in thirty days, if a charter be given them for the First National Bank of Dakota. He takes the paper, reads it and requests us to call to-morrow. We bow and retire, and walk down the long aisle past the multitude of rooms where are flying the lightning fingers and flexile tongues of five hundred female clerks who are counting, cutting, trimming, packing and making, bright, new, laughing greenbacks. If a man can ever believe with Shakespeare, that "money is worthless trash," he will believe it here, where the stuff is handled and packed by young girls as freely and abundantly as new mown hay. But we must begin to get out of this great cave of the national finances. There are too many ladies and greenbacks here for the safety of a Western man, so we begin to descend again the heavy iron stairways to the marble gold rooms, where we witness a number of male clerks standing and counting, by the wagon load, filthy lucre, with a rapidity truly astonishing.

Out of curiosity my friend presents at the teller's counter one of Uncle Sam's twenty-dollar promises to pay, and asks for gold. In the twinkling of an eye the shining coin comes flying at him like marbles, and he thrusts the hard money in his pocket and walks out into the street, heavier than before. But before we left, we turned and glanced at a government bondholder, who walks up to the paying teller, clips his coupons, draws his gold, walks leisurely out, steps into his elegant carriage, and drives home to live in luxury upon the interest of his money.

But it is now "high noon," and I must part with your readers while I go to take my "contested" seat in the "House on the Hill." In our next letter we will resume our "walks about Washington," and will continue from week to week until your readers become fully acquainted with "Life and Scenes in Congress."

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON, D. C., March 5, 1872.

Since my last letter, Washington has been visited by the heaviest snowstorm of the season. On Saturday last the wind and storm came pouring down from the north with a fury almost equal to that of a real Dakota blizzard. The street cars were so blockaded by snow and crowded with people that snow plows were brought out, drawn by four horses, and it was with great difficulty that the track was kept open through the day for the passage of cars along the broad and beautiful avenues. A very few members of either house were courageous enough to venture out and weather the storm up to the capital. It was a great day for letter writing, wire working and hot punches. Men with the blues looked from their hotel windows and muttered, "What a terrible day," women drew their easy chairs close to the sparkling coal fire, looked out into the cold, snowy street and murmured "pity the poor." The jolly lobbyist swallowed his hot whisky, and grunted out, "Let her storm." The poor half-clad newsboy drew his neck into his shoulders, and with arms thrust into his flimsy pants, he runs and screams, "*Morning Chronicle.*" Nobody stops to finger his pennies for a morning paper. The bootblacks throw aside their brush and box, and join in the "shovel brigade," for the cleaning of sidewalks and doorsteps. Five hundred female clerks set out for the department, and on entering the streets they lift their dainty dresses and run a thousand little gaiters into the deep cold snow and exclaim, "Horrid!" Nearly all day the storm kept on with unabated severity, until the warm sun looked out over the city toward evening, when out burst upon the avenues a cavalcade of lovely sleighs and prancing steeds, with merry chiming bells, laughing maidens, dashing "swells," and whole families of young and old, gliding over the soft level snow of this southern climate. Evening draws her veil and the moon smiles out over the white shrouded city, which studded with darkening evergreens and specked with the long lines of twinkling gaslights, resembles a spirit land, where the ringing laugh of joy breaks on the ear.

Sunday morning in Washington opened with a clear, soft sky and balmy breeze, and early in the day the snow began to melt, and water to run in the streets. The beautiful chime of bells on Metropolitan Church ring out over the city to call the people to the great temple of worship. These bells peal forth the old familiar church tunes with as much precision of note and tune as is given by the most experienced singer.

Soon is seen the long lines of church-going assemblages wending their respective ways to their favorite places of worship. The Metropolitan is the "popular" church of the city, being the one where the president goes to atone for his weekly sins. This church is presided over by Dr. Newman, chaplain of the senate and the religious tutor of the chief magistrate of the nation. Here, also, in this sacred temple of worship, is where the Washington ladies go to learn the latest fashions of hat, dress and jewels, and to peep at each other jealously over their gilt-edge book lids, and to lean their prayerful brows on diamond fingers, and while thinking of the next ball at the president's, they whisper, "amen!" in church. Money goes a great way here toward making religion, and the person who throws pretty heavily upon the silver plate of a Sunday is quite sure of receiving the benediction of, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the fold of this church." A long array of elegant carriages is hired to follow these silken Christians to their last home, and the papers record a "falling star" from the firmament of piety, virtue and Christian example. Church closes, the great organ rolls forth its thrilling tones like the thunders of heaven, and the gay audience pours out into the street followed by the minister's words: "The Lord be with you, now and forever."

From here we go down to dinner at the National Hotel. We enter the historical old mansion, and pass through the low halls once honored as the Washington home of Clay, Webster and Calhoun, and since noted as the resort of Wilkes Booth, the assassin of President Lincoln. As we pass down the long dining-room, at a small table on our left, we are attracted by the face of Hon. David Davis, recent nominee for president by the Labor Reform Convention. Near by sits Hon. Alex. Ramsey, the genial senator from Minnesota, dining cheerily with his handsome wife and lovely daughter. But as we pass along we find upon our right and left many members of congress, newspaper men, lady correspondents, female clerks, bridal parties, long-faced office seekers, jovial lobbyists, and white aproned colored waiters. Here again, as in church, we find the ladies dressed for the occasion. Diamonds, ribbons, silks, paints, and perfumes adorn the ladies who dine at the National. We wait fifteen minutes for our dinner, and when it comes we devour it in ten, and pass out of the hall to take our usual walk. We stroll leisurely down the avenue, and cross over through the soft white snow to the perennial greenhouse in the botanical garden. We step from the snow-covered park or lawn into the green, flowering and fragrant garden of midsummer, roofed with glass and heated by steam. Plants, flowers and shrubs from all parts of the globe here flourish in climatic glory. Oranges and lemons hang pendant over the narrow walks, and bewitching blossoms entice the visitor on down the long green aisles, like lilies by the brookside. Bouquets are here plucked daily through the dead of winter. We break a single rose and "depart in peace."

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON, D. C., March 9, 1872.

This morning we will resume our usual "walks about Washington" by visiting the departments of the government on business relating to Dakota. Emerging from the east wing of the capitol we pass between colossal pillars of marble and descend down a whole acre of broad granite steps to the clean and inviting cars of the F street horse railway.

We pay seven cents for our tickets, and the wheels of our car roll on down by the Baltimore depot, where we witness a great rush of passengers, hacks and carriages hurrying to and from this great center of travel, where eight passenger trains arrive and depart every twenty-four hours. Here our car halts and is rapidly filled up by the incoming passengers, and we are crowded close down into the corner by a smiling and talkative widow, who informs us that "she lost her husband in the war, and has come to Washington for a pension." She asks me if I am a member of congress; I answer that I am guilty of being a delegate, but have no vote. She smiles and asks for my influence, and I reply that I have none. She smiles again sweetly, and asks if I am married. I answer, "Engaged." By this time we have rolled along up to the City Hall park, and our lady snaps the car bell and trips lightly off to call upon a pension claim agent in "Lawyer's Block."

A few minutes more and we are halted at the corner of Seventh street, between the mammoth marble buildings known respectively as the interior and postoffice departments. We alight, and enter the great building on our left, through the city postoffice division, where crowds of anxious people are reading the hanging list of "advertised letters"; others are rushing in and hastily dropping letters in the boxes labeled respectively "East," "West," "South," while scores of ladies with furtive glance and elastic step dart constantly up to the "city box," and deposit innumerable little tinted envelopes. Then comes thundering up and rushing into the basement of the building great wagon loads of congressional mail bags, which are shipped, by the hundred tons, daily throughout the country.

We ascend to the second floor, and find ourselves in the midst of the postmaster general's department, where a multitude of clerks are busily engaged arranging and adjusting the different mail routes, postoffice contracts, and service throughout the country. Here we find the same array of messengers—mostly one-armed or one-legged—by whom strangers are directed to the different rooms, or divisions, where will be found the clerk having in charge the particular business upon which information is desired.

Then we are pointed down the long hall to room 62, where we find the head clerk of the appointment division for Dakota. He receives us politely, and we file with him papers asking for the establishment of new postoffices and the appointment of postmasters at Scotland, Milltown, Rockport, Turnerville, Saint Olafe, Medary; also, a couple of offices in the Red River valley. These requests are all readily granted and the necessary notices delivered.

But we have not yet reached the most important division for Dakota, the place where difficulties are encountered in securing mail facilities for the territory. We pass around up a long hall and down another, and arrive at room 20, where we find the head clerk of the contract division of Dakota. We pull from our coat pocket a petition of 300 settlers, asking that mail service up the Vermillion river be increased to three times a week. The clerk puts his hand into a pigeon hole and "draws the record" on us, showing that the government is now paying over $400 a year for carrying the mail from Vermillion to Swan Lake once a week, and receives in return less than fifty dollars a year as the proceeds of the route. We now come at him again with another petition and a legislative memorial, asking for tri-weekly mail service up the Sioux Valley to Sioux Falls. He pulls from another more fatal pigeon-hole papers showing that the government is now paying over $1,000 more than the proceeds of the route for carrying the present semi-weekly mail from Elk Point to Sioux Falls; and he then reminds us that a daily mail is now being carried from Sioux City to Yankton, sixty miles, for one cent a year.

He, however, acknowledges that new mail routes in the territories are seldom remunerative to the government, and that with the opening of spring and the commencement of immigration he would readjust the business of the postoffices, and give to each of the above routes one additional trip per week.

We now very forcibly flatter ourselves that we can accomplish more by going directly to headquarters and making the request. We therefore rapidly pace back through the long broad hall, and drop in on the postmaster general, and present our case and our petitions. He strikes a bell and calls in the second assistant postmaster general, who has entire charge of the "Service Division" of the United States. We are transferred to the charge of this second assistant, who conducts us back again into his room, where he strikes another bell, sends a message, and to our mortification, in a few moments appears before us the very clerk of the "Dakota division" with whom we had first labored. The assistant postmaster general says to him, "Examine this case and report." The clerk responds that he has investigated the matter, and finds that the proceeds of the office along the routes will not, at present, warrant the expense of an increase of service; but that, acting upon the prospects of an increase of postal business in the early spring, tri-weekly mail can be ordered during the month of April.

We will now pass down and cross over the street to the interior department, for the purpose of attending to some Dakota business in the general land office.

Ascending the broad granite approaches to the second floor, we pass into the great arena, turn to our left, and feel at home, as we walk down the wide aisle to the bureau of lands, homesteads and surveys. We find the commissioner as busily engaged at his desk as any one of the numerous clerks in his department. He can tell us more about matters in his bureau without ringing a bell than any other officer I have met in Washington. He informs us all about land offices and land districts in Dakota, the extent of surveys made, the amount of prairie land, our want of railroads, and the number of homestead and preemption claims taken in the territory since our organization in 1861. We make inquiry about the status of certain land contests in Dakota and the issue of patents, and he directs us down another long aisle to the chief clerk of the preëmption and homestead division. We here find the clerks of this department over-worked and behind in business. Contested cases which were sent on from Dakota nearly a year ago have not yet been reached, and but very few patents have been issued upon lands entered and paid for in the year 1870. The clerical force in the land department is far too small for the prompt discharge of the enormous amount of business which daily accumulates upon their hands. A bill is pending before congress to appropriate money for an increase of clerks in this department.

The homestead and preëmption settlers of Dakota must not become impatient at any seeming delay in the adjustment of their claims at the general land office. The commissioner has decided that the receipt for the lands entered is as valid as a patent. We will conclude our department visits in the next week's letter.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON, D. C., March 16, 1872.

Before proceeding with our usual walk about the capital city this morning, I trust I shall be pardoned for making a passing allusion to the disagreeable contest now being waged by my two competitors for the seat that I occupy as representative from Dakota. The case has been heard before the committee on elections, and the evidence and arguments have all been submitted. The committee will report to the house in April. I have no cause to fear the result, notwithstanding the fact that the *Dakotan* is assailing me persistently, and endeavoring to make up a newspaper decision of the matter in favor of its candidate, Dr. Burleigh, before the committee has reported. Mr. Spink has conducted his contest against me in every respect like an honorable man, relying strictly upon law and evidence, instead of resorting to froth, wine and anonymous newspaper buncombe. The only annoyance this contest causes me is the time and attention that it costs me to defend myself against an unjust conflict here and the more personal attacks of the *Dakotan* at home. I call it unjust for the reason that my contestants are now endeavoring to throw out voting precincts which were established by themselves. But I shall protect myself against all these, and come out unharmed; yet the people and the territory must lose the time and services that I am compelled to give to this personal defense of my rights as a representative.

The contest has already occupied the most important working days of the present session, and business is now so crowding upon the house that it will require constant and vigilant action to secure the passage of any measure for the benefit of the territory before the adjournment of congress. I simply ask the people to bear with me, and not to be hasty in their judgment. I hope to be able to secure the passage of the bill to give to Dakota her internal improvement lands; also, the bill to reimburse the territory for expenses of her Indian wars: the bills to open the Black Hills, to establish a new land office at the capitol of the territory, and to extend the time for preëmption payments. These measures may all fail if delayed another month unless they can be engrafted onto some omnibus bill during the closing weeks of the session. The Dakota Southern Railroad bonds have received the approval of the respective committees in the senate and house, but must await the day assigned for reports.

We will now go with your readers to call on the secretary of the interior, and consult with him in regard to the project of opening the Black Hills region to the white people for the purpose of mining and lumbering. Fortunately we find him in company with his subordinate officer, the commissioner of Indian affairs, and the eminent United States geologist, Dr. Hayden.

The secretary has, we soon learn, been already apprised of the new gold excitement, and of the expeditions organizing in the West to penetrate the Black Hills Indian country, now so jealously guarded by the red men as their long favored resorts and hunting grounds. The enthusiastic Dr. Hayden immediately joins in the conversation to attest his knowledge of the mineral fields in the Black Hills, and of the vast pine forests that abound there, and claims that it is due to the settlers of the West that some means be provided that access can be obtained to a land so rich in its forests and minerals. The secretary of interior and commissioner of Indian affairs do not take so favorable a view of the matter, but declare that the government must stand by its faith with the Indians, for whom that region has been set apart as a reserve, and that no formidable expedition of white men will be sustained by the United States government in any invasion of this home of the red men, for the purposes of mining operations or the manufacture of lumber, unless the Indians will first consent to alienate their claim or remove to some other locality.

The secretary expressed himself as having no objection to the provisions of the bill now pending before congress, authorizing him to "perfect such negotiations with such Indian tribes as will secure to the white settlers the right to enter the Black Hills, occupy the streams, and erect mills for the purpose of mining and the manufacture and transportation of lumber."

But his opinion is it would better suit the Indians to have the travel and transportation to and from that country follow but one route, and to confine the base of operations for mining and lumbering within certain prescribed limits or valleys.

We will now pass on down the hall to apply for a patent for a "spring seat," a model of which has been sent me by the inventor from Bonhomme. The commissioner smiles as I present the little painted seat, and he asks if it is "contested." I reply that I always carry my "contested seat" with me, but that I do not consider it a "model" worthy of a patent. We file the "spring-seat model," and are informed that a patent therefor will be given upon complying with the printed instructions handed us. We now step to the upper floor, and stroll along the broad aisles of the patent bureau, where we witness on either hand racks, like corn-cribs, loaded with beautiful miniature models of every conceivable invention ever devised by the prolific genius of mankind. The great chamber, covering a whole block, groans beneath its bewildering sea of mechanism.

The visitor here will almost believe that the world is run by patent machinery, and that life is sustained by patent medicines. I began to feel patent all over; I felt like a man with a patent heart, a patent head, and a "patent seat," living in a patent world. The commissioner told us that he had received applications for "patent rights" to everything on earth but babies and politicians; the first he said couldn't be "modeled" and the second couldn't be "imitated." I told him I didn't like his applications, and on retiring he assured us that our "spring-seat" shall be "patented."

Since my last letter the dark-skinned "Japs" have had a public reception on the floor of the house of representatives. Speaker Blaine delivered the reception remarks, and the leader of the Japanese delegation responded in a language more horrible than that of the Sioux Indians of Dakota. The galleries, lobby rooms and corridors were crowded with curious spectators, and, by resolution, ladies were admitted to the floor. I stepped down to the front but a minute to look the "Japs" in the eye, and shake hands with them, and on my return I found a blushing maiden in my seat. She filled it well, and kept it, too. I bit my lips and muttered, "Good

Lord! another contestant!" I was struck with the curiosity of American women,—some were standing upon chairs to look over the heads of others and see the little dwarfed, dark Japanese.

At a grand reception recently given by the "Japs," at the Arlington, many visitors got mixed up in the crowd and came away swearing about the loss of overcoat, hat and "reputation."

House of Representatives,
Washington, D. C., March 25, 1872.

I am induced to believe that I cannot better interest your readers this week than to devote the present letter to giving a few pen pictures of some of the prominent senators and members of congress. During the recent great debate in the senate, over the investigation into the frauds and abuses of the government, the galleries, lobbies, corridors and passageways were crowded with curious and excited spectators. Even the senate floor itself was yielded to make room for the presence of ladies. We enter the chamber, and with difficulty find standing room to listen to the great speech of Senator Schurz, who is one of the most accomplished and eloquent orators in the senate. He is a tall, lean man, with shaggy, red whiskers and a pair of eyeglasses perched upon his classic nose. He stands near the middle of the senate chamber, and his brilliant accents, with but little effort on his part, fall upon the ears of the remotest auditor in the vast assemblage. His elocution and utterance of distinct syllables is as faultless and effective as the efforts of the most renowned tragedian.

In a moment of one of his impassioned bursts of eloquence, his face turns as white as marble, and his quivering fingers raised high in air send an electric thrill through the listening throng. Hear him as he hurls the following declarations of defiance at the head of the government:

> Let it be known in every nook and corner of this land, let the news go forth all over the vast boundaries of this Republic, that he who is in

earnest, setting his face against those in power with fearless purpose to detect fraud, to punish violations of the law, has by "the powers that be" opened to him the prospect of a dungeon! Why, sir, I never thought that the administration was in a condition quite so desperate.

No man owns the German-American citizens of this country. No politician owns them, no senator does; but least of all are the Germans of this country owned by that class of politicians who desperately cling to the skirt of power through whatever mire it may drag them. Least of all do they belong to that class of politicians who are ready to cover up any abuse, to justify any wrong, when the discovery, however useful to the public interest, might displease the administration or injure the party. Least of all do they belong to those politicians who will sacrifice truth and right, and justice, and honor, and public interest to the mere advantage of a party.

Senator Morton replies to Senator Schurz with his usual vigor and fearlessness. He occupies a seat immediately in front of the presiding officer, and he speaks while sitting, being so disabled in his limbs as to prohibit his standing unaided by supports. He is a large, well formed man, with a bald but well balanced head, a full, clear eye, an intelligent and determined countenance. He strikes back lustily, and deals heavy blows at the "enemies of the administration," aiming his remarks at Schurz, Sumner and Trumbull, declaring that his own courage for the right exceeds that of the German senator, for the reason that he (Morton) "dares to defend an honest president, when to assail is more popular with the lovers of rhetoric."

Senator Conkling next comes to the rescue of the administration, and with loud, clear, distinct, stentorian tones, he proceeds like a lawyer in defense of his client. The senator is a tall, straight, fashionable and handsome man. He parts his "auburn hair" with much precision, is fastidious to a fault, and at once impresses the stranger as a man of too much exquisite nicety to become a heavy power in the scale of statesmanship.

But over to the rear of Schurz sits the immortal statesman of New England, Senator Sumner. He is a large, portly gentleman, plainly and almost carelessly attired, with large head, projecting eye-brows, sallow complexion, and heavy, dark, flowing locks. His desk is piled with law books, and his chair is hemmed in with official reports and authorities. During the preceding debate he has been watching with approving eye the terrific assault of Senator Schurz upon the misrule of the administration. Mr. Sumner's great speeches are all delivered by him from written manuscript, and his deep, full voice rolls over the senate chamber like the tones of an organ. His great speeches have been compared to the discharge of a heavy cannon whose reports lift the hanging fog from the scene of battle.

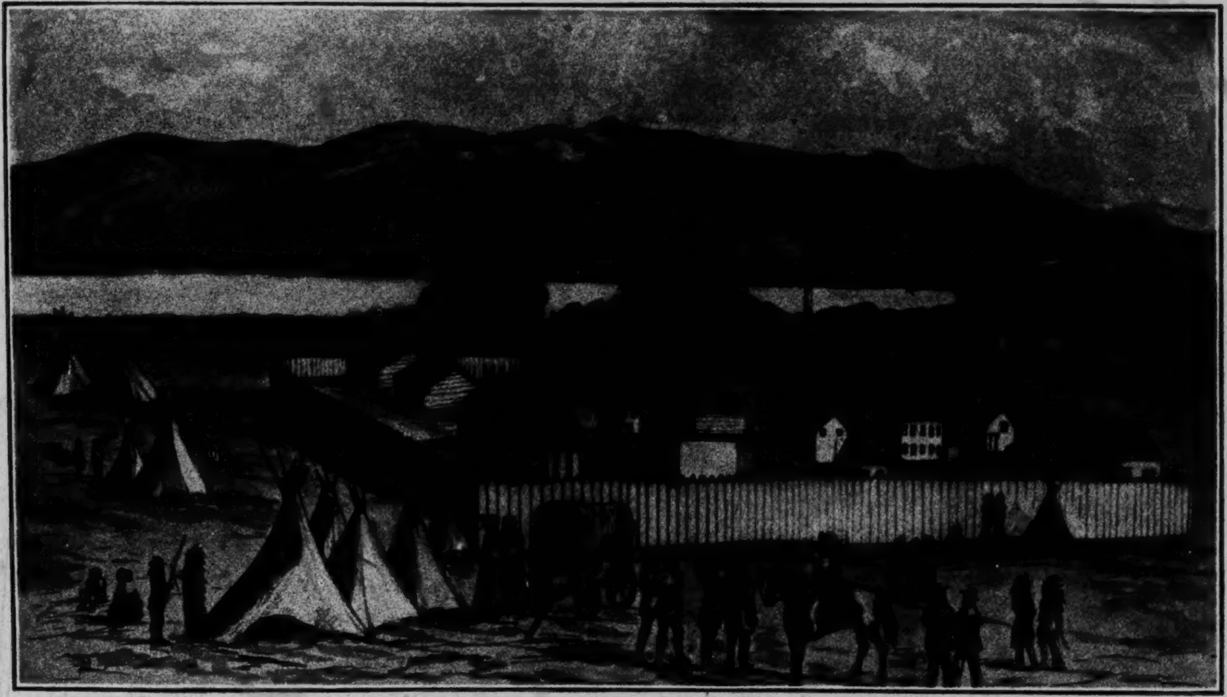
In front and to the right of Mr. Sumner sits Senator Trumbull, who also arraigns the president at the bar of justice. He appears as cold and solemn as a marble statue. His face is wrinkled and apparently beardless. He never smiles, never hurries, and it is said that he has no blood in him, but lives upon law books and the constitution. He is acknowledged as the ablest lawyer on the floor of the senate. His arguments are hard and dry, exhaustive and destructive. He speaks with riveting earnestness, and without notes, and when thoroughly warmed up his whole frame trembles like an aspen leaf. His speeches always carry with them the resistless conviction to his hearers, that the senator is thoroughly in earnest and sincere in the views that he enunciates.

We will now pass over to the other wing and look in upon the debates of the house of representatives, which has been called by a Washington paper "the cave of the winds."

Mr. Voorhees, in the house, is addressing that body in one of his most eloquent strains on the wrongs and sufferings imposed on the unfortunate South. But few speakers are able to command the attention of this noisy and turbulent body, and Mr. Voorhees is one of that favored few. He is of stately and noble figure, and possesses a clear, mellow and musical voice, and delivers himself with thrilling earnestness and brilliant rhetoric.

Mr. Voorhees is a great criminal lawyer, and his speeches before the house bear the impress of a desperate plea for life before a penal jury. He strikes the responsive chord of sympathy, and his whole auditors tremble with listening silence. Hear him as he pours forth the following startling plea in behalf of the unfortunate South:

> From turret to foundation you tore down the government of eleven states. You left not one stone upon another. You rent all their local laws and machinery into fragments, and trampled upon their ruins. Not a vestige of their former construction remained. Their pillars, their rafters, their beams, and all their deep-laid corners, the work of a wise and devoted generation of the past, were all dragged away, and the sites where they once stood left naked for the erection of new and different structures. You removed the rubbish, pushed the army into the vacant ground, established provisional government as you would over territory just acquired by conquest from a foreign power, and clothed brigadiers and major-generals with extraordinary functions as governors. You purged the ballot-box of the intelligence and virtue on which alone popular liberty can be founded, and you have admitted in their stead the suffrage of the most ignorant and unqualified race now inhabiting the globe. You winnowed the thrashing floor, but you rejected the wheat. You accepted the tares and sowed them, and now you curse the soil because you have reaped nothing but tares for your harvest. You built up a foundation of shifting sand, and now you rail at everybody but yourselves because the house has not resisted the winds and the rains that have beat upon it. When the conventions met they represented the wretched constituency which spoke them into existence, and they went to their servile tasks with the bayonet of the federal government at their throats.
>
> Even the sacred instincts of human nature became disqualifications for office. The ties of kindred were made criminal under this new and revolting system. He who gave a cup of cold water to his thirsty and famished son, under arms for a cause which he believed to be right, and for which he was willing to die, was branded with dishonor and driven out from the councils of his countrymen. The loving mother who sheltered her weary and wounded boy, laid him in his own familiar bed at home once more, kissed his feverish lips, wiped away the gathering dews of death, and with a broken heart closed his dear eyes forever, was condemned for these acts of angelic ministering, and incurred the penalties of confiscation. He who dismounted and gave his horse to a brother in the moment of danger and close pursuit; the sister who wrought and sent clothing to him on the toilsome march; the maiden who prayed for her lover as he lay dying in the Wilderness or at Stone River, all fell under a common curse.
>
> Sir, shall a people thus bereft of every attribute of self-government be held responsible at the bar of public opinion or at the judgment-seat of God for the consequences which have overtaken them? If so, then the



CROW CREEK INDIAN AGENCY, DAKOTA, IN 1866.—p. 161.

doctrine of free agency in measuring the accountability of man is a snare and a delusion. As well might you go to the galley-slave and accuse him of the misrule and the tyranny which chained him to the oar. As well might you denounce the banished exile in the snows of Siberia for the despotism of the Russian czar. With the same propriety you may visit the prisons of all lands and rail at their inmates through their iron-grated windows on account of the evil administration of the governments to which they belong.

During the delivery of the above burst of eloquence the house was as still as a church.

Further pen pictures of prominent members in debate will be given in a future letter.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON, D. C., April 1, 1872.

We will continue in our present letter a few remaining pen pictures of leading members of the house of representatives.

Representative Dawes, of Massachusetts, is the acknowledged leader of the Republican majority in the house. He is at the head of the ways and means committee, and during last congress was chairman of the committee on appropriations, and has been successively reëlected by his devoted constituents for the past fifteen years.

He is by no means a pleasing or eloquent speaker, but he has won the confidence and esteem of his fellow members by his industry, honesty and sterling ability as a legislator. He is a man of middle age, with wrinkled face, locks mingled with gray, a watchful eye, an open ear, and ready tongue. He is, in every sense of the word, an "Independent Republican," and in one of his recent speeches upon the extravagance exposed in certain departments of the government he said that, wherever he could see "fraud raise its head he was ready to strike at it."

A little wily member over on the Democratic side of the house springs from his seat, and reminds Mr. Dawes that if he intends to strike at the "rising head of fraud, it will keep him busy on the Republican side of the house." "Sunset Cox" is the paragon of wit and humor in the house, and he is one of the few men that can command attention. He is an awkward speaker, and delivers himself with apparent carelessness of gesture, but is very earnest and incisive in his remarks. When warmed up in debate his arm strikes out in one direction and his head flies back in the other, and in this attitude he rushes over to the Republican side of the house, crying, "pig-iron," "free salt," "free coal," "free tea and coffee, and free trade."

W. D. Kelly of Pennsylvania, in tones of thunder and with the eyes of a tiger, hurls back at little Cox the cudgel of "Tammany frauds" and the "traitor blood of the Democratic party." This great tariff advocate then proceeds in reverberating tones of real eloquence to defend the protective tariff policy of the government, as necessary to the encouragement of home industry and to keep up the resources of the nation. In this latter declaration he receives the approving nod of all the members representing manufacturing districts, regardless of politics.

The allusion to "Tammany frauds," brings to his feet that old war horse of New York Democracy, Fernando Wood. He stands six feet, and is as straight as an arrow. With buttoned coat and military mustache, his cultured and manly bearing at once impresses the listener that the speaker is a man of stern will, refinement and ability.

He is one of the most solid and deliberate speakers in the body, and his political convictions are as unshaken as the hills. He has probably seen more of active, exciting and instructive political life during his fifty years' residence in New York City than any other man in congress. He has been three times elected mayor of that metropolitan city of America, and was first elected as a member of congress over thirty years ago. He repels every charge made against the political honor of his adopted city, and reminds the house at this moment that the Democracy of New York, unlike the Republican administration, does not refuse to arraign and punish those found guilty of corruption within its own party.

The tide of debate now turns on another subject, and the noted "statesman from Essex," Ben. Butler, rises, with a bundle of papers in his arms as large as a lady's band-box, and presents a "petition from 5,000 women, asking congress to confer upon them the right of suffrage." General Butler is too well known to need a description here. He has appeared in nearly every political paper in the land. In his present role there is a perceptible blush on his "cheek," as two page boys run up to him and carry off his female petition on their shoulders, amidst the general laughter of the house.

A member calls for the reading of the petition, that it may be spread upon the journal at length, and Butler turns the laugh on the house by squinting his eye at the speaker and saying: "O, no, don't do that, there is not room to parade all these women upon the journal."

Representative Farnsworth of Illinois, who last spring, in open and public discussion in the house, called Butler "a coward and a poltroon," next attracts our attention. He sits near the center aisle in front of the speaker, and he rises to address the house on appropriations for "capitol improvements." He is six feet high, of gaunt and ugly bearing, low forehead, long grayish beard, short neck, and high hunched shoulders. He is of the Davis school of "Independent Republicans." He declares that $12,000 of government money was squandered last year in building a few gates and fences around the public grounds in Washington, and notwithstanding this, that, except on the west side, the cow paths and approaches leading to the capitol building were a disgrace to the American people. And yet, says he, nearly every officer in charge of these public grounds and improvements has an assistant, paid by the government. He asks: "What are these assistants for?" A member answers: "To do the work." Farnsworth replies: "And the chief officer is appointed to draw pay, I suppose?"

But this sort of dicussion on the reckless expenditure of public money always opens up a general debate, and accordingly Representative Garfield of Ohio, chairman of committee on appropriations, comes to his feet in defense of the economical administration of the party in power. He is a man of large head, pleasant address, but by no means a fascinating speaker. His position at the head of the appropriation committee is a laborious and unpleasant one.

If he sets his face against an appropriation which he considers unnecessary or unwise, he is sure to incur the displeasure of the friends of the measure; and on the other hand, if he recommends money for any object which he may deem meritorious, there are always suspicious members enough to fling at him the insinuation that he has a "finger in the pie." General Morgan of Ohio has just sallied upon him with the startling assertion that the United States treasury to-day cannot show to the house within sixty-eight millions of dollars the actual debt of the United States; and that this utter chaos in the finances of the nation has existed during the whole of the present administration. Hence Garfield is hastily called up as the public defender of the treasurer and the administration, and it is only by a dexterous movement that he extricates himself from the charge, by asserting that the report of the register of the treasury fills up and adjusts the discrepancy indicated in the treasurer's report.

Representative Bingham, the eloquent and able chairman of the judiciary committee, who sits down in front of the speaker, and on the Democratic side, rallies to the aid of his colleague (Mr. Garfield) and enlarges in glowing figures and historic precedents on the greatness, power and unparalleled prosperity of the American government, during and since the war, and while under Republican rule. He reminds the house that it requires large appropriations of money to sustain and run a great government like ours. The finances of the nation rest upon a foundation as firm as the everlasting hills; that the public debt is being rapidly liquidated; that the name and commerce and the flag of America are known and honored throughout the civilized world; that the Republican party is one of progress and liberty, whose records and achievements are more brilliant in history than those of any party that had existed since the days of the Revolution.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON, D. C., April 13, 1872.

Beautiful spring-time has come in this mid-land climate, with its early verdure and bloom. In the green-swarded parks of the capitol and Smithsonian grounds already the tender violets are blushing in full glory, while the charming magnolia tree unfolds its spring robe of great white blossoms upon the balmy air. The drooping old willows in the botanical gardens are dressed in graceful green, and the fragrance of new-mown hay scents the breezes from the smoothly shaven lawns of the agricultural grounds. Early birds are warbling among the budding groves, and swarms of merry children are capering over the green carpeted lawns of the city parks. Farmers are planting in their newly-plowed fields, sailboats are running to the fishing shoals of the Potomac, and everything in city and country bears the impress of new-born life.

During the past week the committee on elections submitted to the house a unanimous report declaring that I was legally elected and entitled to retain my seat as delegate in the Forty-second congress from the Territory of Dakota.

This virtually settles the matter of contest, as it is conceded that the house will approve the unanimous report of the committee, composed as it is of six Republicans and three Democrats. I shall now find more time to devote to the interests of the territory, instead of being obliged to watch my contestants in order to defend myself in the contest.

I am constantly in receipt of letters from all parts of the territory telling me what the people want, and urging me to secure some local legislation for some particular town or person, and warning me against paying too much attention to other rival points. It is difficult for me to act on the requests of individual letters, many of which are contradictory as to the wants of the people. For instance, letters have been sent on to me requesting the removal of the Vermillion land office to each of the following towns: Eden, Canton, Sioux Falls, Dell City, Turnerville and Swan Lake; and recently letters have been received from Sioux Falls stating that the Canton people would be satisfied with the land office at Sioux Falls, and on the other hand letters from Canton state that the people of that town desire the land office themselves. Notwithstanding this, I have not received a petition from either place asking for a change in the present location of the office, but some of the leading men at Sioux Falls appear to believe that the office ought to and can be removed to that place without a petition. This may be true, but the commissioner does not feel authorized to act in the premises until the people in the Vermillion district can pretty generally unite on some one point. The location of a new office at Yankton in no way conflicts with future action as to the Vermillion or Springfield offices, but the propriety of one office at the capital of the territory has already been officially recommended by the commissioners of the general land office, on the ground that *one* of the land offices in every territory should be located at its capital, and that Dakota is the only present exception to the rule, out of the nine territories in the Union. The same difference of opinion also seems to exist, as expressed by letters received, in reference to the appointment of postmasters at Sioux Falls, Elk Point, Springfield, etc., which renders it very difficult to form a correct judgment of the real desire of the people.

There is now no longer much doubt as to the passage of the bill extending the time for making payments on preemption claims in Dakota one year. Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan and Dakota have been included in one bill, which has passed the senate and is reported favorably in the house. I am much indebted to Senators Hamlin and Pomeroy for their willing aid given to this bill in the senate.

Senator Ramsey's bill for the new territory of Pembina has been reported favorably to the senate, and is awaiting the day for reports from the territorial committee. The house committee on this bill has not yet reported, but are awaiting further information as to the present population and resources of the proposed new territory. The committee on public lands in the house have instructed Mr. Dunnell of Minnesota to report the Yankton land office bill to the house with a recommendation that it pass.

The committee on territories has also acted favorably on the bill giving 250,000 acres of internal improvement lands to each one of the territories. The secretary of war has reported to the house his opinion as to the validity of the Dakota Indian war claims of 1862, amounting to $28,132.17. He states that the Dakota militia having been called out by proclamation of the governor for the protection of the frontier without the knowledge of the government, the war department is not therefore authorized to reimburse the territory without an act of congress. The committee, therefore, are considering the equity of the claims before reporting the bill now under consideration.

Mr. Chas. Collins of the Sioux City *Times* and president of the "Black Hills Expedition," is here working assiduously with the departments and congress for permission to proceed with his laudable enterprise of opening up the pine mineral lands of the Black Hills to white settlement. He expresses no desire to effect a forcible invasion of the country, but hopes to secure the appointment of a board of commissioners to examine that region of western Dakota, and report to the departments whether the Black Hills country is any longer needed for the occupation of Indians. The secretary of the interior has officially expressed his opinion that the Black Hills region "is not necessary for the peace and welfare of the Indians," and hence, it would appear that the government may yet throw open to white settlement the pine forests of western Dakota.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON, D. C., April 21, 1872.

Looking down the broad and beautiful Potomac, on the right shore, at a distance of six miles, can be seen the city of Alexandria, in Virginia, the memorable spot where waved the rebellious flag above the old Marshal House in which Ellsworth was shot, while attempting to pull down the saucy ensign.

Taking the Seventh street cars we roll down to the Washington wharf, and in ten minutes' time we embark on the fine steamer Arrow, and dart away down the broad channel for Mount Vernon, once the home and now the final resting place of the immortal Washington. The picturesque hills on either shore rival the beauties of the far-famed Hudson. We pass the charming cape of green and groves bristling with whole acres of death dealing cannon belonging to the United States arsenal grounds, and our attention is attracted to a flag pole from which is waving the banner of the Union, near to the spot where were tried and hung the assassinators of Lincoln.

To the right of us on a distant and commanding summit, surrounded by forests of evergreens, can be plainly seen the Arlington mansion, which in early days was the property of a near relation of George Washington, and latterly descended to the Lee family, and up to the time of the late war was the home of Gen. Robert E. Lee. The property was confiscated by the United States government, and the once beautiful grounds have been converted into a national cemetery, and is now a perfect wilderness of tombstones, or white headboards of fallen Union soldiers.

In one great common tomb marked by a solitary monument is buried 2,111 soldiers whose names are "unknown," while stretching away over the vast and solemn field of the dead, the apparently immovable legion of white head hoards stand like ghosts of the departed. Passing on down the Potomac we touch a moment at Alexandria, a city of 20,000 inhabitants, situated on the Virginia shore.

This is one of the oldest cities in the United States, and is said to have been once the *largest* in America. The old Episcopal church in which George Washington worshipped is still standing in the city. The brick for this building were brought over from England at a very early day.

The church pew occupied by the immortal Father of his Country is still kept in good repair, and large congregations assemble each Sabbath at this old and historical temple of worship.

A few miles below, on the Maryland shore, we pass a high and sea-walled point on which is situated Fort Washington, built in 1812, and strongly fortified during the late rebellion. It is now one of the most impregnable forts in the country, and appears from the river like a hill of iron.

Just below we enter the great "Shad shoals" of the Potomac, where we observe hundreds of men "reeling" long seines out into the river a half mile or more from land. These seines are hauled in to shore by horse windlass, and in some cases by local steam power. Small fishing "smacks" are floating about on the shoals, ready to carry the live wriggling crop of the net to the Alexandria market. From 6,000 to 18,000 fish are often drawn in at one harvest of the seine. Oyster beds are found several miles further down the river, where the ocean tide is perceptibly felt. But directly opposite us on the Virginia shore is Mount Vernon.

Our bell tolls, we land, the swarm of visitors disembark, and climb the green banks to stand in reverence before the tomb of Washington.

Through the iron grating door can be seen the sarcophagi inclosing the remains of Washington and his wife Martha. The estate of Mount Vernon has been allowed to pass into the hands of the "Women of the Republic," who have appointed a board of regents, the secretary of which resides at and superintends the care of the "old mansion," which contains many historical relics, such as portions of the military and personal furniture of the great man, family portraits, musical instruments, etc. A portion of the passage money received from visitors by boat is applied to the care and support of the buildings and grounds. The surroundings are charmingly embellished, and a sacred loneliness pervades the spot. The visitor looks down upon and up the broad sail-covered Potomac from this tomb of the immortal dead to the proud capital of his great country, in full view, twenty miles in the distance.

We return pensively to the steamer Arrow, and are soon darting away up the grand river, and in two hours arrive at the Washington city wharf.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON, D. C., May 5, 1872.

The all-absorbing theme of conversation in Washington during the past week has been upon the assembling and deliberations of the great "Liberal Convention," at Cincinnati for nominating a president. The eyes of the great men of both parties have been turned with much earnestness to watch the final result of this immense gathering. The scenes in both houses of congress during the receipt of telegraphic dispatches announcing the successive ballotings in Cincinnati was one of such excitement and anxiety among members that it was with the utmost difficulty that sufficient order was maintained to proceed with the business of legislation. Crowds of members were seen knotted together in all parts of the hall, talking loudly and gesticulating excitedly. The first dispatch announcing Adams ahead, fell upon the house with marked surprise, and was received coldly and almost silently by both Republican and Democratic members. It was an excellent opportunity to judge of the real sentiment and preference of the representatives of the people from all states in the Union, as the successive ballots flashed in upon the house, revealing the comparative strength of the respective candidates. By close observation it was plainly to be seen that the Republicans were pleased to see Adams lead off, and were in high hopes that each coming ballot would declare him nominated; while leading Democrats were seen to bite their lips and would have but little to say to each other, but seemed to be anxiously awaiting the final result before expressing an opinion. Fernando Wood, who sat immediately in front of me, remained silent for some moments, looking vacantly away off into the dark gallery, apparently surveying the future uncertain field of American politics. Dan Voorhees was evidently more uneasy, and with a knitted scowl upon his face he moved impetuously around among the members reading and re-reading different telegrams, as though unwilling to believe his own eyes.

Soon came the second and third telegrams stating that Greeley was gaining and that Brown had withdrawn in his favor. Upon the receipt of this news the excitement became so great that Mr. Dawes, who was addressing the house on the tariff question, was obliged to suspend speaking until order could be restored. To my surprise, I observed that the administration men received the news of Greeley's strength and probable nomination with a soberness almost approaching sadness; while, on the other hand, the Democrats began to wear complacent smiles, and soon became more communicative. To a close observer it now became very evident that the administration Republicans had all along believed that such a ticket would be nominated at Cincinnati as would, of necessity, drive Mr. Greeley and his friends back into the administration fold. Scarcely had this excitement subsided before the lightning flashed in upon the house the tidings that Greeley was nominated. The members were so completely astounded and outdone in their predictions that there was a perceptible laugh all over the hall. Members looked each other in the face incredulously, and asked suspiciously, "When will wonders cease?" Randall, chairman of the Democratic national committee, said aloud: "Well, Greeley is an honest man, anyhow." A red-hot Virginia Democratic member exclaimed: "A Democratic ticket headed by Greeley would be like a band of Christians headed by the devil." Another Democrat from Georgia, a Confederate general, in the late rebellion, said: "The only alternative now left for the old Democratic party is to stand firm by its guns, and win the field." Other Democrats from the North and South expressed themselves as caring more for the platform than for the man, and that if Greeley would place himself upon a satisfactory platform they would willingly support him—avowing that he should no more be shut out on account of his past policy than a man should be denied admission to a church on the score of former transgressions.

Prominent Democratic members remain non-committed, evading all interrogatories by simply stating that they shall go with their party in determining its future course. All agree that another Democratic convention should and will be soon called, and in all probability a full Democratic ticket will be put into the field, unless Mr. Greeley before that time makes a plain and acceptable concession to some of the free trade or low tariff doctrines of the Democratic party.

This appears to be the only main question at issue between the parties of the present day.

The "Liberal" ticket of Greeley and Brown is admitted by administration men generally to be a formidable and dangerous one to President Grant. Some even predict that it will divide the Republican party in the middle, and that thereby the Democrats will carry the elections in the states by a plurality vote, ensuring to them a majority of the next congress, with a fair probability of the presidency. Others claim that if the Democrats nominate a separate ticket the great mass of the Republican party will be driven to concentrate their votes upon Grant in order to prevent the Democracy from getting control of the government. This class of administration Republicans pretty generally concede that, if the Democratic party unites solidly upon Greeley, he will be the next president of the United States. Many of the leading Democratic journals and congressmen have already expressed their approval of his nomination.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON, D. C., May 19, 1872.

Since my last letter three bills have passed both houses of congress which relate particularly to the interests of Dakota. One is the bill extending the time for the final payment on preëmption claims until the fourteenth day of July, 1872; also, the deficiency bill appropriating $6,000 to pay the unsettled contingent expenses of the last legislature, such as printing laws, rents, "incidentals," etc.; and the bill creating a new land district and establishing a long needed United States land office at the capital of the territory. Our territory was particularly favored in the bill extending the time for preëmption payments, since up to this late day in the session Dakota is the only one out of the nine territories that has secured an extension of time. A bill is now pending to confer the same favor upon all the territories, but it is feared that it may fail to become a law before the adjournment of the present session of congress. The Yankton land office will probably be opened for business in the month of June. The most prominent candidates for the position of register and receiver are L. M. Bayless, Geo. H. Hand, Ephraim Miner and Capt. D. W. Allison.

I find that Democratic members of congress here who represent districts polling 50,000 votes have no weight whatever with the president in controlling the patronage or offices of their respective districts. The president is one of those "old warriors" who believe that "to the victors belong the spoils." But what troubles him most just now is to find who are the "victorious" Republicans in Dakota; and until he is able to solve this question he will refrain from putting much patronage into the hands of either one of the warring factions of the Republican party of Dakota. Congress, on the other hand, is fully as generous toward a Democratic delegate as a Republican, in the way of extending to him a helping hand in all general legislation tending to promote the interests of his people and territory.

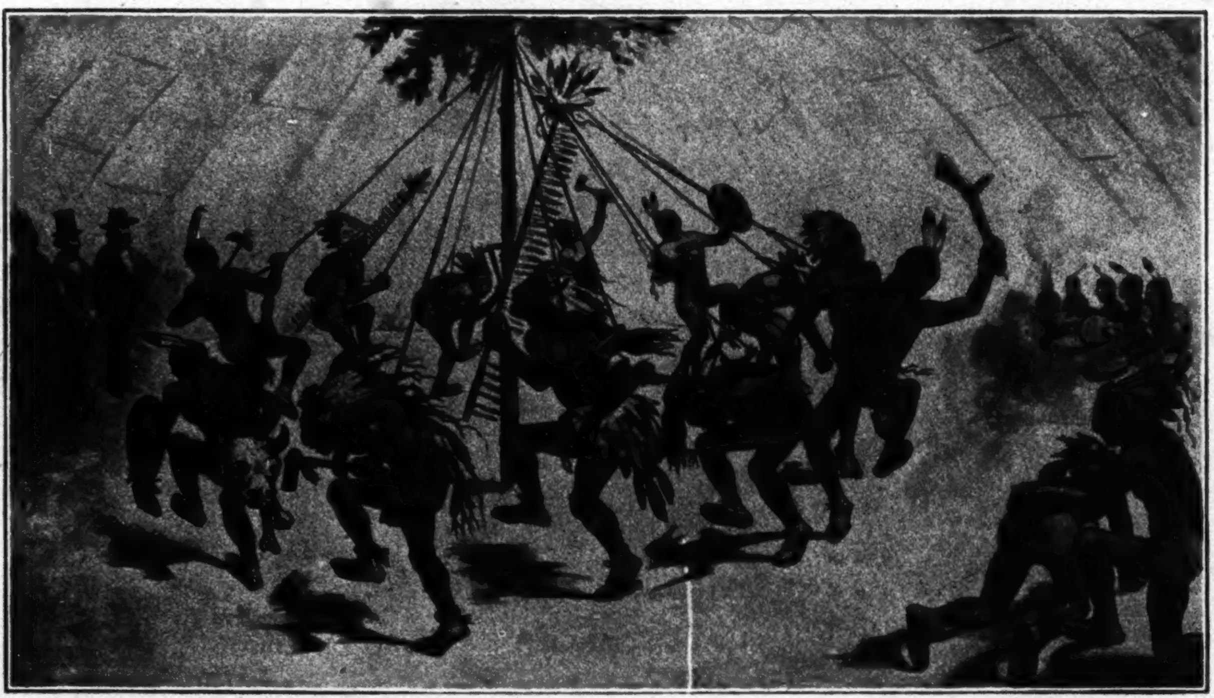
The bill legalizing the action of our legislature authorizing the voting of bonds to aid in the construction of the Dakota Southern Railroad has met with a very close and scrutinizing discussion in both houses. In the senate the best legal talent was brought to bear against it, and it was cut and trimmed until it became an entirely new bill. It is now in the house again, and is going through another gauntlet, and will come up before the house for final passage with two more amendments engrafted upon it. Then it will go back to the senate again for concurrence. Hence it will be readily seen that the bill is now in its most critical position, being encumbered with so many amendments, and the two houses drawing so closely upon the day of final adjournment. Legislation is crowding rapidly in upon the expiring hours of congress, and in order to make way for the great pressure of other important business, the committee having this bill in charge was swept off the floor the other night, before they had reported one-half of the number of bills on their calendar. It now requires a two-thirds vote to raise this bill before the house and put it on its passage. Nothing but the great necessities of Dakota's struggling community will influence members to give the requisite two-thirds majority to pass the bill. The committee have very kindly offered to make a special effort to-morrow to raise this bill and pass it. The bill as finally agreed upon requires the railroad company to issue to each county paid-up certificates of stock in the road equal to the amount of bonds voted by such county to said railroad. By this means, so soon as the road is put in operation, the dividends or profits accruing to the counties holding stock will go to meet the semi-annual interest falling due from the counties to the company; and before the county bonds fall due, the stock in the road can be sold to meet the whole railroad indebtedness of the county. Thus the counties along the line will reap the benefit of a railroad without incurring any ultimate indebtedness. Under this bill there will be saved to Yankton county alone the sum of $520,000, being the amount of principal and interest on the twenty-year bonds voted by this county, and any township that may vote aid in the future will receive stock in the same ratio. The bill allows the company to extend its road to the Yankton Indian reserve.

An omnibus right-of-way bill has passed the house granting twenty-six acres per mile for railroads up the Sioux, Vermillion, Dakota and Missouri rivers, and from Sioux Falls to Yankton. These right-of-way grants will all meet with opposition in the senate, and may be defeated. Twenty acres of land is granted for each station of ten miles, and many members look upon this as opening the door for congress for these right-of-way companies to come in hereafter and ask for an increase of their grants and privileges, on the ground that they are congressional corporations.

It seems now to be pretty definitely settled that congress will adjourn within ten days from this date. However, much depends upon the progress of the tariff bill and the outlook of the Philadelphia convention. Some administration members desire to remain here until Grant is renominated for president. Greeley seems to be gaining strength with Democratic members from the Eastern States, while the Western Democrats talk "straight ticket." It is pretty generally conceded that Greeley will be the strongest man before the Baltimore convention, but many Democrats openly declare that they will bolt the convention if he is nominated. Voorhees' late speech in the house against Greeley did not seem to meet a responsive feeling among the Democratic members. It was pronounced ill-timed and uncalled for. He was, however, applauded by the Republican side of the house.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON, D. C., May 25, 1872.

As the closing days of congress begin to crowd in upon the unfinished business of the session, everything is hurry and excitement, and members are besieged on all hands by eager parties, who are each interested in the passage of some particular bill before the day of adjournment. Two sessions a day have been held during the past week, and last night the house did not adjourn "till broad daylight in the morning." As the long line of members walked down the avenue this morning, they looked heavy-eyed and weary." A "call of the house" was ordered at twelve o'clock at night and absentees sent for to vote upon a southern claim for property destroyed during the Rebellion. The sleepy and virtuous members who had gone home to rest were ruthlessly rallied from their downy couches and marshaled forth by the sergeant-at-arms to answer to the call of the roll. Sparring and speaking, and nodding and snoring consumed the time of the house until after daylight, when a final vote was reached and 103 drowsy heads muttered "aye" and thirty-five not so drowsy answered "no." So the bill passed, the house adjourned over till Monday, and the members went to their



INDIAN SUN DANCE IN DAKOTA IN 1866.—p. 170.

rooms to wash, shave and swear. During such exciting times in the house there is an excellent opportunity to watch and study the different characteristics of men. It will at once be seen that the effective men in congress are the working and vigilant ones. When a great and important question is sprung upon the house these men will be found standing forth in their full power and influence, based upon the simple fact that they have thoroughly investigated the subject. It is almost remarkable sometimes to witness with what apparent dangerous reliance and confidence intelligent members will act upon the statements of one of their fellow representatives in the final passage of a bill which appropriates thousands of dollars. The chairman of the leading committees in both branches of congress are really hard working, vigilant, able men. They usually work two-thirds of the twenty-four hours or more; must examine laws, hear witnesses, listen to lobbyists, be tortured by questions, and must still go prepared before a full house in the morning to defend their report and positions on the pending measure. These men are always pressed, always in a hurry, and will rush by you with as much headlong impetuosity as a railroad express train behind time. In debate they always have an eye on the speaker, and an ear open to catch any word from an attacking member. They will fly about the house with perfect carelessness, running over page boys and upsetting inkstands. They will rush up and whisper in the speaker's ear, and dart down again and look over the clerk's shoulder.

I have seen General Garfield, of the appropriation committee, hungry and wearied, rush down in front with a piece of pie in his hand, and exclaim, "Mr. Speaker, I now move to strike out the words 'fifty thousand dollars.'" I have seen Ben Butler take an unlighted cigar from his mouth and lay it upon his desk while he addressed the house. I have seen Sargeant of California making a speech with his right foot upon his chair and his left hand thrust deep into his pocket. James Brooks of New York, who, perhaps, possesses more exact information about taxation and public debt than any man in the house, and whose speeches are all figures and fractions, generally addresses the speaker while leaning back on his neighbor's desk, and resting himself upon both elbows. Brooks was afterwards expelled for accepting a bribe in the Credit Mobilier fraud. Sam Randall, one of the Democratic leaders, delivers his best speeches with both hands in his pockets and his right eye shut, while with his other eye he squints over at the Republican side of the house like an old sea captain spying a fog. The foregoing characters belong to that class of busy, working, watchful men, who in a great measure control the entire legislation of congress.

There is another notable class here whom I will call vain men in congress. The members who will rank under this caption are very anxious to appear each day in the *Globe* as having said something in congress, no matter if it effects any final result or not. They are usually a class of "objectors," and are ready to pronounce nearly every bill that comes up as a trap or a snare to defraud the people or plunder the treasury. They are always full of "suppositions" and "conjectures" as to what might happen if the moon should turn black. They are self-appointed guardians of the whole people, and are continually warning congress about extravagances. They invariably close their little speeches by counseling honesty and economy in all matters outside of their own districts, but always vote with a ready zeal for any subsidy or appropriation of money for public improvements within their own congressional purlieu. These men look to the galleries for an approving smile, and to the *Globe* and the morning papers for ephemeral popularity. They seldom propose any bill for the common good of the public, but are provokingly on the watch to oppose every progressive measure brought before the assembly, and delight in being called "public economists" and "watch-dogs of the treasury." Their minds run in narrow ruts, and they believe that the wheels of government should be kept on the old narrow-gauge track of fifty years ago. They cannot elevate their ideas to the level of the scope and greatness and progressive demands of a great and powerful nation.

There is still another class who may be called the lazy men in congress. They pass through the whole session, drawing pay, lounging upon the cloak-room sofas, and answering carelessly to the call of the "ayes" and "nays," on the final passage of bills. They are generally cheerful, clever and accommodating. They never allow the business of congress to interfere with their appointed dinner hours, their accustomed carriage rides, or their regular sleep. They will tell you that congress only lasts for two years, and they do not intend to kill themselves in the congressional harness for the benefit of posterity. They almost invariably vote on the passage of bills just as the committee may report who has had the matter under investigation. They are men of good judgment, fair minded, and well posted, but they abhor the idea of working themselves to death during two years in congress.

The noisy men in congress are those who are continually popping up and making motions, asking questions, and making speeches upon everything and anything that comes up for consideration. These men possess a vast amount of cheek, vanity and ambition, and they will dash in and make a speech on any subject, whether they know anything about it or not. The *Globe* bristles with the names of these "noisy members," and the credulous people throughout the country read the newspapers and pronounce them "prominent members" of congress. These are, perhaps, the least influential men in the house, from the fact that they are never sincere, but speak only for buncombe; and when the vote is taken it is found these noisy ebullitions of patriotism have fallen dead upon the ears of members. My experience and observation here has shown me that the strong men in congress are the ones who are plain, honest, sincere and thoroughly informed upon the necessities of the matter upon which congressional legislation is requested. A man who never deceives the house by his statements will in time gain the almost unlimited confidence of his fellow members, and his measures are received and acted upon without that searching scrutiny and discussion which are sure to befall all propositions coming from a more uncertain source. Brilliancy, eloquence and high talents have but little weight in congress when compared with a plain, succinct statement of facts. Members will sit and listen to the tones of eloquence as they would to the sounds of sweet music, but when they come to cast their votes, the verdict is invariably given in accordance with the enunciated facts in the case. In fact, I have found that members of congress are more generally fair and just in their legislative judgment than is accorded to them by the newspapers of the land. The Western Territories are prone to think that they are not liberally treated by the Eastern States in congress. But we in Dakota forget that the people of these same Eastern States are annually taxed to pay $60,000 to sustain our courts in the territory, $70,000 to survey our lands, $20,000 to run our legislature, $15,000 to pay our federal officers, many thousand dollars to supply us with mails, several thousand dollars for rent of public buildings, besides stationing troops upon our frontier to protect our settlements, and feeding and clothing 30,000 Indians to keep the peace in our territory. All else that Dakota now actually needs from the government is federal aid to construct railroads as public highways for trade and travel through the great interior plains of the territory. This has been partially done during the present session, and I am fully assured that Dakota will be generously treated by congress in her future projects of internal improvements.

WIT AND SARCASM IN CONGRESS—FREE TRADE VS. PROTECTIVE TARIFF.

We give from the Congressional *Globe* of a recent date, the following humorous and spicy debate in the United States house of representatives, on the tariff question. It shows how completely bewildered and befogged are the leading men of all parties on this most important and dividing question of the day. We find members voting against their party and in favor of local protection. As Banks says, "They speak one way and vote the other." The Pennsylvania "coal members" vote in a body against "free coal," and the New York "salt members" are united against "free salt," and hence the tariff on each remains;

MR. COX: I do not propose so much to antagonize the gentleman from Massachusetts (Mr. Butler) in regard to making salt partly free. I should like to see it entirely free. I speak on this side of the house (standing near Mr. Dawes) because my side of the house is somewhat demoralized on the tariff (laughter), judging from some of the votes given on coal there yesterday.

Some curious arguments were made yesterday. They go far to disturb some of my principles, if not control my vote. A gentleman from Pennsylvania (Mr. Griffith) appealed to my friend from Indiana (Mr. Kerr) not to oppose the coal tax because he was born above a coal formation (laughter) in Pennsylvania, and his playmates were honorable men. I feel the force of that *ad hominem*. I was born near the salt wells of the beautiful Muskingum in Ohio. Before that stream had slack-water, before it was considered hardly worth a dam (laughter), its banks spouted salt water like a Massachusetts member of Congress. It was evaporated by bituminous coal—I mean nothing personal to the gallant member from Massachusetts, (Mr. Banks)—I mean the salt water, not the banks. (Laughter.) Around the well and kettles of my native river cluster those sweet saline associations which have preserved me ever young! They are hard to resist.

Another argument has still more force. The gentleman from Maryland (Mr. Ritchie) begged us not to throttle the infantile coal interests of his beloved Cumberland. (Laughter.)

Although that unhealthy baby has been fostered by a "paternal government" on "pap," or, as I ought to say, by a maternal government on milk (laughter), for so many years, its power of suction is at least forty thousand horse-power. (Laughter.) These are statistics. (Laughter.) Yet, with rare economic genius, followed by the eloquent fiscal member from the Kanawha salt-works, he appealed to us to let him steal, so long as other sections stole from him. Was there ever such an illustration as that just made on the gentleman from Massachusetts (Mr. Butler)? The gentleman from Missouri (Mr. Finkelnburg) wanted to be so honest as to help the people to keep pork by cheap salt. The gentleman from Massachusetts (Mr. Butler) wants to cheat the treasury by free salt for cod-fish. This is all larceny. (Laughter.) What could be more reasonable or ethical? Let us be to each other instruments of reciprocal rapine. (Laughter.) Michigan steals on copper; Maine on lumber; Pennsylvania on iron; North Carolina on peanuts; Massachusetts on cotton goods; Connecticut on hairpins; New Jersey on spool-thread; Louisiana on sugar; and so on. Why not let the gentleman from Maryland steal coal from them? True, but a comparative few get the benefit, and it comes out of the body of the people; true, it tends to high prices, but does not stealing encourage industry? Let us, as moralists, if not as politicians, rewrite the eighth commandment: "Thou shalt steal; because stealing is right when common."

As I am a representative of New York, and Onondaga, with the aid of the foreign solar artisan, evaporates salt, ought I not also to steal to help Onondaga? Stealing by tariffs, Mr. Chairman, is, as De Quincy proved of murder, a fine art. If everybody stole from everybody, is there any reproach to anybody? (Laughter.) If everybody is a burglar, is there any need for anybody to lock up houses?

The mining companies out West send their ores to Wales to be so refined as to get more wealth. It ought to be stopped. Let them steal capital out of Government! Why not pilfer something out of somebody else's earnings and build works in Colorado and Nevada like those in Wales? How happy we should all be when the reproach of Goat Island is removed from the Pacific, and from the gentleman from California (Mr. Sargent) (laughter) by a grander steal for wool and blankets! How happy we should be when we can look each other in the face here, clasp hands, as now I look into the face of the gentleman from Massachusetts (Mr. Dawes) and say, "God bless you, my brother; you have stolen from me, and I from you; let us love one another." (Great laughter.)

This principle commends itself to the gentleman from Massachusetts (Mr. Banks), who has made the speech on the subject that delights my heart. It has so much moderation and wisdom. It has no nonsense; no doctrine in it. It is based on the principle of pure and undefiled petit larceny. He would not steal as much as others, but to steal into good company—he would steal less. There is then not so much motive for detection and punishment. Other gentlemen are overdoing it. He would steal sixty per cent less than others, say on coal. But whether petit or grand larceny, the results are such that when every "cove" has an equal chance at the swag, William Sykes becomes as honorable as the Artful Dodger, whom the papers liken to my friend from Massachusetts (Mr. Dawes.) (Laughter.) And even Oliver Twist, like myself, could "ask for more" without affecting the innocence of his simple nature! (Laughter.)

A few more statistics and I subside. (Laughter.) How beautifully this thought is illustrated by the well-laid breakfast table of my colleague (Mr. Brooks.) The happy family gathers around it; grace is said; God is asked to "protect us" in our joint and several efforts to steal! One guest pockets the knives and forks; another the salt and salt-cellar; another the cream-jug, plates, and sugar-bowl; another the bread; another the potatoes; another the plated ware; another the mutton-chop; a brawny Robert Macaire from down East lifts out the table; while a sly Jean Jacques, to encourage domestic cookery, slips into the kitchen, puts out the fire, and carries off the stove and coals. (Laughter.) The guests look at each other innocently and say, "We have done all this to increase the general comfort and to make free with the breakfast table. (Laughter.) Are not our wolfish appetites assuaged? Though we we have not each a general glut of nourishment, are we not happy? Is there not left coffee unground and unburned, and tea undistilled, sweetened by the memory of sugar upon an absent cloth, and covering an invisible table!" I was about to produce some more statistics. They are so powerful here. I will ask leave to print one thousand copies of this speech at the expense of the Industrial League of Philadelphia, to which I hear no objection. (Laughter.)

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON CITY, D. C., Dec. 7, 1873.

On Monday last the two houses of congress met at noon in their respective chambers, in the north and south wings of the capitol. The senate having organized by law on the 4th of March last, that body was ready to proceed immediately to business upon assembling in December; but the house being composed of the members of the Forty-third congress, was obliged to first perfect its organization by the election of its officers and swearing in of its own members, which number 292 under the new apportionment, aside from the ten delegates from the territories—an increase of fifty members over last session. Mr. Blaine, Republican, was elected speaker of the house by 190 votes against 77 for Fernando Wood, Democrat, and a few scattering votes. Alexander Stephens, ex-vice president of the Southern Confederacy, who is now a member of the Forty-third congress, received one complimentary vote for speaker. Mr. Stephens is a little, old, dried-up man, with grey hair, a sharp eye, and a tottering frame, which he bears feebly to his seat, supported by crutches and the arm of an attendant. The remaining officers of the house were elected by about the same vote as was the speaker, after which came the swearing in of the delegates from the territories.

The more the facts of the Dakota contest become fully understood here among members, the more astonishment is expressed that the high executive of a territory could so openly and boldly violate law as to revoke his own official acts, and, to subserve his selfish purposes, attempt to deprive the people of their choice at election by securing and counting thousands of pretended votes, manufactured on the wild prairies a hundred miles from the habitations of man, in no organized county, at no established voting precinct, under no official seal, but counted and certified by officers of straw, secretly appointed by the governor for the unlawful purpose a short time before election.

The recent proclamation of Acting Governor Whitney, revoking the former order of Governor Burbank and reassigning Judges Barnes and Shannon, has been formally laid before the proper authorities here, and while the attorney general seems to concede the power of the acting governor in the premises to make the assignments of the judges in the absence of a territorial enactment, he severely condemns the malignant and vindictive spirit of Burbank and Whitney in making and unmaking proclamations of assignment in order to satisfy their own likes or dislikes. Judge Barnes is here, and has fairly stated the whole matter to the proper authorities, and I must say that he expresses the highest opinion of his associate, Mr. Shannon, and declares his willingness to abide by what the department may decide as to his proper district. Precedents in other territories, however, seem to be in Judge Shannon's favor, inasmuch as most territorial chief justices reside at the capitol of the territory. Burbank and Brookings have both been working hard here to have Mr. Whitney's appointment confirmed by the senate, and have used with much effect the recommendations of the judges, officials, and newspaper men of Dakota who not long ago urged his appointment, but are now asking senators to reject him. Quite an effort is also being made to secure United States Marshal Burdick's removal, and the appointment of a man more in accord with the Burbank faction. I am also informed that one of the cabinet officers has said that the administration cannot afford to retain a governor in Dakota who is destroying the Republican party there, and that he must go out—"peaceably if he will, but forcibly if he must."

The secretary of the interior has decided to remove the Pembina land office to some point on the Northern Pacific Railroad—either Fargo, Jamestown, or Bismarck.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON CITY, D. C., Dec. 15, 1873.

Much of the time of the past week has been consumed in debate on the proposed repeal of the so-called "salary bill," passed by the last congress.

A special committee was raised to report a bill for the repeal of "back pay grab," and in accordance therewith the committee brought in a bill reducing the pay of senators, members and delegates from the present increased compensation to the old salary of $5,000, allowed before the passage of the bill of March 3d last, with a further reduction below the old salary by allowing no mileage, franking, or newspapers or stationery fund. The bill was open to three days of the most able and exhaustive debate, in which it is admitted on all sides here that the advocates of the increase of salary made the strongest speeches and got the best of the argument. The bill was finally recommitted to the committee, with instructions to report back a bill fixing the salary at the average amount received by members as yearly compensation before the increase took effect, including mileage, stationery and newspaper fund, which will make the salary at something less than $6,000, or over $1,500 less than at present.

Hon. Alexander Stephens is conceded to have given the most thorough exposition of the whole salary question in his eloquent speech of a half hour. He stood supported by a crutch under his left arm, with his right bracing against his desk. His face is as white as driven snow, his features as fine as a female's, and his shriveled frame, weighing but ninety odd pounds, contains all his latent fires of eloquence which find vent through a sharp, strong voice. He put the increase of salaries upon the broad ground of political economy, and said that the life of nations depended upon keeping its wisest and ablest men in office, and that a republican government ought to be willing and able to compete for the services of men of brain and ability against the large and tempting salaries which are on every hand offered to men of skilled brain labor by the commercial, manufacturing and professional interests of the country; that poor salaries were an inducement only to men of poor abilities; that the people of each congressional district ought to send their ablest and truest men to represent them in congress, and that he should receive a salary sufficient to pay him for leaving his own business and going to Washington to attend to theirs. He further intimated that, had the country been represented in congress and the cabinet by its wisest and greatest men in 1861, the cruel and expensive war of the Southern States would have been prevented, and our great national debt avoided. Referring to the arguments of members who expressed their own conviction that the increased salaries were no more than just, but that the clamor of the people said it was too high, and they would therefore obey the voice of the people, he said that the cry of the people was not always right, that the sham demagogue or politician always fell in with and pandered to the clamor of the multitudes, while the true statesman would feel of the people's pulse, like a physician to his patient, and would reason, advise, direct and lead them.

Mr. Garfield of Ohio followed Mr. Stephens and took an opposite view of the matter, claiming that public opinion was like the ocean, though at times lashed into temporary excitement and ebullition, it would finally settle down into a peaceful calm, marking with accuracy the great levels of the earth. Thus he said it was in this salary matter, public opinion had settled down to the decision that the increase of compensation was too much. A member sitting near him hinted that public opinion, like the ocean, had not got over the storm yet, and that when it did it might settle down at the "watermark—$7,500."

Sunset Cox also was quite severe on his Democratic friends who had taken the back pay and "now had the stolen lucre in their pockets," whereupon a number of members offered to be searched and divide. It was left for Crossland of Kentucky—the land of Daniel Boone—to completely squelch the virtuous Cox by presenting the figures to show that although he (Cox) was not elected till November last, he had drawn over $3,000 back pay since June, dating from the expiration of the term of the lamented Brooks, thus drawing pay for several months when not a member.

Mr. Lawrence of Ohio was likewise most cruelly rebuked, after making a virtuous speech against back pay, by Judge Wilson of Indiana, who rose and quoted from a *Globe* of 1866, showing that Mr. Lawrence was then a member of congress, and voted for and received nearly $4,000 back pay, running back to the first day of the session.

Old Alva Crocker of Massachusetts, who is worth half a million dollars, created quite a laugh in his speech by reaching down toward his pocket to show "where he had it," and declared that it should remain there until the newspapers and the men who wanted his place stopped calling him a "thief."

A bill has been prepared by the postoffice committee of the house, and will undoubtedly pass, providing for sending seeds, documents and public matter through the mails free, also providing for the free transmission of newspapers. The private correspondence of members of congress is not included in the bill as free mail matter. Every available store room in the capitol building is crowded with books and documents awaiting the passage of the law.

The committee on rules have decided to report to the house in favor of appointing territorial delegates to serve on the committee of public lands, Indian affairs, mines and mining, private land claims, and territories. When these appointments are made the territories will have much more power in congress than now, and will have an opportunity of laying all their measures fairly before the proper committees.

The Cuban excitement does not seem to disturb the equilibrium of senators and members so much as it does the newspapers of the land, which are increasing their circulation and sales by publishing sensational dispatches to catch the eager eye and ear of the American people.

The resolution of Mr. Cox in the house, declaring the Cubans the right to be acknowledged by America as a belligerent power, was smothered in the house by a two-thirds vote. Mr. Cox afterwards charged the New England members as great sticklers for sectional war, but cowards when our national honor was assailed by a foreign power. General Hawley of Connecticut jumped to his feet shaking his fist, and exclaimed: "I will show you who are cowards, if you want to know." Cox didn't want to know just them.

The state department anticipates no further trouble with Spain now that the Virginius is on her way back to be delivered up.

Governor Burbank resigned soon after Brookings was *not* sworn in as delegate under the governor's fraudulent certificate. Mr. Pennington of Alabama has been appointed governor, to take effect January 1st. He is an appointee of Senator Spencer, and has held many positions of public trust. This is the first Southern governor Dakota ever had.

Acting Governor Whitney has been instructed to rescind his proclamation, on the ground that Judge Barnes ought not to be kicked out of his district through the spite of the governor and his aide. The attorney general approves of a law to allow the three judges to arrange their own sessions in the different districts, after the legislature has defined the boundaries.

Mr. Ramsey in the senate and Mr. Armstrong in the house, have introduced bills to establish the Territory of Pembina out of the northern part of Dakota.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON CITY, D. C., Dec. 20, 1873.

The senate has confirmed the appointment of Hon. John L. Pennington of Alabama to be governor of Dakota, and Oscar Whitney to be secretary. Mr. Harmon Silver of Illinois has also been appointed United States marshal for the territory. The new governor was a member of the state senate of Alabama, and took an active part in the election of Mr. Spencer to the United States senate. Senator Spencer, in turn, very naturally secured Mr. Pennington an appointment under the administration, and the appointment being charged to the State of Alabama, resulted in relieving United States Marshal Burdick, who was also from that state. Mr. Silver, the new marshal, is of German descent, is a man of high education, speaks several languages, and has traveled extensively in foreign countries. His health has become somewhat impaired, and he sought this appointment under the clear skies and invigorating climate of Dakota in preference to going elsewhere. No charges were filed against Marshal Burdick, although he and Governor Burbank had given the department much trouble in taking opposite and persistent sides in the quarrel growing out of the assignment of judges and renting of courtrooms, etc.

President Grant told one of the territorial delegates last week that he had become convinced that he could not adhere to the policy of making territorial appointments from among the citizens thereof, as he had formerly indicated his desire to do. He says that in most of the territories (Dakota particularly) there seems to be two Republican parties or divisions, each of which is continually remonstrating against the appointment to or retention in office of any member of the opposing faction. Hence he had about made up his mind that the only way to preserve peace out there was to send in good and new men from the states. The secretary of the interior, under whose charge the territorial officials have been placed by law, further says that he is determined to have peace in Dakota if it has to be done at the sacrifice of further removals from office. It is believed that Secretary Whitney will prove himself a good officer when not surrounded by scheming influences.

It is admitted that courtesy and custom award to the chief justice the choice of residing at the capital of the territory when the supreme court is held, and it is believed that the new governor will so arrange the matter until the next session of the legislature.

The following circular was issued yesterday:

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
Washington, Dec. 19, 1873.

From and after the first day of January, 1874, the absence from his post of duty of any territorial or other officer under the control of this department, without especial permission, will be accepted as a tender of his resignation, and will be acted upon accordingly. Any officer asking leave of absence will accompany his request with a statement of the cause for making such a request. The frequent, and it is believed often unnecessary, absence of officers under the control of this department from their posts of duty, with or without leave, has occasioned such inconvenience and detriment to the public service as to render this order imperatively necessary.

C. DELANO, *Secretary.*

Quite a contest is being instituted here before the chief clerk of the house for the printing of the laws of congress in two of the territorial papers, as provided by law. I believe all the Republican papers in the territory have applications and recommendations on file. W. F. Kiter of the Sioux Falls *Pantagraph* is here, and is backed by Congressman Kasson of Iowa and others, Mr. Kiter having once been a resident of Council Bluff, in that state. Burbank works for the Springfield *Times*, and others have recommended the Yankton *Consolidator*. Dr. Burleigh is here, and has had his "put in" on the subject. Ex-Secretary Wilkins and ex-Secretary Batchelder have also a preference and a spite to gratify in the selection of Dakota newspapers. Delegate Armstrong has not interfered in the matter, inasmuch as all the newspapers which are applicants for the printing opposed his election.

A bill has passed both houses, appropriating $4,000,000 to defray the expenses incurred by Secretary Robeson in equipping war vessels for Cuban waters in anticipation of the threatened conflict with Spain. The marine force was also authorized to be increased to 10,000 men. But the anticipated troubles have been settled without a resort to arms—how honorably to America is a matter of doubt, for the present.

The house passed a bill last week reducing the salaries of members of congress to $6,000, without mileage, postage, or stationery, leaving the salaries of all other officers the same as increased by the law of last spring. The vote was 131 to 130, thirty members being absent, as it was a night session.

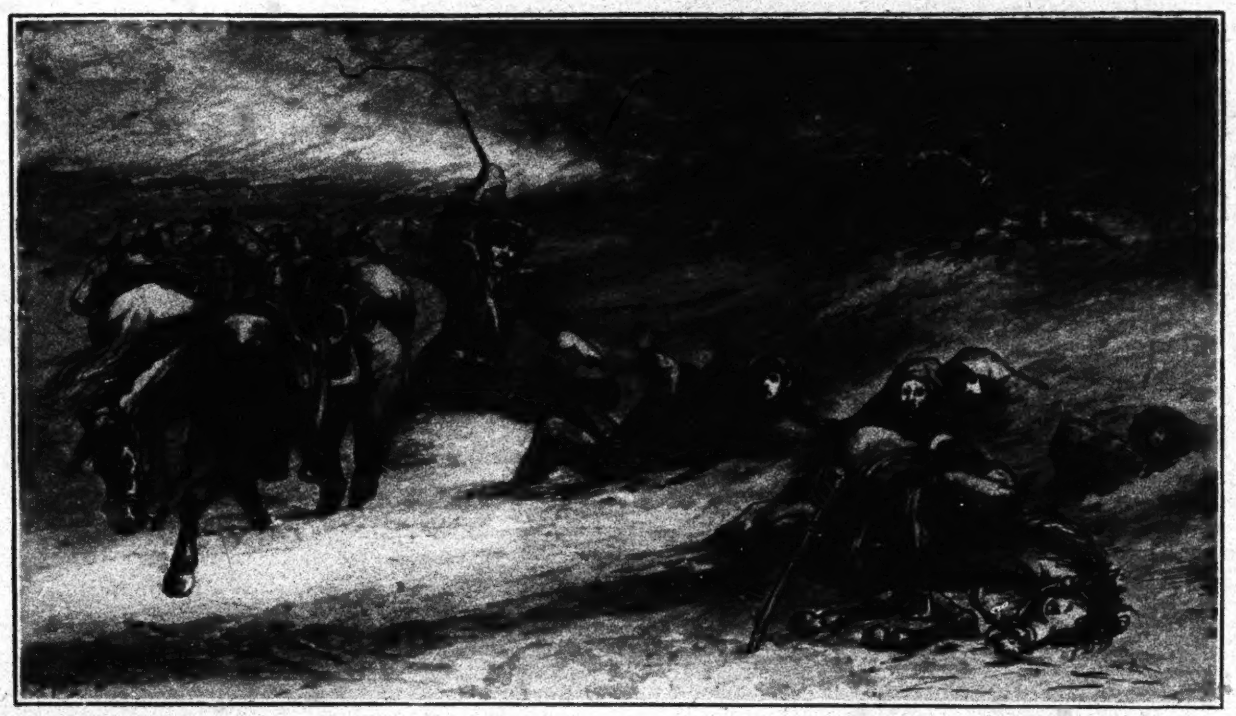
The debate ran through the week, and was very bitter in recriminations upon fellow members. Mr. Hale of New York called Wilson of Indiana a "dirty dog," and Wilson retorted by accusing Hale of wearing a "dirty shirt" while preaching purity. Ben Butler struck out for "Sunset Cox," by asserting that the death of Brooks elected him to congress after the people had rejected him, and that nothing but death could have ever sent him back here. Eldridge of Wisconsin sustained the justice of the present salaries, and denounced those members who claimed that a representative of the people should bow down to every puff of public opinion, which, said he, once nailed the Saviour to the cross, has burned martyrs at the stake, and incited mobs in the streets. It is not always right; it may be wrong.

The senate seems disposed to lead off in taking some steps to relieve the finances of the country, while in the house too many doctors are likely to kill the patient. The secretary of the treasury has sent in a communication stating that the revenues of the country are falling short at the rate of over a million dollars a month, and to prevent the bankruptcy of the treasury it is proposed to restore the tax on tea and coffee and increase the tax on whisky and tobacco. The bankrupt law is also being revised by both houses of congress, and prominent men declare that "we are approaching the day when the sponge will have to be wiped over millions of obligations as the only means by which paralyzed energies may be restored and imprisoned activities released."

The holiday recess of congress during the present embarrassed condition of the country is considered unfortunate.

President Grant's appointment of Attorney General Williams to the chief justiceship of the United States still hangs fire in the senate awaiting confirmation. The committee on judiciary are not entirely convinced of his innocence of the charges that have been preferred against him. The action of President Grant in appointing Mr. Williams to this high position is generally pronounced as "an indefensible piece of personal favoritism."

Congress will, undoubtedly, amend the timber culture act, so as to allow settlers three years for breaking prairie and planting trees.



SOLDIERS IN A DAKOTA BLIZZARD—SERGEANT AROUSING THE FREEZING VICTIMS.—p. 176.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON CITY, D. C., Jan. 1, 1874.

This is the first day of the new year, the day in which to turn over a "new leaf," make "new pledges," "swear off," etc., and decide always to lead a better life. Here in Washington, at the capital of the nation, "open houses" are kept by the president, cabinet and hundreds of others; and in accordance with this time-honored custom the morning papers contained three columns of the names of distinguished persons who would "receive" on New Year's day. The generous and considerate ladies have banished wines from their tables and proffer to their callers only coffee, cake and oysters.

By eleven o'clock in the forenoon the throng at the president's mansion was immense, and still increasing. The gaily attired marine band was stationed near the main entrance to the White House, and discoursed most enchanting music, while the long procession filed in, consisting of judges of supreme court, cabinet officers, members of congress, army and navy officers, and thousands of citizens. The president and Mrs. Grant received all with a smile and a hand shake, and remained standing through the long hours from eleven till three o'clock.

Secretary Fish and lady also received a numerous host of friends, and the army of carriages that congregated in front of his door led many to believe that the old Cuban diplomatist had the steamer Virginius on exhibition "then and there." Many went into the back room to see the Virginius and drink coffee, but were required to look through a "glass" in order to see it.

Mrs. Speaker Blaine and Mrs. Fernando Wood, near neighbors of Secretary Fish and family, were also the recipients of numerous calls from a large circle of acquaintances. I noticed a string of territorial delegates putting in their appearance and enjoying themselves at all these places, and

Speaker Blaine aptly remarked that they represented in congress nearly half the total area of the United States.

The old year was tolled out of existence last night at twelve o'clock by the chiming of bells on the president's church, while the firing of guns and the sound of music was heard upon the streets long after midnight. The moon shone beautifully over the sleeping city, lighting the new year in upon the world.

The weather here for New Year's day is as mild and pleasant as April. The grass is green in the parks, and steamboats and tugs are plying upon the open Potomac.

Notwithstanding that the New Year is ushered in so propitiously and smilingly by nature, there is a look upon the faces of the people indicating that all has not gone right during the year just past.

Our national finances are failing. Factories, banks, and commercial houses have been closed, many men have been ruined, and thousands thrown out of employment for the winter. The feeling appears to be everywhere manifest that we have been living too fast, that the national revenues have been badly managed, and that the financial credit and stability of our government have become sadly impaired at home and abroad during the year just ended.

We have been rushing ahead in all the departments of business, never seeming to realize the impending weight of our national debt or the annual interest of over a million of dollars which we are required to pay in coin,—the gold interest on our debt alone being each year more than the annual yield of all our mines. The census of 1870 shows the official valuation of all property in the United States to be $30,000,000,000, while the aggregate amount of our national debt to-day is $12,000,000,000, including all debts of public nature, as the debts of states, cities, corporations, etc. Hence it will be seen that we owe, as a nation, nearly one-half our wealth, and are paying interest on that amount at an average of four per cent.

There is no more circulating currency in the country to-day than there was during the war, notwithstanding we have added over two millions to our population, have invested over $80,000,000 in new railroads, have opened mines of fabulous richness, and have nearly doubled the productive power of the country. Never has our annual production of grain, cotton, tobacco, wool and metals equaled what it has during the past year, and yet 1873 closes with more suffering and less money in circulation than at any time since the war.

Prominent financial men account for this state of things in various ways, but they all agree upon one point, and that is that there is not money enough in circulation to carry on the business of the country; that we have been doing business with each other too much upon credit, and that when confidence fails and everybody calls for cash payments there is not money enough to meet the demand; hence, business stops and banks break.

The late panic has proven that the national government must increase the volume of its currency in proportion to the growth of its population, the increase of its business, and the number of its workmen.

The wheels of business will stop unless money is made so plenty that all can obtain it, furnishing the proper security. The great railroad king, Thomas Scott, says that our government should make money so abundant that our great corporations can borrow at home, instead of going to Europe to negotiate large loans and pay our interest to foreign powers. Money cannot be obtained in a country where, like ours, there is no money to loan, any more than one man can borrow ten dollars of his neighbor who has but five in the house. The trouble with America is that she has not got the money "in the house," and is continually sending across the water to borrow of her neighbors. There is not coin and currency enough in the United States to-day to carry on the business of the country six months, if everything was reduced to a cash basis.

We must make for ourselves "credit" in the shape of "promises to pay"; or, as Mr. Scott says, "a good and abundant United States currency at cheap rates, like that of France or England." Then no panic can prostrate and paralyze the industries of the nation.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 8, 1874.

Congress reassembled at twelve o'clock on Monday last, after a holiday recess of sixteen days. Many members went home during the recess to feel of the pulse of their constituents, and ascertain if the "back pay indignation" had cooled off any since winter set in. Others, especially the members of important committees, remained here at work during the holidays. Upon the reconvening of the two houses on Monday a flood of several hundred bills, resolutions and petitions were poured in upon the journals, until the galleries began to believe that the country would be deluged with laws. But the scene at last changed. When the states and territories had all been called through, and the hour of debate began, it seemed as though every member had returned with the intention of paying his constituents for his increased salary in printed speeches. Mr. Butler's civil rights bill was soon before the house, and Alexander Stephens was awarded an hour's time to speak in opposition to the bill and negro equality, and the same time for reply was assigned to the colored member from South Carolina, Mr. Elliot. In anticipation of the debate, which had been announced in the morning papers, the galleries were packed with colored people until the very hall looked dark. More than two-thirds of the seats were occupied by persons of color, which may be easily accounted for when it is remembered that the negroes poll nearly one-half of the total vote in the District of Columbia, and furnish quite as many colored children in the public schools as do the whites.

Mr. Stephens took his position behind a pack of large law books, placed upon his desk in such a manner that he could lean upon them without the support of his accustomed crutches, and delivered his speech from manuscript. He first gave the substance of the bill, which, in brief, imposes a fine of from $100 to $5,000 upon any person or corporation who shall make any distinction against persons of color in any public hotel, theater, stage coach, railroad car, public school, benevolent institution, cemetery, etc., the action for damages to be brought before any territorial, district or circuit court of the United States having jurisdiction where the offense was committed. Against such a bill Mr. Stephens naturally took determined grounds, and argued its provisions with fervor and ability, but elicited nothing particularly new upon this vexed and troublesome question of equal rights, which grows out of that plain declaration that "all men are born free and equal." Mr. Harris of Virginia, who also spoke on the same side of the question, was unnecessarily severe upon the black race, and went to such an indecent extreme as to refuse to answer a question from a colored member, haughtily exclaiming that he was speaking to white men and not to negroes.

The next morning Mr. Elliot, the colored member from South Carolina, was awarded the floor for one hour, and delivered one of the best speeches of the session in behalf of civil rights for his own colored race. His speech had been well prepared and written and submitted to revision by a few leading Republicans before delivery. It was courteous, able and eloquent, and drew storms of applause from the galleries and the floor. Sympathy was on the side of the speaker, inasmuch as he was the representative of a long oppressed race, and as he dwelt feelingly upon their many wrongs and sufferings the tears were seen to drop from the eye of many a Republican member. I did not see any wet eyes among the Democrats, but some of them wore unusually long faces, and said: "That nigger's speech has done more to elevate his own race, in my estimation, than all the white advocates I ever heard." Ben Butler finally closed the debate with one of his bold and characteristic speeches. He strongly advocated equal rights for the colored race, and said that in the late war he had seen the black troops forced to the front of battle, and while placed under the "very fires of hell," charge upon the enemy's works and raise aloft with their "brave black arms" that flag of our country which had always borne for them "all stripes and no stars of hope;" and that when the battle was over he saw 543 black soldiers lying dead in a narrow gorge no larger than the floor of this house. where they had been mowed down under the cannon's mouth. He then, by way of a political stroke, said that the negroes always voted the Republican ticket, whereupon a Democratic member from Kentucky corrected him by stating that two-thirds of the colored votes in the Louisville district had voted for himself, a Democrat, to represent them in congress. Ben retorted by saying that this was the first time he ever saw a Democrat proud of receiving negro votes. The bill was then recommitted with amendments.

The salary bill has received a good share of attention in the senate discussion during the past week. Senator Flanagan created quite a laugh by shaking his back-pay greenbacks in the face of the senate, and defying any power to take it away from him. He said the salary ought to be $10,000 a year instead of $7,500. Senator Stewart, who is wealthy, also opposed any reduction of salary. Senator Ferry of Connecticut boldly advocated the present increased salaries, and declared that he was sick of this demagogical talk that the will of the people was law and that congress was its servant. He said that when that time comes, then shall we see the September days of the revolution in France. He gave an ugly thrust to those members of both houses who had voted for and received the increased salary, but had since come to the conclusion that they were defrauding the people who were telling them it was their duty to resign and come home. Senator Wright of Iowa stands squarely by his original proposition to reduce the salaries to their former figures in the Forty-second congress, and claims that it is the duty of the representatives of the people, in the present unfortunate condition of the country, to commence curtailing the expenses of the government by reducing their own salaries. Many senators also who voted for the increased salaries last spring now avow their intention to vóte for Senator Wright's bill; not because they think the present compensation is too much, but because their constituents are dissatisfied.

The International Workingmen's Association have petitioned congress to enact a law to encourage the settlement of the West similar to the laws in force in Canada, Brazil, Australia and other countries, whereby the United States shall furnish to immigrants for the West with transportation for themselves and families, and also lumber, tools, seed, food and other necessaries in opening a farm for the first year, the cost of the same to be a mortgage on their farm at seven per cent interest, payable in ten years. Such a measure will receive the earnest attention of congress at an early day.

The United States land office at Pembina, in Dakota, has been ordered by the president removed to Fargo, and will be officially opened for business at the latter place before spring immigration sets in. A bill for a new land office at Bismarck is strongly indorsed by the Minnesota delegation in congress, and also meets the approval of the commissioner of the general land office. It is also believed that within another year the Springfield office will be removed farther north to accommodate the rapidly increasing settlements in the upper valley of the James river.

Marshal Burdick has been reinstated in office. The president withdrew the name of Silver, upon receiving proof that Mr. Burdick had proved a faithful officer. Dr. Burleigh has filed charges against Judge Barnes, accusing him of official favoritism and incompetency, and of appointing a drunken relative as clerk of his court. Surveyor General Dewey's estimate for surveys in Dakota next year has been reduced to $60,000, under the call for reduction in the annual expenses.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 15, 1874.

The principal topic of excitement in Washington during the past week has been the political muddle between the president and the United States senate over the chief justiceship. After the withdrawal of Attorney General Williams' name and the substitution of that of Caleb Cushing, an old-time Democrat, rumors were rife among radical Republicans that President Grant was fast becoming a second Andrew Johnson, and that he and the senate were about to measure swords in order to decide who was the acknowledged head of the party in power. The president certainly took a bold and independent stand when he sent to the senate the name of so venerable a Democrat as Mr. Cushing, and he made the appointment out of his high regard for the man's eminent and unsurpassed qualifications for the highest judicial office in the land. The Republican press here were about equally divided in their expressions for and against the president's action, and those journals and public men who had been loudest through the summer in proclaiming that the chief justice of the United States should be selected without regard to his party affiliations were the first to assail the president for not making the appointment from the ranks of the Republican party. The enemies of Mr. Cushing went back to the musty records of the Rebellion of 1861, and produced a letter wherein Cushing had kindly introduced a young friend to Jefferson Davis, then president of the Southern Confederacy. This letter had too much "poisonable treason" in it for the senate to take down in one dose of confirmation, but when it was presented to the president he coolly remarked that he saw nothing alarming in it; for, said he, the Republican party is full of men who were strong Democrats until the Rebellion of 1861, and he intimated that some of this same class were now occupying seats in the senate. Notwithstanding all this, upon the formal request of the senate committee, the president withdrew Mr. Cushing's name, and everybody is now inquiring, "Who next?"

The senate for the past few days has been tinkering and doctoring away at our failing finances. Nearly every senator has a speech bottled up, which, when uncorked and applied to the patient, he believes will speedily restore vigor and stability to our languishing industries. Senators Boutwell, Morris, Sherman, Schurz, Morton, Howe and others have made very instructive and able speeches upon the subject, each advocating some particular method of avoiding financial panics in the future, and of relieving the present stringency in the money market, and the consequent suffering of thousands of unemployed workmen in all the large cities of the country. Some claimed that the volume of circulating currency must be increased, others that it must be contracted, and others that we must resort to specie payments. Senator Morton made a strong appeal in behalf of increased currency for the West, instead of allowing it to be hoarded in Eastern banks. He cited as an instance of this gross inequality, that the little State of Massachusetts had $57,000,000 in national currency, while his own State of Indiana had only about $13,000,000. Senator Boutwell stated that in all countries of the world it was not money but confidence and credit upon which business was based, and in proof of this he showed that in France, England and America the actual amount of money in circulation was but a very small trifle in comparison with the business carried on by the system of checks, bank credits, notes, etc.

Senator Boutwell is a rather small, dark looking, knotty faced man, and talks in a rather unpleasant and hesitating tone of voice, and he is one of the last men in the senate whom an observer in the gallery would select as the successful financier which he proved himself to be as the late secretary of the treasury. Senator Carpenter, who is president *pro tem*, with his bushy head, short neck, half-buttoned vest, and eyelids heavy with wine, looks more like a Dutchman who had slept in a strawstack over night than like a dignified presiding officer of the United States senate. He is almost incessantly hammering with his gavel and interrupting senators while speaking, under the impression that he is thereby preserving order in the chamber, when in fact he makes more useless noise with his gavel than all the senators on the floor. Senators Morton and Schurz in the meantime have a pretty sharp tilt and lock horns in the financial tussle—one favoring expansion and the other contraction of the currency. Schurz is tall, lean and fiery; Morton, bold, vigorous and decisive, and owing to paralyzed limbs, he sits while speaking. Senator Sprague of the great Rhode Island firm which failed with their millions during the late panic, sits immediately in the rear, and during the whole financial discussion, he is busily writing at his desk, apparently unconcerned. He looks like a man in despair; his hair falls carelessly in his face, the veins protrude upon his brow, and his eye glares vacantly across the chamber. The more an observer looks down upon this body of senators, containing many of the greatest men of the nation, the more he becomes convinced that not all men are great in mind who are great in name. Distance and newspapers magnify them. When we are brought into their presence they are nothing but common men like ourselves. Seldom does a man grow head and shoulders above his fellows, neither does one blade of grass shoot far above the level of the meadow.

The Northern Pacific Railroad representatives in Washington seem not to desire a division of Dakota until they have added another year's growth to their northern provinces. Should Dakota not be divided before 1875 it is believed an effort will be made to admit her as a state in the closing year of the present administration.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 21, 1874.

The past week has been emphatically a season of conventions and national gatherings in Washington. First on the list was the National Woman's Suffrage Convention, which assembled in Lincoln Hall and continued in session for three days. Very many of the noted and strong-minded females of the country were on hand, with rolls of manuscript speeches, petitions and resolutions with which to overwhelm congress in behalf of "the ballot for woman." Mrs. Susan B. Anthony, Mrs. Cady Stanton, Mrs. Gage, Mrs. Lockwood, Mrs. Dr. Walker in her bloomer dress, and many other female celebrities, such as preachers, lawyers and physicians, put in their appearance. Notwithstanding the admission of fifty cents, the large hall was crowded,—not, however, with a very intelligent or decorous audience. Many boys and bummers attended more for the purpose, as they expressed it, of seeing the "old gals trot out on the stage," than to hear anything that might be said. Some very ugly-looking, garrulous old women in the audience also gave much annoyance by continually interrupting the speaker and asking foolish questions. One noisy old lady was so determined to "have her say" that she mounted her chair in order to be seen, and proceeded to let her tongue loose in a gibberish harangue against "Sister Susan," who presided over the meeting. The Hutchinson family of famous singers, who were present, at the urgent request of "Susan," came forward upon the stage and "drowned out" the "old gal" who was speaking. She was not conquered, however, until a policeman came in and tapped her on the shoulder and requested her to take her seat. A colored member of congress was then invited upon the stage, and delivered himself in favor of woman suffrage, affirming that the Republican party having accomplished the great work of freedom and the ballot for the black race, should next secure the elective franchise for the women of the country. Vice President Wilson was also espied in the audience, and being called out, arose and briefly said that many years ago he made up his mind that his wife, his mother and grown daughters were as much deserving of a right to vote as himself, and that he was of the same belief still. The convention finally adjourned with the usual petitions to congress, and the passage of a resolution advising all tax-paying women in the land to refuse paying taxes until allowed to vote, and further urging all women to persist in presenting their ballots for acceptance at the polls in their respective districts.

The representatives of cheap transportation have also been in council in the city during the past week, and the Patrons of Husbandry were numerously represented by the masters of state organizations. Hon. E. B. Crew, master of the Dakota Grange Association, was present, and was watchful in looking after the interests of his territory in the proposed plan of improving the watercourses and freighting facilities of the Great West.

The Grangers were so thick in the convention that the city papers called it the "Hayseed Council," and the floor of the hall was every morning swept to gather clover seed to plant in the city lawns. The principal topics under discussion before the convention were the proposed construction of a double-track road from the East to the West, terminating, for the present, on the Missouri river; also, the improvement of watercourses so as to afford cheap freights for the movements of Western crops. It is understood that local interests predominated in the convention to such an extent that no national project of transportation was adopted.

The war-worn and battle-scarred old soldiers of the Mexican War of twenty-seven years ago have also been in convention in the city since my last letter. They marched through the streets to the "stirring roll of drum and fife," and visited the president, General Sherman, and the congressional halls, attracting much attention by their maimed and crippled steps, their stooping forms, gray hairs, and battle-worn uniform.

They assembled in the Metropolitan (or president's) Church and were addressed by General Sherman and others. The blood seemed to flow anew in the veins of these old fellows when General Sherman in his speech recalled to their minds the stirring days of twenty-nine years ago; when, as he said, it took 198 days to round Cape Horn and reach the distant scene of the Mexican War, at which time he found only about 1,600 American inhabitants on the Southern Pacific Slope. "Now," said he, "by reason of our conquest in these early days, the great railroads of the nation have crossed the mountains and opened up the golden regions of California, and peopled the Pacific coast with a population of millions." When the convention adjourned the veterans all took a drink, just to kill the bad water which they drank while crossing the plains to Mexico in 1848, and if I ever saw dry bones wake up and old blood bounce lively it was when these old fellows went "off duty" in the evening.

The famous Beecher delivered a brilliant lecture to a crowded house this evening, on the "Wastes and Burdens of Life." He commenced in a moderate tone of voice, but as he proceeded he warmed up with his subject, until his lightning flashes of eloquence fairly electrified his audience. I observed listeners so entranced by the speaker's magnetism that their mouths opened with his mouth and their heads shook with his head. He strewed from his hand upon the audience smiles and tears at his will. His power and eloquence lies in his manifest fervor and sincerity. Like a great actor, he loses sight of himself and plunges into the tragedy with saber in hand, while his auditors are constantly on the lookout to see where he strikes.

House of Representatives,
Washington, D. C., Jan. 28, 1874.

The contest of Governor Pinchbeck of Louisiana for a seat in the United States senate has occupied much of the time in that body for the last few days. During the discussion Pinchbeck and Ex-Governor Warmouth were conspicuous listeners upon the floor of the senate, manifestly much interested and uneasy over the uncertain result of the final vote. Governor Pinchbeck is a handsome, smart-looking, middle-aged mulatto, with a head as smooth and round as a melon. Ex-Governor Warmouth is a young man of princely bearing, tall and straight, with military mustache and fine-cut features. Senator Morton, chairman of the committee on elections, who had hitherto advocated Mr. Pinchbeck's right to a seat in the senate, this week changed front on account of some new revelations, as he alleged, touching the illegal conduct of Pinchbeck in connection with the elections of that state. The grave senators, however, became completely "unlimbered" and shook with laughter in their seats of dignity when the classical and Pecksniffian senator from Kentucky, Mr. McCreery, let loose his batteries of wit and sarcasm on the bogus elections of Louisiana. Like John P. Knott, of the same state, in his characteristic speech on "Duluth as the center of the world," Senator McCreery delivered his barbed arrows of sarcasm clothed in the most feathery and finished language. Every senator appeared to be in his seat, and turning round in their chairs to face the speaker, they frequently gave way to loud bursts of laughter, seeming to forget their high positions for the time being. The following amusing description of one of the Louisiana "election expeditions" will be read with a relish by Dakota politicians. Senator McCreery said:

> The Republican party, inflamed by dissensions, and exasperated by two conventions, one held at Baton Rouge and the other at New Orleans, with a couple of tickets in the field, fiercer in their assault upon each other than ever they had been upon their old opponents, was shorn of its strength even before the contest had begun. Some of their shrewdest politicians left the state after the nomination and never returned until after the election. But the "old guard," the officeholders, only grew desperate in misfortune, and resolved to attest their fidelity by inaugurating a campaign which in the pageantry and pomp and pride and

circumstance of its appointments should surpass anything that ever floated on the waters or rolled on wheels. (Laughter.) The marshal of Louisiana charters a steamboat, and, after taking on a cargo of speakers and whisky-barrels, committee-men, bacon, hams, and other choice edibles, he cuts his cable, raises his flag, and steams gallantly up the Mississippi river. It was a glorious sight to witness the calm, intrepid step of Marshal Packard, as he paced the quarter-deck of that vessel, surrounded by tapsters and flunkies, speakers and committeemen! At the landing, before the plank-walks were fairly adjusted, hundreds of negroes, of either sex and all ages, rushed pell-mell into the boat, looking on all sides and inquiring, "Where do you keep your cages?" Then came the grand reception, which was of that spontaneous, swelling, gushing character, only practiced by high-pressure politicians in very doubtful districts. (Laughter.) After an elegant collation, presided over with the ease and dignity acquired in high official position, the orators are let out; but from some cause or other which has never been very clearly explained, their most impassioned appeals produced little or no effect upon their hearers. Perhaps the dark mass were more impressed with the novelty of the contrivance than with any line of argument that could be addressed to their understandings, for a boat-load of orators had never before appeared on those waters. Perhaps the bar-room and the rostrum were too close together. At any rate, the enterprise was ruinously expensive; and besides, each day's experience made it more and more manifest that the prospective glory which cheered them at the outset might in the end culminate in scenes of disorder, debauchery, and licentiousness, surpassing those described by Gibbon in his history of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. (Laughter.) The craft began to wear a piratical appearance; the orators looked more like buccaneers than statesmen as their fiery eyeballs glared wildly under their shaggy brows. (Laughter.) Marshal Packard made land at Vidalia, a little village in the parish of Concordia; and after taking a short retrospect of the canvass as far as it had gone, he realized the desperate and utterly hopeless condition of affairs. But, instead of giving way to useless regrets, his creative genius, rising with the emergency, devised a plan which in strategetic force is probably without an equal. Sitting by the Father of Waters, with his eyes resting on the lofty bluffs on the opposite bank, and reflecting on the danger of procrastination, he then and there resolved to abandon his fleet, and to make one of those flank movements that in modern warfare so frequently decide the fate of armies and nations. His measures were taken with such prudence and circumspection that very few of the orators, perhaps not over a score, were aware of his intention until his departure. On the morning of the fifth day of October, Marshal Packard was descending the Mississippi river. Why this unexpected, this sudden and abrupt change in his tactics? It was thirty days until the election; and yet he is willing to leave the impression on our minds that he was gifted with foreknowledge, and that from some casual observations here and there he came to the deliberate conclusion that a tremendous amount of fraud would be practiced at the coming election, and that to circumvent this fraud he was hastening with all speed to New Orleans. When he arrived at that city he takes no rest until he has prepared thirty thousand affidavits in four distinct forms to meet the different varieties of fraud which in his opinon would then be most prevalent." (Laughter.)

From the day on which Marshal Packard made up his mind that the election could not be carried by steam, and left his crew at Vidalia, the campaign underwent a radical change. That magnificent propeller which had borne them so triumphantly over the waves was tied to a stake; those orators who had made her forecastle quiver under the thunders of their eloquence wandered forth singly or in pairs, seeking such precarious subsistence as they might find in the practice or in the detection of fraud. (Laughter.)

Mr. President,—An unseen hand scattered fragrance over the grave of Nero; and from that day to this there has been no offender, great or small, as to whose guilt or innocence there was not conflict of opinion. "He must have had strong provocation;" "He was insane;" "Some abberation or hallucination clouded his intellect, or he could not have done the deed,"—these, and a thousand other things, are surmised merely in mitigation. But in the case before us the door is rudely closed against friendly conjecture by the desperate energy with which Marshal Packard swears that Judge Durell was not drunk when he signed the order. (Laughter.)

During the delivery of the above burlesque, Senators Schurz, Conkling, Logan, Hamlin, Thurman and Wright seemed to be particularly amused, and the grave old Senator Sumner laughted outright several times. Logan laughed till his face was red, and Thurman felt good all over.

Another "set-to" took place in the house on Saturday on civil rights, in which the negro gained a second victory in debate. Mr. Robbins of North Carolina, a hot-headed, hasty Democrat, made a fierce attack upon the black race, branding them as only fit for slaves, and declared that congress was attempting to dethrone that proud bird, the American eagle, and perch the black crow in its place,—a fit emblem of the thieving and predatory black race. The Democratic party is continually suffering from such unprofitable and damaging speeches as the one made by this fiery Southerner.

But there is a negro preacher in congress, as black as a crow, whose name is Cain, and the Republicans pitted him against this raving Democrat, and he made an off-hand speech with great fluency, completely routing his antagonist. In the course of his remarks he said:

> Examine the laws of the South, and you will find that it was a penal offense for anyone to educate the colored people there. Yet these gentlemen come here and upbraid us with our ignorance and our stupidity. Yet you robbed us for two hundred years. During all that time we toiled for you. We have raised your cotton, your rice, your corn. We have attended your wives and your children. We have made wealth for your support and your education, while we were slaves, toiling without pay, without the means of education, and hardly of sustenance. And yet you upbraid us for being ignorant; call us a horde of barbarians! Why, sir, it is ill-becoming in the gentleman to tell us of our barbarism, after he and his have been educating us for two hundred years. If New England charity and benevolence had not accomplished more than your education has done we would still be in that condition. I thank the North for the charity and nobleness with which it has come to our relief. The North has sent forth those leading ideas, which have spread rapidly over the land; and the negro was not so dumb and not so obtuse that he could not catch the light, and embrace its blessings and enjoy them. Sir, I hurl back with contempt all the aspersions of the gentlemen on the other side against my race.
>
> The gentleman further states that the negro is the world's stage actor—the comic dancer all over the land; that he laughs and he dances. Sir, well he may; there are more reasons for his laughing and dancing now than ever before. (Laughter.) There are more substantial reasons why he should be happy now than during all the two hundred years prior to this time. Now he dances as an African; then he crouched as a slave. (Laughter and applause.)
>
> He says we are not ready for civil rights. How long would it have taken us to get ready under their kind of teaching? How long, O Lord, how long! (Laughter and applause.) How long would it have taken to educate us under the thumb-screw, to educate us with the whip, to educate us with the lash, with instruments of torture, to educate us without a home? How long would it have taken to educate us under their system? We had no wives; we had no children; they belonged to the gentleman and his class. We were homeless, we were friendless, although those Stars and Stripes hanging over your head, Mr. Speaker, ought to have been our protection. That emblem of the Declaration of Independence, initiated by the fathers of the Republic, that all men are born free and equal, ought to have been our protection. Yet they were to us no stars of hope, and the stripes were only stripes of our condemnation.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 12, 1874.

During the past week or two Washington has been visited by a large number of prominent and well known Dakotans, some on business and some for pleasure. Charley Howard, the good-looking and merry merchant prince of the Sioux Valley, was the first to show his smiling face in the gallery of the house of representatives. He sat "blooming and alone" among the rows of negroes for a few minutes, but finally threw up his nose and "lit" out of there like a Sioux Valley stage horse. The next I saw of him he was marching up the avenue towards the public "crib," or treasury, and he said he was affected as Artemus Ward was—whenever he came near Washington he felt like stealing something. He appeared to be particularly annoyed by the crowds of dirty negro boys that everywhere ran under him and between his legs. He was also a close observer of the old horses that were driven into town before rickety and rattling wagons, harnessed in straps, rawhide and rope, with reins of bed cord. He remarked, as also did Mr. Crew, master of the Dakota Grangers, when here, that he had not seen a good farm wagon, drawn by a span of well-harnessed horses, since he entered the old plantation grounds of Virginia and Maryland. Farmers coming from the West always observe this in these old, worn-out farming sections of the East. The soil upon the old fields is bleached as white as chalk, and produces nothing unless each year it is revived by fertilizing substances. The old rail fences in the country are broken down and moss-covered, and the small barren fields inside of them seem like deserted garden patches compared with the great fat farms of the West, rich in soil and broad in acres. Charley Howard said that he could not see that the poor small farmers here brought anything into the market to sell except hoop-poles, cornstalks, and rye straw. He kept his eye out for great wagon loads of wheat, corn and dressed hogs, but he didn't see them. He saw, instead, poor, half-dressed farmers coming into market, driving hungry horses, shabbily harnessed to old dilapidated wagons, covered with clay. Some brought half a cord of wood to market, others had hoop-poles and hen's eggs, and still others had small loads of corn stalks, hay or straw, drawn by one horse. Howard and Crew both went back to Dakota satisfied, declaring that they would not exchange the Sioux and Vermillion valleys of Dakota for all the plantation grounds in old Virginia.

The noted "sea captain" of Dakota, Commodore Coulson, has been in Washington some days, looking after the final adjustment and awarding of the government freight contract on the upper Missouri river for 1874, in which he was the lowest bidder at Chicago. He says the "channel" at the war department looks clear, and he believes he will make his "landing" in good shape. He walks leisurely up the avenue like a Missouri river pilot pacing the hurricane deck of the steamer Western, and he keeps his eye continually ahead of him as though he were running a steamboat up the street, and suspected some hidden "sand-bar" would rise up through the pavement of the avenue and drive him to the "other shore." When he steps into a street car he sings out "all aboard," and when he wants to get off he rings the bell and orders the driver to "shove out the gang plank." Whenever he goes up to the gallery of congress he is continually looking at Ben Butler, and says Ben's eyes are so crooked that it makes him think of the half-moon circles in the upper Missouri river.

Aug. High and C. J. B. Harris have also put in their good-looking faces here during the past week. "Gus" being a surveyor, walked straight up the broad sidewalk, with his chin leveled, turning neither to the right or the left. When I first met him I thought it was one of General Dewey's "lost" deputies running a section line straight for the old flag that was floating from the top of General Lee's old mansion on Arlington heights. His eye was as round and as firm as a bullet, and he stepped like a surveyor that had started out on a breakfast of bacon and beans, with a determination to run his eighteen miles before night in order to reach wood and water for camp. He ran over a dozen negro boys, and plunged into the face of two or three market women who were too fat and slow to get out of his way. At last he began to "random back," and "closed in" at the St. James Hotel for a "square meal." He ordered his meal on a tin plate, and his coffee in a quart basin, without milk. He threw aside his knife and fork, and "went through" his supper with his fingers as only a Western surveyor knows how to do. The next morning he came out the best-looking man in the hotel, and gave us to understand that he knew just as much about "high life" as anybody. C. J. B. Harris, the Yankton tax and abstract agent, is also here, and you would know from first sight that he was a tax gatherer and title agent. He looks at every man in the eye as much as to say, "Have you paid your taxes?" As he passes along the street, he seems to take an abstract of every brick in the walk and the inches front of every building on the street. He takes an "abstract" look at everything and everybody, even to the ladies and their extravagant bustles and trails. He eyes the magnificent carriages and champing steeds that dash by him, and he fixes the value on them, and, "assesses" them on the spot. He can tell how much every congressman can "steal," by looking at him, as well as how much "back pay" he took; and what he amounts to as a man after "abstracted," his taxes paid, and his debts settled. Harris, you know, never laughs, but he looks into a man as he would into a crooked title. He is here looking after the codification of the Dakota laws, which Mr. Armstrong recently presented to congress.

Petitions continue to pour into congress by the hundred, praying for the organization of the new Territory of Pembina out of the northern half of Dakota; but congress seems to be very economically disposed, and will act reluctantly in the matter, if at all.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 19, 1874.

The past week has been a busy one at the postoffice department, inasmuch as the new mail contracts for the next four years in the Western States and Territories have been under process of examination and final adjustment.

The number of competitors was large, and the bids consequently low. The sixty-five mile route from Yankton to Sioux Falls, for instance, is to be carried three times a week for less than $1,200 a year. Some of these routes will be extended from time to time to take in new postoffices, and on others the service will be increased in the number of trips a week. As it is at present, Dakota is pretty well traversed by mail routes.

The much-needed amendments to the tree culture bill have passed the house of representatives, and the bill is now in the senate, with great prospects of success. The bill as it passed the house provides that ten acres of prairie shall be broken the first year, ten the second and twenty the third, and that the planting of trees shall follow in the ratio of ten acres the second year, ten the third and twenty the fourth from date of entry. This gives the whole of the first year for the sod to rot before planting, as requested in the petitions sent to congress by the settlers of Dakota and other parts of the West.

Another feature of the new bill allows eighty acres to be taken by plowing and planting twenty acres under the above provision. The necessary papers may be made before any officer having a seal and authorized to administer oaths, and afterwards forwarded to the district land office. The patent can also issue after eight years, instead of ten, and persons holding claims under the old homestead law can prove up in three years instead of five, if at that time they have one acre of growing trees for each ten acres of their homestead. The bill further provides that all persons who took claims under the timber culture act of last congress may have the benefits of this amended law in completing their titles, and that no land acquired under this act as amended shall be liable for any debt contracted prior to issuing of certificate. The total fees amount to fourteen dollars per quarter section, twelve of which is to be paid at the time of entry and two dollars upon issue of final certificate. I look upon this bill as more directly conducing to the future prosperity and development of Dakota than any measure now pending before congress. If it becomes a law, it will induce immigrants to settle upon your broad and fertile prairies whose homestead groves will soon begin to dot the surface of the territory.

The bill authorizing the secretary of war to report the Dakota Indian war claims of 1862 for payment has finally passed both houses of congress, and an officer will be detailed to inspect and report the accounts for final settlement. The officer will, of course, first proceed to audit the accounts as reported upon by the territorial legislature of 1862-63, which acts amount to $28,137.17, due 336 claimants residing principally in the counties of Cole (now Union), Clay, Yankton and Bonhomme. This report of the territorial auditor to the legislature was published in pamphlet form, and I presume can be found in the house and council journals of that session. The names of the claimants are there given in full, and the amount audited as due to each. Claimants whose names are not included in that report must be prepared to present evidence why their claims were not audited at that time. Territorial warrants were issued in the name of all persons contained in the legislative report above referred to, and many of them are still in existence, while many have been lost or worn out since 1862. Some of the claimants also have died, but a very large proportion of these can be found still residing in the now flourishing towns and counties where they once enrolled themselves to protect their homes and families against the ruthless savage.

The contract for transportation of the government freight on the upper Missouri river for next season was awarded to

Coulson & Company, who intend to make Yankton their base of operations.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON, D. C., March 2, 1874.

This being Monday, it is by common usage in Washington termed "wash-day in congress," or the day on which the states and territories are called on for the introduction of bills and resolutions, which are afterwards printed and hung out to dry before the world. Precisely at twelve o'clock noon, when all the town clocks and steam whistles in the city are sounding, the speaker ascends the stand and raps the house to order with one loud sledge-hammer blow of his large marble gavel. The next moment the chaplain looks heavenward through the glass roof, and cries, "O, Lord, our Heavenly Father," while the members are standing around in the hall with repentant heads down, some with overcoats on and hats in hand, while others retain their smoking cigars between their fingers. The prayer often catches them unawares in the midst of laughter or a boisterous conversation, and they are first brought to their feet or to their knees by the loud plump of the speaker's hammer, like the sound of Gabriel's horn. As the chaplain proceeds to go upwards, the members continue to stoop downwards, and they appear to believe that he is imploring the "dear people" to "give us day by day our welcome salaries; lead us not out of office; but deliver us from newspaper attacks. Let the people's petitions come, and their will shall be done, provided it don't lead us into temptation; for our constituents have the power, the will, and the intention to remove us from office for ever and ever, amen." The man of prayer has scarcely closed his interview with the Almighty Ruler of men and nations, before there is such a unanimous clapping of hands that strangers in the gallery are led to believe that the poor fellows have been touched to the heart and are applauding his prayer. But not so. They haven't heard a word of it, but have been thinking about their next elections, and how to send seeds to their voting constituents. Hence the clapping of hands is to summon the message boys and dispatch them after large packages of seeds, wild oats, books and things.

Soon the calling of states and territories commences, beginning with the State of Maine on the Atlantic coast and proceeding westward in order, reaching at last the territories on the Pacific ocean. Under this Monday call, bills are introduced of every conceivable nature, calculated, in the opinion of the originators to cure every prevailing evil and promote prosperity in their respective districts. All bills introduced on this day cannot be discussed, but are referred to appropriate committees for examination. After the introduction of bills comes the time for resolutions, when, as Speaker Blaine to-day smilingly said to a new member's inquiry, "Everything is in order except disorder." The house is thrown into a perfect uproar by a large number of members rushing down in front yelling, "Mr. Speaker!" and shaking aloft sheets of white paper, which gives the members the appearance of a band of praying women, with snowy plumes waving in the wind. Most of the resolutions are urged for buncombe and political effect at home, and they proclaim that it is the "sense of the house" that this and that should be done for the good of the country. Ben Butler got through a resoluion to-day affirming it as the sense of the house that all the appointments in the capitol at Washington should be made from the ranks of disabled soldiers and their families. There was scarcely a vote against it, and yet we will never hear of it again as having any effect upon the government departments. Some weeks ago, also on Monday, a resolution was passed without a dissenting vote, expressing the sentiments of the representatives in congress that if the government was more economically administered there would be no necessity for increased taxes to relieve the present prostration of business which has everywhere befallen the country. Although this resolution was thought to be a direct blow at the bad management of President Grant's administration, there was not a Republican member found in the house to record his vote against the measure. It is amusing to watch the presiding officer of the house, and see with what a dexterous hand he manages this boisterous assemblage of three hundred representatives. A dozen members at once will be screaming, "Mr. Speaker!" at the top of their voices, in the hope of catching his eye, and become thus recognized and entitled to the floor. But Speaker Blaine's eye is trained to its business, and he holds the reins as evenly over this impetuous body as the experienced stage driver who draws his "ribbons" over restless steeds, and with one crack of his whip straightens his "four-in-hand" into line. The presiding officer necessarily arranges his schedule before calling the house to order, and all members having important or urgent business to present must previously arrange with the speaker to be recognized; otherwise, in nine cases out of ten, he will look right straight over their heads while they are screaming, "Mr. Speaker!" In a large body like the house of representatives this is necessarily so, in order to facilitate and systematize the business of the house. Oftentimes a number of members spring to their feet and address the speaker at the same moment, and personal clamor would soon arise were it not left to the presiding officer to assign the floor and single out one as first entitled to be heard. To-morrow discussion will open on Mr. McCreery's transportation bill, and the right of congress to control railroad tariff in the several states.

In the senate the centennial appropriation bill for the international exposition at Philadelphia, in 1876, is under discussion, and is receiving much determined opposition.

Very little of the work of the present congress is yet completed, and it begins to appear as though a final adjournment would not be reached until June. A bill has passed the house merging the preëmption law into the homestead law. Congress is becoming alarmed at the small amount of agricultural lands still left in possession of the United States. Dakota is acknowledged here as containing a larger area of good agricultural lands still open to settlement, than any other section of the public domain within the United States. Immigration will doubtless press largely into Dakota until the most valuable farming lands become occupied by settlers.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON, D. C., March 17, 1874.

The senate has finally passed the tree-culture bill substantially as it came from the house, and the president has also approved the same. The text of the bill allows three years for breaking the prairie and four years for the planting of trees, in installments of ten acres a year. I will this week send you the approved law for publication, in order that the farmers of the territory may be informed of its provisions with the early opening of spring. The commissioner of the general land office is preparing instructions to accompany the law. Great preparations are being made by settlers in many of the Western States and Territories to commence the process of forest planting under the liberal provisions of the modified law.

A bill has been introduced in the house of representatives, a copy of which I herewith inclose, looking to an investigation of the evasion of the law of 1864, by which the Sioux City branch of the Union Pacific Railroad was slipped down the river southeasterly instead of being constructed westerly through southern Dakota and northern Nebraska to a connection with the Union Pacific, near the 100th meridian, as is clearly contemplated by the seventeenth section of the act of congress granting aid therefor. The bill now before congress provides that the company shall not be released from the conditions of said act of 1864 until the said contemplated branch shall be extended and completed through Southern Dakota and northern Nebraska to a point *near* the 100th meridian; the eighty-five miles of road between Sioux City and Missouri Valley Junction being accepted only as a link in the branch as originally projected by act of congress.

Since my last letter Washington has been visited by many of the popular and talented lecturers of the age. The old radical but popular and eloquent Wendell Phillips addressed a crowded house on the "Lost Arts." He is losing much of his fire and dash of speech, and rests principally upon his laurels of the past. His hair is becoming whitened with age, and years are marking their wrinkles upon his face.

Canon Kingsley of England, chaplain of the queen, also appeared before a large and intelligent audience here during the past week. His subject was "Westminster Abbey." He is a stiff, awkward speaker, with a monstrous voice and unnatural address. He wears the English mutton-chop whiskers planted upon either side of his flushed and beefsteak countenance. The only attractive feature of this distinguished lecturer is the studied and beautiful language in which he clothes his learned productions.

Grace Greenwood, the noted American authoress, has also appeared upon the lecture stand here, to entertain her admirers with her keen wit and womanly sarcasm. She wants a civil rights bill passed for the white people of Washington, so that they can have equal privileges with the colored citizens who monopolize the street cars, sidewalks and the galleries of congress. Mrs. E. D. N. Southworth, another noted woman, author of the "Hidden Hand," etc., resides near the city, and is often seen at the places of public amusement, where her writings are rendered upon the stage.

Professor Proctor is delivering here a course of elaborate lectures on astronomy, and is attempting to induce members of congress to look heavenward and see stars and things. Many of them take their wine "glasses" and look through them, and declare the moon is inhabited with voters—all

Grangers. They pronounce the professor's nebulæ secret caucuses and declare that his comets are nothing but tail ends of brilliant election campaigns.

Colonel Boudinot, the educated son of a Cherokee Indian chief, delivered an eloquent address before a large assemblage of ladies and gentlemen, in Lincoln Hall, last week, upon the "Indian Question." I observed General Sherman in one of the front seats, with his sharp eye resting upon the speaker as though he was watching for a scalp. The address was very instructive and interesting, and Mr. Boudinot closed with the declared policy that the only way to subdue and civilize the Indians was to school and educate their children in the English language and modes of life. In short, said he, "it is easier to corral the children in schoolhouses than to corral the warriors on reservations." Reclaim from wildness the rising generation, and the old and savage race will soon die out.

Professor Powers of Chicago recently lectured before the Academy of Science and Art, in the Young Men's Christian Association building, upon the novel subject of "Rainfall Produced by Artillery Firing." The professor was exceedingly interesting, and proved conclusively from established precedents and experiments that passing clouds could be made to yield their refreshing showers to the earth below by the discharge of a heavy cannon creating a vibration in the atmosphere. He referred to this process being resorted to by famishing armies in crossing thirsty deserts, whereby water had been brought from the clouds in rain showers for the uses of man and beast.

On Monday last the intelligence of the death of Ex-President Fillmore, at his home in Buffalo, New York, was formally announced to both branches of congress. Short and appropriate eulogies were pronounced, and the usual resolutions of respect and condolence passed, after which committees were appointed to proceed to Buffalo and represent the two houses of congress at the funeral of the deceased ex-president. The capitol building and the several departments of the government were draped in mourning, and the flags of the city were hung at half mast.

Scarcely had the burial committee of congress departed upon their journey to attend the last ceremonies of the departed Fillmore, before a dispatch flashed in upon congress that Senator Sumner, who but the day before was in his seat, was now dying at his rooms in the city. Members were so startled that no business of importance was proceeded with. and soon came another dispatch which was read at the speaker's stand, announcing that the great senator was rapidly sinking, and could not survive the day. In less than an hour another dispatch announced that Senator Sumner was dead, whereupon the houses immediately adjourned. The next day nothing of interest was transacted in congress, except to vote testimonials of sorrow and esteem and appoint committees to accompany the remains of the dead senator to the commonwealth of Massachusetts, and to arrange for his preliminary funeral in the senate chamber of the United States, to take place on the following day. His body was embalmed and lay in state in the great rotunda of the capitol from nine till one o'clock, where it was visited by thousands of citizens, old and young, black and white, rich and poor. The remains were then removed to the senate chamber, and placed in front of the vice president's stand. The president of the United States and his cabinet took seats to the right, the judges of the supreme court the left, senators and members in the rear and the friends and relations in front. The chair of the dead senator, which he had occupied but a few days before, was draped in deep mourning, and a crown of snowy white flowers rested upon his vacant desk. At the foot of the chair I observed a couple of law books tipped carelessly down, like broken vases upon a tomb, apparently where the great intellect had dropped them when death sounded the alarm. Since the funeral here the senate has not been in session until to-day, the funeral delegations having not yet returned from Massachusetts.

Congress is now fairly at work again, and will probably get through with the annual business of the session by the 1st of June. The measure to secure an increase of currency for the South and West looks more hopeful than at any time during the session. The bill for the division of Dakota is meeting with some secret opposition here from a few of the federal officials of the territory who desire to retain control over the official fees and government contracts in the northern part of Dakota. The Bismarck land district bill has been reported to the house favorably for passage, and is quite sure of becoming a law. The bill for the relief of settlers on the Fort Randall reservation above White Swan is also upon the favorable list and will doubtless pass.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON, D. C., March 25, 1874.

On Monday last Mr. Dawes, chairman of the ways and means committee, under the check and spur of the previous question, obtained under the suspension of the rules by a two-thirds vote, brought the house to a square vote on the long debated question of increasing the currency, as a relief to the present prostration of the business of the country.

The question was contested stoutly inch by inch by the representatives of the New England and Northeastern States, who, though defeated in every vote, persisted in having the ayes and nays called throughout on every amendment. The sense of the house was first tested upon the proposition of the New England members, to limit the amount of legal tender notes to $356,000,000, the amount now out, and recalling the $26,000,000 of the reserve fund recently issued. This was voted down by the large majority of 171 against 70. A New York proposition was then submitted to an aye and nay vote, limiting the amount of legal tenders to $382,000,000, being the sum now in circulation including the $26,000,000 of reserve. This amendment was voted down by the decided majority of 171 to 74. The house was then brought face to face upon the original bill increasing the amount to $400,000,000. New England and New York, with their hoarded wealth, were still persistent and determined to prevent any increase of money for the country, if within the range of a desperate and grasping possibility; and motions to adjourn and lie on the table were interjected and necessarily voted down before a square vote was reached upon the final passage of the bill; which resulted in the complete triumph of the Southern and Western States, by a vote of 168 against 77. The result of the vote has already had a decided effect in stimulating the business of the spring season. Free banking is now strongly advocated in both branches of congress as a means of more equally distributing the currency among the people, by the issuing of national bank notes in any locality whenever $10,000 in United States bonds are forwarded to the treasury as security for the redemption of circulating notes. It is thought that under the workings of such a law the present volume of greenbacks would be increased $10,000,000, principally in the states and territories which are now far short of having their quota. The New England States have under the present distribution of the currency about thirty-one dollars for each inhabitant, while the West has less than seven dollars, and the South less than three dollars. New England, with thirty-one dollars per capita, protests that she has no more than she needs, but at the same time she is unwilling that the West should have more money unless it is obtained at high rates of interest from Eastern money loaners.

On all such important national measures as the currency, internal transportation, etc., there seems to be a general disbanding or breaking up of all party organization in congress, and every member votes according to his own individual judgment in the premises. On the currency question Democrats and Republicans were found voting promiscuously together for the interest of their respective states or districts, and working strenuously hand in hand against opposing members of their own parties. The same is true of the transportation problem, party lines being entirely obliterated and lost sight of in the more absorbing matters of local or public interest.

The more the proceedings of congress, as well as of public men and political conventions, are observed and considered, the more plainly it becomes evident that party rule is dying out. There is no one great and vital question which divides parties of the present day. The war is over, slavery is dead, the black man votes and holds office under the laws of the land, and this is now all acknowledged as a thing of the past. New issues are constantly springing up upon which good men of all parties entertain their own independent opinions. This independence of thought and action is extending in a great measure to the masses of intelligent, reading people throughout the country, who, in the absence of any great national issue, are beginning to vote outside the ranks of any political organization. Prominent Republicans here admit that the country is becoming alarmingly full of independent voters, as evidenced by recent state and municipal elections. A Republican senator recently said that "the people have drawn the sword against monopoly, official corruption and party tyranny, and that they cannot hereafter be controlled by any political party."

Ex-Governor Burbank, Ex-Judge French, Surveyor General Dewey and the Pembina land officers have been in the city for a number of days. Burbank is looking after his Southern mail contract, upon which he was underbid by others, and Judge French is looking around generally to see if there are any loose offices laying open to be filled. General Dewey is visiting his Wisconsin friends who represent that state in congress, and is keeping a watchful eye upon his appropriation for surveys in Dakota for the ensuing year. It now stands at $70,000 for office purposes and field work, as recommended by the general land office. An effort will be made to induce the appropriation committee in congress to increase the amount for surveys to $80,000, the same as last year. Hon. James W. Taylor, the American consul to Manitoba, is also here, advocating an appropriation of $40,000 to improve the navigation of Red river between Minnesota and Dakota. The committee on commerce do not seem disposed to advise the commencement of any new improvements of rivers until the treasury is relieved of its present embarassment.

EXTRAVAGANT IMPROVEMENTS IN WASHINGTON.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON, D. C., April 1, 1874.

Washington city contains 260 acres of streets and avenues, and has, at present, an estimated population of 130,000 people. More than one-half of the city area is in public streets, there being less than forty-six per cent of the city limits devoted to building lots and parks. The parks and public grounds, of course, belong to the government. Hence it will be seen that but a comparatively small proportion of the city is owned as private property in the hands of individuals. For this reason, among others, a strife has grown up between the local (a territorial government here) and the national congress, on the matter of appropriations of money made by each government for the proportionate improvement of property owned by each within the limits of the federal city. It appears that since 1860 the local corporations and new territorial government organized in 1870, have expended $20,375,440.70 for improving the city, by tax upon private property, and that during the same period the federal government has expended but $4,600,586.20, notwithstanding it is the largest land owner in the city.

Hence the citizens naturally want congress to make more liberal appropriations from year to year for the purpose of paving the streets, constructing sewers, and laying gas and water mains around and in front of the public grounds and buildings. Not until the late war was terminated did Washington City commence its era of growth and prosperity.

In 1869 the wooden pavement period began by a compulsory act of congress requiring the property owners on Pennsylvania avenue to pave the same from the capitol to the president's mansion, a distance of one mile. In 1871 the Forty-second congress became imbued with the spirit of renovating and beautifying the capitol city, and appropriated $3,597,801 to be placed to the credit of the improvement fund. In the meantime congress created a board of public works, consisting of seven men, with full power to carry on the improvements, expend the money, make contracts, etc. Of course, this was conferring dangerous privileges upon seven men, when it is considered that they were to control the location of improvements, the awarding of contracts, and the expenditure of several millions of money. Hence some of the taxpayers of the city recently petitioned congress to investigate the affairs of the board of public works, alleging that large contracts had been let at extravagant prices, and that false measurements had been made for favorite contractors by the engineers of the board, upon which returns much more work had been paid for than had been executed; and furthermore, that the board had formed a real estate "ring" and bought up the cheap property in localities where, after the purchase, they ordered extensive improvements, and then sold them at greatly increased values. All the official transactions of the board are, therefore, now being investigated by a committee of congress, and in this, as in other cases where large amounts of money are expended, some loose and dishonest practices have been developed. Members of the district, or rather territorial, legislature have been discovered to have secured contracts from the governor (who is president of the board of public works) for particular friends or supporters of theirs, whom they afterwards charged three thousand dollars for "influence."

The contractors went back on these heavy assessments, and would not stand so much "blood money," but one of them finally came down a $1,000 worth of "influence," and forked over the money to the legislator; but when the lawmaker wanted another $1,000 the contractor peached on him, and has recently testified to the whole transaction before the congressional committee. Another man who had a $100,000 contract to pave a long street to the Potomac swears that his work was not accepted by the board because he would not pay the proper officer $5,000. The fact was also elicited in the investigation that it had been a usual custom for contractors to "loan" money to the engineer, by handing it to him in an envelope, a day or two before he was to make a measurement of certain sections of their work. All these matters have been explained away or sworn down by the friends of the board, but still the investigation has created an unpleasant suspicion in both branches of congress, which may go far to check any further liberal appropriations for improvements under the territorial government of Columbia. The board have, however, accomplished a great work in redeeming the city from mud and filth and adornng it with beautifully paved streets and ornamental parks and grounds.

No one can read the great speech of Representative Dawes, chairman of the committee of ways and means, in his arraignment of the reckless financial management of the party in power under the present administration, without being convinced that we are indeed living under a reign of political extravagance. Contracts are let from the very head of the treasury department to private parties, by which they are authorized to share equal halves with the government in collection of certain revenues, as recently divulged in the Sanborn and Jayne frauds. Millions of money have been annually appropriated to afford large contracts to supporters of the dominant party in the construction of government buildings and works in nearly all the larger cities of the country. Extravagant Indian contracts have been awarded to parties who were not the lowest bidders, and increased supplies purchased beyond the appropriations of congress, to be made up in deficiencies. Scores of deputy collectors of revenues and customs have been kept on salaries, at places where, as Mr. Dawes shows, there were no receipts to the government. As a consequence the national treasury has for several months been dropping behind, until now our expenditures exceed our receipts.

The present appropriation bills before congress have been reduced nearly $20,000,000 for the next fiscal year, in order to run the government "closer to shore" and thereby avoid another threatening storm, of which last fall's financial panic was but a warning gale.

Ex-Governor Burbank is still here opposing the establishment of a land office at Bismarck, claiming that it will injure the business of the Springfield office. The attorney general was recently called before a committee of congress to explain the large expenses incurred for the United States courts in Dakota, amounting to over $50,000 a year.

MISFORTUNES OF PUBLIC MEN.

House of Representatives,
Washington, D. C., April 7, 1874.

To one who is a close observer of men and things at the capital of a great nation like ours a sad and instructive lesson is presented of the ups and downs of men in public life. Daily can be seen men of wasted fortunes, lost hopes, disappointed ambition and departed honors, hanging wistfully about the congressional lobby entrances and committee rooms, many of whom have in days gone by occupied the honorable position of United States senator, representatives in congress, and even members of the president's cabinet.

One day lately a very feeble and poorly dressed old man was pointed out to me sitting by the main entrance to the house of representatives, and writing, with trembling hand, his address upon a card, to be sent in to some member of congress of whom he desired to ask assistance. To my surprise I was informed that he was years ago a member of the cabinet, and had occupied the responsible and honorable position of United States treasurer. With the loss of office he lost his courage to battle with the world even handed, and gradually gave way to the stings of pride and remorse, until his faculties and energies failed, and he dropped into obscurity and want. Many ex-senators can be seen around Washington, having apparently nothing to do and but little to live upon. Some of them pick up small fees as claim agents or lawyers, while others are anxiously waiting for some job or fine opening for business particularly adapted to their tastes. Some of them were prominent and able representatives of their respective states while in congress, but their senatorial terms deprived them so long of their former business and so alienated them from the people that they could not again step back into the home pursuits which they had abandoned for office. Hence pride drives them to seek professional occupation elsewhere, usually at the capitol where they have become acquainted, but where also, as a consequence, every profession is overdone. When once out of office no one thinks or cares for them above the common level of mankind. No one stops to inquire whether another man has ever been a senator, cabinet officer, or president of the United States, neither does he care. If he has business with him, he simply wants to know what the man is now.

Ex-President Johnson, when here last fall, attracted no more attention from the masses of the people than as though he had never been outside of his native state. I have seen a distinguished ex-senator upon the streets scoffed at and ridiculed by bootblacks and newsboys, and at every point avoided by respectable people. Drink ruins some, pride others, and political disappointment still more than all. Colfax fell from his high pinnacle of honor like dashed hopes, after the Credit Mobilizier exposure in congress; while Greeley, Brooks, Ames and Sumner were stung to death by the barbed arrow of political disappointment. Scores of other public men of the present age have burned out their intellects in the red and sparkling glass. The wear and tear of mind and body upon men in representative position seems, after years of service, to break down the mental and physical endurance of the human system. Vice President Wilson has not been able to occupy his chair but a few days during the present session. Senator Edmunds has been obliged to leave his seat in that body and pass through much of the winter in Florida. Senator Boutwell has been confined to his room for some weeks. Senator Morton has been detained from his seat by feebleness, as also Senator Scott of Pennsylvania. Senators Ferry of Connecticut and Brownlow of Tennessee are so helpless from paralysis that they require attendants to assist them to their seats in the senate. In the house of representatives the members are generally younger men, and being elected for only two years, they do not show the scars and lashes which are exhibited by the old political wheelhorses in the senate. Mr. Dawes of the house, however, is beginning to look wrinkled and haggard from his long continued and prominent labors in that body. Ben Butler, "The Man of Iron," likewise begins to exhibit the marks of hard fought battles in the fading luster of his protruding eyes.

Mr. Dawes and Judge Hoar, both members from Massachusetts, are each day seen chatting friend-like over the pending contest in the Massachusetts legislature for the dead Sumner's vacant seat in the United States senate. The telegrams announcing the vote are sent to the house every day, about half-past twelve o'clock, giving Dawes some 95 votes, and Hoar 78. The two men seem to be as unconcerned as though honor had no further charms for them. Dawes was speaking the other day when the dispatch came in, and he did not even look round to be told what the result was. Judge Hoar kept on writing at his desk. Mr. Dawes is now serving his eighteenth successive year in congress as representative from Massachusetts, and is still what might be termed a poor man in this world's wealth. There are scores of congressmen here who are in the same situation, notwithstanding they have been in office for successive terms of years. The most prominent of these are usually the ones who make the least money out of their positions. Vice President Wilson, Morton, Colfax, Garfield, Dawes, and many other leading men of the present age, have rendered long years of service to the country, with fair salaries, and still they accumulated little or nothing from their earnings. It is not our greatest nor wisest men who make the most money. There are some very ordinary members of congress who are worth millions of dollars. A senator the other day showed me a letter written to him to "doe" all he could to "git" the currency bill "deefetid," for, if it passed, he said it would make money "moar plentey" and "interyst loar," and this man was worth over a million dollars and was living on the interest of his loans. But notwithstanding the selfish protests of such money loaners as this, the currency bill passed, to provide more money for the wants of the country.

A strong effort is being made from the West to have the care of the Indians hereafter entrusted to the war department instead of the interior department, as is now the case. It is believed that, by assigning military officers at the various posts in the Indian country to the duties now performed by Indian agents, the issues of rations and annuities will thereby be more economically and justly attended to, and that the Indians will be more promptly checked in case of hostilities. But the Indian service is the strongest political machine in the government, and its lever is a motive power in campaigns which the dominant party will very reluctantly let pass from its hands. Several millions of government funds thrown into a wilderness to feed Indians each year is no small pool from which to fish up large and profitable contracts.

The senate and house committees on public lands have both decided to report favorably to their respective houses the bill to allow Mennonite Russian colonies to select large tracts of unoccupied government lands, for the purpose of locating extensive settlements in the West. The bill permits each head of the family to purchase one-quarter section of land at private entry by paying to the government $1.25 per acre, to be paid in five equal installments for five years, at six per cent interest, the first installment to be paid at the time of entry. Some opposition is manifested toward the measure, as discriminating in favor of a certain class of foreigners against all other citizens.

Since the repeal of the franking privilege no provision has been made by congress for the free distribution of seeds and documents through the public mails, and in consequence thereof very few are being sent out in comparison with the amounts distributed in former years. Members of congress are constantly in receipt of letters from their constituents asking for seeds and documents without limit, and a large majority of the people who write for them seem to be surprised to learn that no congressional matter has been allowed to pass free through the mails since the 1st of July last.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON, D. C., April 14, 1874.

Congress is still making slow progress in the business of the session. Too much time is occupied in discussion and long speeches in open house, instead of maturing matters of legislation before the proper committees. Most of the important appropriation bills necessary to defray the expenses of the government for the next ensuing year have not yet been considered in either house, while the prolonged and perplexing debate on the finances and the currency of the country is still undetermined. Every member from New England to the Pacific slope seems to have an amendment to offer and a speech to back it, before he is ready to vote any relief to the country.

Many representatives who have special bills of importance to their respective districts are becoming quite uneasy over the uncertain fate of their measures, inasmuch as the larger bills of a national character will be likely to absorb most of the time of congress as the session draws near to a close. Dakota has been fortunate in receiving, thus early, final and favorable action in both houses upon three bills of most general interest to the territory, viz., the war claim bill, the tree culture act, and the post route law. All of the other Dakota bills have either passed one branch of congress, or have been favorably reported by the proper committees.

A general right-of-way bill for railroads in the territories has been reported in each house for passage, and has been thoroughly discussed in the senate for three successive days, and passed that body yesterday. The bill gives the right-of-way and station grounds through the public lands to all railroad companies in the territories now organized, or that may be hereafter organized, according to law. The measure will probably become a law in a modified form. The senate desires to prohibit the counties and towns from voting aid or loaning credit to the roads, and also to prevent such roads being constructed through any Indian reservation without the consent of the tribe being first asked and obtained; and, furthermore, to provide terms of consolidation between companies wherever the road is to run through two or more territories. The house bill is the same in substance, except that it is silent upon the subject of voting aid, leaving the people to exercise their own judgment. All special right-of-way bills for particular roads in the territories are held back by the public land committee, in hopes that they will all be covered by the passage of this general bill. A special bill is in for every railroad company in Dakota, and should this general measure become a law these companies, as well as all future ones, will be placed upon an equal footing so far as aid from the government is concerned.

The bill establishing a new United States land office at Bismarck, Dakota, passed the house of representatives to-day, after a sharp skirmish as to the policy of going across the ocean to get a foreign name to bestow upon an American land office. The same bill has been reported favorably in the senate, and will probably be reached on the calendar in a week or two, and be made a law.

The bill creating the new territory of Pembina out of northern Dakota will come up for discussion in the senate this week, unless crowded out by more important national questions. The house committee on territories is awaiting the action of the senate upon the Pembina bill, inasmuch as the latter body is expected to take early action in the premises.

The bill for the relief of certain settlers on the Fort Randall reservation has already passed one house, and is on the favorable calendar in the other; but, like other bills, it will have to take its course on the list, and may not be reached for several weeks. The measure for the survey and reconnoissance of the Dakota river, also the bill looking to the westerly construction of the Sioux City branch of the Union Pacific Railroad to the 100th meridian, are both receiving the proper consideration by the respective committees.

The bill introduced in the early part of the session asking an appropriation of $6,000 to repair the bridge over the Big Sioux river between Iowa and Dakota, I regret to say, is not looked upon favorably by the commerce committee. The secretary of the interior reports that the government has already expended over $20,000 in constructing said bridge for the public travel, and that therefore the State of Iowa and

Territory of Dakota ought to keep it in repair for their own benefit. The injudicious manner in which the former appropriation was expended has had a tendency to defeat the construction of any more government bridges in the territories superintended by civil officers.

Col. C. K. Peck and E. B. Crawford have been in the city several days, and each has presented his statement to the attorney general in regard to the recent conviction of the latter in one of the Dakota courts. Ex-Secretary Wilkins of Dakota, Ex-Secretary Batchelder and Ex-Collector of Revenue Hodnett are all denizens of Washington, and have been here for a year or two. Colonel Batchelder is said to be slowly dying in hospital; Wilkins is daily seen upon the streets, apparently a man of leisure; Hodnett is engaged in the law business, and declares that he intends to be "leader of the bar." George Black, who was shot and crippled for life while acting as sheriff in Yankton some years ago, is a clerk in the general land office, engaged in writing land patents. Young Rusk, a deputy surveyor in Dakota last summer, is here as clerk of the pension committee in the house of representatives, of which his father is chairman. Lee Roy Woods of Springfield, Dakota, has been here most of the winter, and is about to start to Alaska, with a government party going out this spring. Surveyor General Dewey left for New York last week. Ex-Governor Burbank is still here. Judge French is a candidate for register of the Bismarck land office. Brasher's clerk, who was some time ago appointed register of the Pembina office, has not been confirmed by the senate. The above-named land office will be opened at Fargo for business in May, a temporary delay having been occasioned by the neglect of the district officers to publish the notice of removal thirty days, as required by law.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON, D. C., April 21, 1874.

The scene in the house of representatives upon the receipt of the telegraphic dispatch on Friday last, announcing the election of Governor Washburn to the seat in the senate lately made vacant by the death of Senator Sumner, will long be remembered as a lesson of instruction to public men. Mr. Dawes and Mr. Hoar, each members of congress from Massachusetts, who had for a number of days been receiving the highest votes cast for senator in the legislature of the old commonwealth, were both in their seats when the news flashed in upon the house that they were both defeated, and that a new man was elected who had been receiving but a dozen votes for the last thirty ballots.

Mr. Dawes had up to this day been constantly leading all other competitors in the contest, receiving as high as ninety-five votes against seventy-eight for Mr. Hoar, and having served his state so faithfully and ably for eighteen consecutive years in the lower house of congress, it was naturally believed, not only by himself, but by most of the members of the body to which he belonged, that he would finally be rewarded by a seat in the United States senate. The defeat seemed to strike the poor man to the heart like the thrust of a cold dagger. He sat silent and pale in his seat, resting his head calmly upon his hand, and staring despondently across the hall as though pondering over the eighteen long years of his past public life. It was truly a pitiable sight, and his fellow members of the house, observing that he was so affected, were compassionate enough not to aggravate his wounded feelings by rushing upon him with the usual cold familiarities of the world in the way of regrets and condolence; but his sympathizing friends did not disturb him in his meditations. Mr. Hoar, his antagonist, who had encompassed his defeat by uniting his forces with others upon Washburn, sat a little to the left of Mr. Dawes, with the grin of satisfaction upon his countenance, manifestly glorying in the public defeat and mental anguish of his fellow man. Butler, who had supported Dawes in the contest, was very differently affected from either of the others, and like a goaded lion, he became enraged, and while speaking in favor of the free dissemination of government mail matter, he gave some ugly thrusts at those whom he termed cowardly Republicans of the present day, and who, knowing the right, dare not maintain it. The election of Washburn is looked upon as a return blow at Butler and President Grant for recently appointing Collector Simons of Boston, over the protest of both senators and the majority of the representatives from the State of Massachusetts.

Both houses of congress have finally voted in favor of the bill increasing the amount of treasury notes to $400,000,000, and the house of representatives has also passed the free banking bill, under the provisions of which, should the senate concur, the amount of national bank notes is expected to reach $400,000,000, thus giving to the country about $800,000,000 for circulation. The test vote in the house upon the former measure was taken upon tabling the bill in order to kill it, but this motion was voted down by 165 to 82.

The votes from the Pacific coast were cast against an increase of paper money for the reason that the gold is their own production, while the few votes from the West recorded against more currency were cast by members representing monied districts.

Mrs. Ann Eliza Young, the divorced wife of the great Mormon prophet, Brigham Young, has been lecturing here upon her bondage in Mormonism. She was for some years the nineteenth wife of old Brigham, and after many quarrels with the other eighteen wives, she came to the conclusion that she could not get along with only the nineteenth part of a man. She declares that she wants a man, a whole man, and nothing but a man. She assails the present delegate in congress from Utah, Mr. Cannon, for having four wives in Salt Lake, whom he leaves at home while he luxuriates in Washington. Ben. Butler bluffly says that it is no worse for a Mormon apostle to have four wives if he supports them than it is for a congressman to leave his only wife at home and keep four women in Washington. It is believed that Anna Elita slightly exaggerates the miseries of Mormonism in order to make her lectures sensational and draw full audiences at fifty cents a head. She says Brigham has one old tyrant of a wife, who rules not only himself, but all his other wives; that this one gets all the nice cakes and things, while the others have to live poorly and dress cheaply, and are withal objects of general neglect.

Inspector General Hardie is now at Binghamton, New York, examining R. M. Hagaman, the deputy territorial auditor, who issued the warrants for payment of the Dakota war claims in 1862. From there he goes to New England to take the testimony of Judge Tufts, who was appointed by the legislature in 1873 to audit the militia claims of 1862. He has also to visit Ex-Governor Jayne and Ex-Secretary Hutchinson, in Illinois, who, in the troublesome days of Dakota, issued the proclamation calling out the militia forces. He expects to be able to make his report in May.

The Bismarck land district bill has passed both branches of congress and become a law. Ex-Governor Miller of Minnesota is expecting to be appointed register of the new office, and is urged by the congressional delegation of his state. It is reported that the register and receiver of the Pembina-Fargo land office are both to be removed for general neglect of duty. The Yankton land district is to be enlarged so as to include the James river valley as far up as Milltown or Rockport. After the 1st of July the salary of the Yankton postmaster will be $2,500 a year, with $900 additional for clerk hire, which is warranted by the increased proceeds of the office.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON, D. C., April 28, 1874.

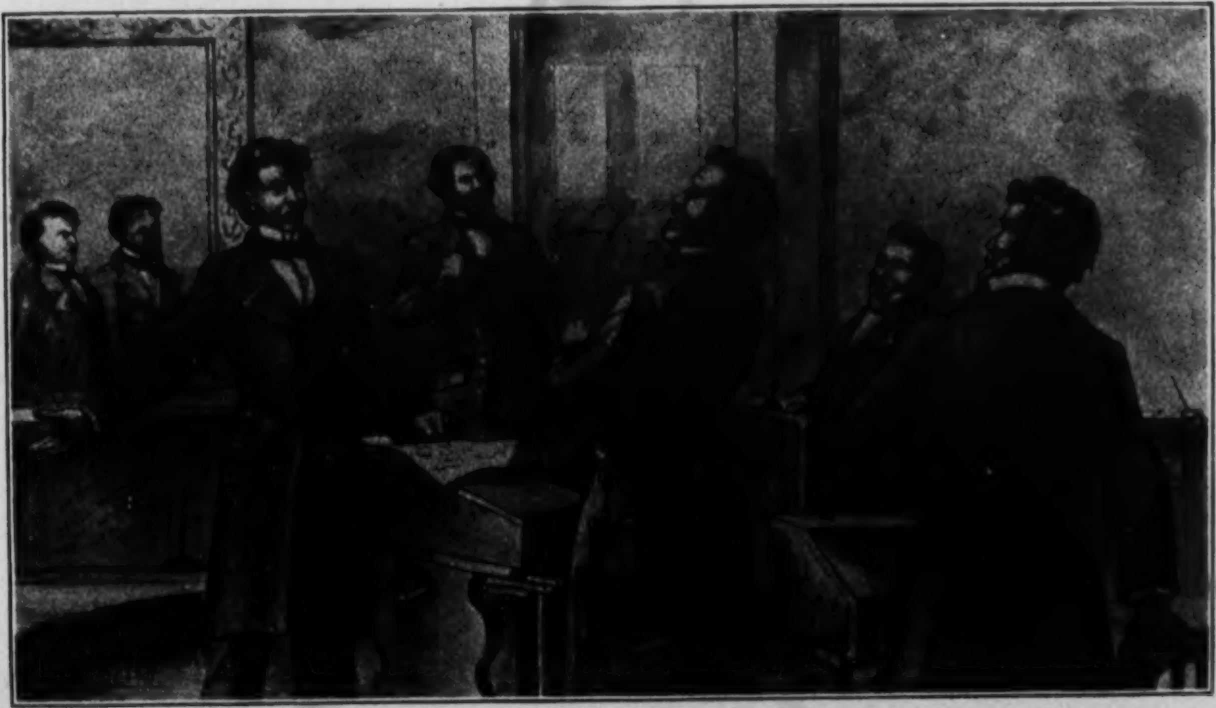
President Grant has "gone back on himself," and vetoed the finance bill as passed by a large majority of both branches of congress. The president had repeatedly manifested his anxiety that congress should pass some law to sustain his unwarranted issue of $26,000,000 of the reserve fund in the treasury last fall, to satisfy at that time the greedy demands of the failing Wall street brokers. No sooner had congress acted favorably upon the bill to increase the volume of currency to meet the growth of business and population, so as to prevent any further "drouth" in the money market and thereby relieve the president from further draining the reserves of the treasury, than he again plays into the hands of the money kings of the East by vetoing the bill which was calculated to distribute more money to the West and South. He now argues in his veto that a further issue of paper money would depreciate the value of the true dollar, as though a paper dollar issued to-day was not as good as one issued during the war. As well might a banker claim that he could not draw a draft for a Western man to-day, because he had issued one to an Eastern man yesterday. The New England money loaners have made the president believe that the fewer dollars there are in existence the more valuable they are. Hence his own salary of $50,000 a year is worth more to him now, because money is scarce. So with money loaners, their interest is higher. So with the army and all government officials and employés who receive fixed and steady salaries. Their dollars are worth more, because there is such a want among the laboring and producing classes of the South and West. The South and West know there is plenty of money in the East, and that it cannot be reached by the men who would give grain or cotton or mortgages at a fair percentage for it. The six New England states, with a population of 3,487,924, with a property valuation of $4,000,875,247 have a circulation of $11,489,966; while the twenty-three Western and Southern States, with a population of 24,217,341, and a property valuation of $12,770,112,682, have a circulation of only $111,409,156. The remedy is in the redistribution of the national bank currency, of which the East holds over $80,000,000 in excess, and an increase of circulation by the issue of greenbacks to the amount of $44,000,000, which were redeemed by Secretary McCulloch. The South and West expect that when the new currency is thrown into circulation, holders of it will demand at higher prices the cotton and grain which they have to supply.

Since the president's veto the representatives of congress from the Southern and Western States, possessing, as they do, a majority in both branches of congress, have expressed a determination to make the issue a sectional one, and will carry the war to the ballot box in future elections.

The national issue will be capital against labor, and the representatives of the great producing states of the South and West are already at work devising plans to carry through congress measures for the improvements of Western water-courses, whereby their products will seek other markets than those of New York and New England. Philadelphia, backed by the great State of Pennsylvania, who stood nobly by the West in the late currency struggle, is likely to become the successful rival of New York for the future trade and commerce of the West and South.

Ocean steamers run direct from Philadelphia to the great markets of the Old World, and emigrants are beginning to prefer the Philadelphia and Antwerp line of steamships to those of New York, for the reason that they are landed immediately at the docks from which trains depart for all sections of the West. Emigrant fare from Liverpool to Dakota *via* Philadelphia line has been reduced to less than fifty dollars.

The representatives in congress from New York and New England, becoming somewhat alarmed at the majority in both branches held by the South and West, are already mak-



AN ORATORICAL BATTLE IN THE SENATE.—p. 346.

ing overtures, since the veto, to give $25,000,000 circulation to those sections from the overplus now held in the East, and also to add the free banking privilege.

Comptroller Knox is boldly charged with evading the law in reference to the four million odd dollars of untaken circulation still in his possession. Notwithstanding this recently-discovered balance, it is claimed that he has refused to establish national banks in the West and South, on the ground that there was no currency due those sections. In the senate to-day thirty-seven votes were cast for passing the finance bill over the president's veto, and thirty to sustain the veto. Senator Thurman said the "president had lost his party."

The general appropriation bill which passed the house this week contained an item of $40,000 for defraying the territorial expenses of Dakota for the next year, aside from the contingent expenses of running the United States courts in the territory, which last year ran up to about as much more.

The proposed miscellaneous appropriation bill gives Dakota $60,000 for surveying next season, which is $20,500 more than any other territory.

The Bismarck land office is to be opened for business the 1st of June. E. M. Bowen, of the *Press and Dakotan*, was to-day appointed receiver, and Ex-Governor Miller of Minnesota register of the new office. The commissioner of the general land office contemplates the removal of the Springfield land office into the upper settlement on James river, and then incorporating the counties of Bonhomme, Hutchinson and Armstrong into the Yankton district. Official reports here show that the business of the Sioux Falls land office exceeds all others in the territory.

It is also reported that the Winona & St. Peter Railroad Company intend to continue their road forty miles to James river this season, and there terminate for the present.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON, D. C., May 12, 1874.

The warm May sunshine and showers in this midland climate have brought out the flowers and leaves in profusion in the parks and public grounds, and the odor of new-mown hay fills the balmy air. Fields of rye and wheat are already in head along the southern slopes of the Potomac river. However, the spring has been cold and drizzling here until the opening of May. Not much over a week ago a "sugar snow" fell, some two inches in depth, spreading its white sheets over the beautiful green grass and budding blossoms of hill and dale. Now summer heat is crowding upon us and running up to ninety-two degrees in the shade. It is even getting "too hot for congress."

Speaker Blaine yesterday, for the first time in congress, was drawn into a sharp controversy with Mr. Garfield, chairman of the committee on appropriations, which latter gentleman is becoming seriously afflicted with what congressmen call the "big head." Several times during the session he has endeavored to use up Mondays, as well as other days, in considering his appropriation bills, to the exclusion of all other business. He has become imbued with the belief, which appears to pervade very many of the members from all the older settled states, that this country is not growing, but is stationary like the old districts of the East, and is therefore in need of no further legislation than the fixed and steady appropriations from year to year to carry on the government. Yesterday the majority of the house thought otherwise, and wished to proceed with some special legislation important to their respective localities, especially in the West and South, whereupon Mr. Garfield got angry, and moved to adjourn the house in the early part of the day, while forty members were on their feet to present measures for action. The speaker declined to recognize Mr. Garfield's motion for this purpose, and sharply added that the mover was endeavoring to gag the house in its legitimate legislative privilege. Garfield said he did not propose to be told his duty by the speaker, and that officer retorted that he would not allow the interests of 292 representatives of all sections of the country to be thwarted by a spiteful motion to adjourn the house soon after it had assembled.

Congressman Mellish of New York left the house yesterday in an excited state of mind, declaring that either congress was crazy or he was. It is reported to-day that he is temporarily deranged from overwork and legislative anxiety. He was a strong currency "contractionist," but had made many "inflated" speeches on the subject. Ben Butler declared that the "contractionists" are all crazy, and too stingy to let the world grow.

Two hundred and twelve thousand dollars of the mutilated notes of national banks were burned, for redemption, by the treasury department yesterday. The writer hereof was called as a witness to the official burning. Upon entering the redemption division a dozen men or more were seen seated around a long board table upon which were piled up, like sticks of stove wood, the dirty, ragged bundles of bank bills which had been sent in to be destroyed and replaced by new notes. The men were busily counting and comparing the different packages of worthless stuff, which had passed through thousands of hands as precious money, but was now, like a discarded woman, to be cast aside for a new and prettier face. When counted and labeled the packages were tumbled into boxes, locked and the remains followed by witnesses, driven like a corpse, to the place of "cremation," which is in a little brick building, down in a green pasture, at the rear of the White House. Here a fire was started in a furnace, resembling a large bake oven, and while the mourning witnesses stood by, a mad-looking clerk unlocked the boxes and commenced to throw the great bundles of greenbacks into the fire, with as much carelessness as a man would throw ears of corn to the hogs. As the fire blazed up, a large black negro with long, iron handled pitch fork, commenced to "poke up" the fire and to mix the money with the flames. In about thirty minutes all that remained of the $212,000 was a nest of white cinders resembling fish scales, and we departed sick of money.

The river and harbor appropriation bill which passed the house of representatives yesterday, contained a clause authorizing the secretary of war to detail a corps of engineers for the purpose of making a survey and examination of the Dakota river from Yankton to Jamestown, and report to congress the practicability of improving the channel of said stream so as to render it a means of a flat-boat transportation through central Dakota, between the Northern Pacific and Southern Dakota Railroads.

A bill also passed the house yesterday for the relief of settlers on odd-numbered sections within railroad limits, by the provisions of which the many homestead claimants in northern Dakota, who settled by mistake upon lands belonging to the Northern Pacific Railroad, and have opened farms thereon, shall be allowed to select even-numbered sections of government land in lieu thereof. The secretary of the interior has also confirmed the decision of the commissioner of the general land office, in favor of settlers in the upper Sioux valley, within the limits of the land grant to the Winona & St. Peter Railroad, made in 1857.

The Indian appropriation bill, which passed the house this week, made provision for about three millions of dollars to clothe and feed the red people on the Upper Missouri and its tributaries during the next fiscal year.

The president has authorized the appointment of W. K. Hollenbeck of Finley, Turner county, to be collector of internal revenue for Dakota. Mr. Hollenbeck is a brother-in-law of Hon. G. G. Hoskins, member of congress from the State of New York, and was accordingly recommended by nearly the entire Republican delegation in congress from that state. Mr. Bennett, the present incumbent, being a resident in the southeast extreme corner of the territory, it was considered for the benefit of the public service, that the office should be sent farther into the interior counties.

The bill for the relief of settlers on the Fort Randall military reservation has finally, after many years' effort, passed both houses of congress. The bill throws open to settlement that portion of the reserve east of the Missouri river, and appropriates $18,018.80, or so much thereof as may be necessary, to pay the settlers for such improvements as were taken by the military authorities and not returned or delivered.

House of Representatives,
Washington, D. C., May 26, 1874.

The recent warm weather in Washington has had not only an impressing but depressing effect upon congress, and both branches have passed resolutions to adjourn on the 22d of June. The members sit through the long hours in the hot halls, beneath the burning glass roof, with doors all open, through which much of the hitherto pent-up eloquence bursts forth upon the groves and parks, and like the poet's blossom, "wastes its sweetness on the desert air." Loungers, lobbyists and old women blunder through the open doors into the legislative halls while congress is in full blast, much to the annoyance of the doorkeepers. Members order fans as an item of stationery, and the portly reading clerks are constantly fanning themselves while reading the long appropriation bills to the house. Most of the smaller bills are being put aside to give way to the larger and more important bills of a national character.

In my last letter I referred to the fact that Representative Mellish of New York had been taken from his seat in congress and conveyed to the insane asylum in this city. He became delirious at the institution, and refusing to take food or to sleep, he died on Saturday last, and his funeral took place in the house of representatives to-day, at four o'clock. His coffin, wreathed in snowy white flowers, was brought in and placed immediately in front of the desk which but a little over a week before he had occupied, apparently in health and vigor. The senate came over in a body, and took seats to the right of the remains. The galleries were crowded with spectators, and the ceremonies were solemn and impressive.

The warm spring weather of late has been favorable to the prosecution of the immense fishing trade along the Potomac river. It is probably well known to your readers that Georgetown, two miles above Washington, is one of the largest shad and herring markets in the United States, while the Potomac below swarms with these species of the finny tribe. The business is prosecuted on an extensive scale, and immense seines, nearly a mile in length and fifty feet in depth are daily set out in this river and hauled in by steam, often bringing in at one draw 10,000 herring and as many thousand of shad and mixed fishes. Fishing smacks or open flat-boats are on hand to be loaded up with the live and wriggling mass and taken to the Alexandria, Washington or Georgetown markets. Great brawny negro men and women are principally employed in handling and transporting these flopping masses. They will stand bare-legged, knee-deep in a boat load of squirming fish, eels and bull pouts, shoveling them out on the wharf, for hours in succession, singing their old Southern plantation songs. Myriads of the small fish together with the heads and entrails of the larger ones are carted out and spread as fertilizers upon the surface of the worn-out and sterile fields of Virginia and Maryland. Some forty miles down the Potomac, where the salt sea tide is perceptibly felt, we also find the beginning of oyster beds, which increase in their products for the market as we proceed down the river to the Chesapeake Bay, ninety miles from Washington. Here, also, we find the festive sea crab, the lobster and the clam, all of which are served up in choice dishes for the Southern table, but they will make a Northern man as sick as a sea lion.

The long and continued efforts of the people of Dakota to secure the opening of the pine forests and mineral lands of the Black Hills seems about to be crowned with success. About two years ago, it will be remembered, Delegate Armstrong introduced a bill in congress looking to the purchase of these hills from the Indians, and that the secretary of the interior, in an official communication gave it as his opinion that the Black Hills were no longer needed as a part of the reservation for the Sioux Indians, and that as soon as the public interests would admit, the government would make an examination of that section with a view to ascertain the value thereof to civilization and settlement. That time has now come. The government has a large force of mounted troops in the territory under General Custer, and General Sheridan has decided to let him probe the Black Hills and make known its reported wealth in mines and forests. Both the interior and war departments agree that it is not creditable to the government that the Black Hills of Dakota should longer remain a mysterious and unknown land, in the very heart of the continent. Hence, it is now proposed that a military expedition will start from Fort Lincoln about the middle of June, under the command of Gen. George A. Custer, who will be accompanied by Col. Frederick D. Grant and General Forsyth, of General Sheridan's staff, and Colonel Laidley, of the ordnance department, as staff officers. The expedition, which General Sheridan predicts will be the most interesting one since the war, will be absent two months. Ten companies of cavalry, a detachment of scouts, and a section of gatling guns will accompany the explorers.

President Grant is reported to have expressed himself in favor of transferring to the charge of the war department all the wild tribes of Indians in the West who roam about at will. The policy would be certainly a wise one. The Indian contracts for the next fiscal year are to be advertised this week. Yankton is made a point of delivery.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON, D. C., June 15, 1874.

One week from to-day is the time that has been fixed upon for the final adjournment of both houses of the present session of congress. As that date draws near the various measures of legislation are being crowded to a conclusion, eliciting much heated discussion and close voting, which necessarily runs out into long night sessions.

All of the twelve appropriation bills for the year have passed the house, and many of them are through the senate. The twelve bills appropriate about $175,000,000 to defray the annual expenses of the government for the next fiscal year.

The new currency bill reported by a conference committee of the two branches was last Friday defeated in the house, the Democrats voting in a body against the bill. It was the first strict party vote that has been cast this session, and the measure was opposed by the Democrats on the ground that it provided for no increase of currency except in the form of national bank notes in place of United States treasury notes.

A new conference committee has been appointed, and another attempt will be made to agree upon some bill as a compromise measure, that may become a law before the adjournment of the present session.

The civil rights bill (known as the Sumner bill) was virtually killed in the house last week, by that body refusing, by a vote, to take the bill from the speaker's table. The civil service humbug has also been effectually abolished by striking out the annual appropriation to continue the bureau. The tariff and tax bill created much sharp and interesting debate by the representatives from districts largely interested in the manufacture and production of the different articles of taxation. The duty on imported articles in many instances was somewhat increased in order to afford protection to home industries, and thereby keep our money from going abroad. The investigation instituted by congress in the alleged extravagant and reckless expenditure of public money for street improvements, etc., in the city of Washington, has revealed such shameful frauds under the new territorial government of Columbia that the joint investigation committee has reported a bill to each house of congress abolishing the territorial organization, and placing the affairs of the district under the control of congress. False and excessive measurements were found to have been made, whereby in many cases the United States was charged with the cost of cutting, grading, and paving whole streets, along which the property holders were also taxed to pay for half the same. In one single contract of grading an avenue the government was overcharged some $62,000.

The present congress is much more favorable toward the admission of new states into the Union than to the organization of any more new and expensive territories. In the one case the government is relieved of an annual expense by the new state supporting itself, while in the other case an annual cost is imposed upon the national treasury by the establishment of a new territory. At the last census of 1870 the Territory of New Mexico contained a population of upwards of 91,000, and Colorado Territory in August, 1873, numbered 105,000 inhabitants. Notwithstanding the fact that there is an existing provision of congress that no new state shall be admitted into the Union with a less population than 130,000, yet the territories of New Mexico and Colorado have recently been admitted by a vote of three to one in the house of representatives. The South and West seemed to be as united on this point as upon the currency question, and there is a manifest determination to admit the Western territories as states, until the South and West will have votes enough in the senate to rebuke and set aside presidential vetoes when interposed against the interests of these two great sections of the country. Dakota and Washington Territories are the next ones likely to be favorably considered should they make application to be vested with the powers of state government. Dakota is the nearest and most easily reached from the east of all the territories in the Union, and is acknowledged as possessing the finest agricultural lands in the West, is surrounded almost entirely by other states, and constantly accumulating a population of the most abiding and permanent character. It is estimated that Dakota contains at present about 50,000 inhabitants, and that within two years time the population will reach 100,000. Washington Territory already has some 60,000 people, and is expected to contain enough in two or three years more to admit her as a state. The Colorado and New Mexico bills which have passed the house will be taken up in the senate for action at the next session of congress, in December.

The senate has authorized an appropriation to the river and harbor bill for making the surveys and estimates for the four great transportation routes to the Eastern seaboard, which were recently recommended by Senator Windom's committee on cheap transportation. Much opposition is manifested to the four favored routes, and the measure may be rejected in the house. The recent great floods in the lower Mississippi, whereby whole counties were inundated and hundreds of miles of the cotton-growing regions of the South completely submerged, with great loss of life and property, have all been brought to the attention of congress, and nearly a million dollars have been appropriated to relieve the sufferers and restore the cotton crop of the season.

It is clearly evident that the coming great national issue between parties is to reduce itself to a sectional one. The recent united and controlling votes of the South and West in congress is but a warning of the approaching great battle between labor and capital. On all questions of more money, cheap transportation and equality of taxation the people have a commanding majority in congress and at the polls, while in opposition the East holds the control of the present finances of the country, with a president in their interests. In a very remarkable debate the other day a prominent representative boldly asked what could the president and New England do about it if a majority of the great states of the Union should decide to withdraw and set up a government of their own. Who would have the power to stay their will, possessing as they do the strength of the nation. In a Republican government the majority rules, and no presidential veto or arbitrary power will long be tolerated when persistently thrust in the path of the people.

The annual decoration day was appropriately observed at the national capitol. Some 40,000 soldiers' graves in the cemeteries surrounding Washington—Union and Confederate dead alike—were strewn with fresh flowers from the hands of fifteen thousand visitors. A little American flag was nailed to the head-board of every grave, which gave to the great field of the dead the appearance of a sleeping army with banners still waving. Very many of the white head-boards bear the single word "Unknown," and such were generally observed by some kind lady who would sprinkle thereon a handfull of flowers or roses. Speeches were made, cannons were fired, poetry recited and the bands played, after which the living throng departed from the field of the dead to engage in the noisy whirl of life.

Mr. True of the Vermillion *Republican* is stopping over here for a few days, on his way to his old home in Maine. He says it is absolutey *True* that Dakota must have a *True* Republican delegate in congress next term, so that the territory may be admitted into the Union as a Republican state. L. D. F. Poore and L. N. Judd, register and receiver of the Springfield land office, have sent on a long protest against the removal of that office to any other point of the district. They charge that Governor Pennington, General Dewey and Delegate Armstrong are interested in the town of Firesteel, and are therefore working to have the office removed to that place. Brule City has made application for the removal of the office to that enterprising town. Senators Hamlin and

Morton, who are interested in Springfield property, have also requested that the office remain at that town. Hence the commissioner of the general land office is in a qnandary to know if there is any other town in Dakota in which nobody owns any lots.

General Hardie has been busily at work on his report upon the Dakota war claims, but on account of the voluminous evidence he has not yet been able to get the matter ready for the action of congress, and it is therefore feared that the money will not be appropriated until next December. Should the report get in this week it may possibly be attended to before the adjournment on the 22d inst.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 7, 1874.

The second session of the Forty-third congress assembled to-day at noon, with a full quorum of both houses present. The galleries were crowded with spectators, and the city is thronged with visitors. Very many of the members-elect to the Forty-fourth congress were present as lookers-on, eagerly eyeing the seats they are to occupy after the 4th of March next. Very many long faces were also noticed among the defeated Republican members who are to vacate their seats forever at the close of the present session. The irrepressible Ben Butler looks like a bull dog who had lost his bone, and he strutted around with his never-failing unlighted cigar in his mouth for bluff, and finally sauntered over to the Democratic side of the house, and laughingly said he came over to shake hands with the victors, "across the bloody chasm."

Speaker Blaine in the chair looked like the wreck of a would-be president, whose hopes had been dashed upon the sands of time. Dawes, the present Republican leader of the house, who is not returned to the next congress, seemed completely broken down, and as submissive as a lamb. Garfield, chairman of the appropriation committee, whose majority was reduced from 10,000 to 3,000—virtual repudiation—was far less noisy than usual, to think that he must go to the foot of some committee in the Forty-fourth congress. Maynard, the tall, long-haired Southern Republican of Tennessee, who was overwhelmingly defeated, looked like a weeping willow in a graveyard.

Among the Democrats Fernando Wood appeared to be the most smiling and satisfied. He is a candidate for speaker of the next house. He didn't let a Democrat pass his seat without shaking hands with him, even to delegates without votes. He has already issued his cards of invitation to the Democrats of each branch of congress to a grand reception at his residence on Thursday evening next. His invitation card is headed in gilt letters, *"Justice is slow but sure,"* referring, of course, to the overwhelming Democratic victories in the states. But the man whose face shines all over like a full moon in harvest time is Sam Randall, member from Philadelphia, chairman of the national Democratic committee. He can't look at a man without laughing. He also has his eye on the speaker's chair, and is a strong candidate.

Old Alexander Stephens hobbled into his seat on crutches, weighing eight pounds more than he did before the elections. He went home last spring weighing but seventy-five pounds, and had concluded to die; but he has changed his mind now, and won't do it. Little Sunset Cox of New York felt so good that he wiggled like a worm on a fish hook, wanting something to bite him and get caught.

At my right elbow sits Sener of Virginia, a Republican who was defeated, and who was knocked from the platform while making a speech in the late campaign and had his arm broken. He was the recipient of so many words of sympathy from his fellow members to-day that he at last got tired of it, and about the time he had got completely wearied out along came Parsons, Republican, who was so badly defeated in the Cleveland (Ohio) district, and said, "Hello, Sener, the cursed Democrats broke your arm, didn't they?" "Yes," said Sener, "but they broke your back a devilish sight worse." At my left elbow is the Mormon delegate, Cannon, who was recently indicted in the Utah courts for having four wives. He was also an object of much attention and compassion from his fellow members, and I observed that the sympathy came principally from married men, who seemed to have trouble in taking care of one wife.

I stepped over to the senate to see the man they call the "next president of the United States," Senator Thurman of Ohio. He was listening attentively to the reading of the president's message, and I observed that he wore an approving smile when the president advocated "hard money," "specie payment," "reduction of expenses" and an "increase of the tax on whisky," but his face looked like a brass cannon when the message spoke of "Southern outrages," and "negro equality." Conkling, Carpenter, Logan and other Republican senators seemed demoralized, and gave but little attention to the message of the president; but when it was done they grunted out, "Good enough!" And so closed the first day of congress.

I cannot end this letter without returning my thanks to my Democratic friends in Dakota for the very handsome vote they gave me at the late October election, after I had twice publicly declined a nomination and was absent from the territory during the campaign and election. As I said in my first letter of withdrawal, I did not feel financially able to prosecute a third campaign. I am gratified to know that the Democrats remained together, and cast a larger vote than two years ago. In the early part of the campaign the party had so much trouble in getting its kicking team harnessed up that by the time they had "swapped horses," and got fairly started the Republican nags had already gained the "first heat."

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 15, 1874.

Congress has closed its first week of labors, and nothing of particular note has been transacted in either house. One bill of importance to the settlers in some portions of Dakota has passed both houses, which allows homestead and preemption settlers on the public lands who have suffered during the past year, or shall during the next spring, from the visitations of grasshoppers, to leave their claims and seek employment elsewhere until July 1, 1875, and July 1, 1876, respectively, without forfeiting their rights to return to their lands and perfect their titles. The clause providing for next year's grasshoppers created some amusement in the senate. Senator Thurman, of Ohio said it looked like inviting the grasshoppers to come again next season, and thought they would be sure to accept the invitation of congress, and come like an army of officeseekers. Senator Flannagan said the country could not stand two plagues at once, viz., the grasshoppers and the Democrats. The latter, he said, had already overrun the whole country in November, and he thought congress had better begin to "back fire" against grasshoppers before spring.

A sharp discussion occurred in the house last week over the much vexed question of currency and the general depression of business. Butler boldly charged that the Republican party had brought hard times upon the country, and had encompassed its own defeat, and said that the party had but ninety days left in which to regather its lost forces; that a "party in power once is in power for a generation." Kelly, the great tariff leader, struck some heavy blows at Grant for his equivocal message, and intimated that the president was playing into the hands of the Wall street bondholders and money loaners, as against the laboring and producing classes. Dawes and Garfield favored hard money and specie payment, and a consequent increased taxation.

The Democrats, strange to say, took no part in the discussion; but a day or two afterwards Mr. Randall of Pennsylvania made a direct and serious charge upon the president for making a palpable mistake in his message as to the debts of the District of Columbia, which the president adroitly stated to be several million dollars less than the figures show. The debt of the district turns out to be over $20,000,000, whereas the president stated it was about $13,000,000. Congress is asked to assume the principal part of the debt.

Both parties in congress are "fighting shy" of each other, like men sparring in a prize ring. Neither one wants to receive the first blow nor yield the first blood. It is considered that the result of the next eighty days in congress will determine which party is to have control of the government after March 4, 1877. Therefore the Democrats are endeavoring not to make mistakes for the future, and the Republicans are trying to undo mistakes of the past. A resolution passed the house to-day providing for a recess of twelve days during the holidays. If this passes the senate it will leave only about fifty working days of the session remaining.

Bills are already in for the payment of the $33,980.32 due the Dakota militia of 1862, as audited by General Hardie; also, a bill for the extinguishment of the Indian title to the Black Hills, a bill to incorporate the Dakota & Montana Railroad Company, and a bill to construct a penitentiary in Dakota, as has been done in the other territories, at a cost of $40,000 out of the gross receipts of the revenue collected therein, which amounted, October 1st, to $66,107.82.

The bill for the division of Dakota, which was defeated in the senate last session, will be brought up again this winter.

During the past week a "live king" has visited Washington, who comes from the Sandwich Islands, and whose name is Ka-la-ka-u-a. He was escorted through the city by its gayly dressed marine corps, headed by the marine band and waving banners. He looked like any ordinary man, and eats, sleeps and drinks like other folks.

Fernando Wood's grand party last week was very largely attended by the Democrats of both senate and house. Many were in full dress, with white gloves, vest, and necktie and steel-pen coats. Others, especially senators, wore their ordinary business suits, with hands ungloved and boots unblacked. But they all seemed to feel "red hot" and running over with good feelings. When the lunch tables were uncovered the newspaper reporters were first to rush to the field of battle, and the jostling and elbowing was amusing, as there were no seats at the tables. I saw a New York *Herald* man spill a plate of oysters raw into his bosom, and they went down into that part of his pants which he sits on. A Chicago *Times* reporter, in the act of handing a glass of rum over the head of the crowd, spilt it on the top of Sam Cox's bald cranium, and his head was so hot with Democracy that a column of steam arose to the ceiling. They all dispersed at ten o'clock p. m., sober but happy.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 22, 1874.

Congress has about concluded to take its accustomed holiday recess, and is preparing to adjourn from to-morrow until the 5th of January. The resolution has already passed the house. Mr. Dawes stated that during his long service here of many years he has never known an instance when a quorum of both houses could be kept together for business during the holidays. Hence the advisability of a recess Not much has been done during the past week, except upon the general appropriation bills. Much sharp and amusing debate springs up on the various items in these bills, each one of which appropriates millions of dollars and therefore affords a large field for discussion.

The Democrats seem determined to put the knife into every item of money which to them seems unnecessary, and the cutting and peeling process is in many instances painful to the Republicans, who have been in the habit of grafting on to these large bills numerous sprigs and sprouts which would annually bud and blossom into money in their respective districts.

Garfield, chairman of the appropriation committee, got rather provoked last week at the continued assault of the Democrats, and he accused them of "kicking at the sky, and shooting at the stars broadcast." "Their fusees roar," said he, "and the sky re-echoes, but no birds fall." Mr. Speer, Democrat, retorted that "there were no Republican birds up that way, as they all fell last November," and that Mr. Garfield was "not the man to lift the rod of correction over the Democratic party—a man who comes out of the fog and mist of Credit Mobilier suspicion, if not of established guilt." Scenes like this are becoming quite frequent, and the speaker's gavel comes in play so often in bringing members to order that quite a chip has been split off from its marble moderator.

The investigation into the affairs of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company has created much interest in congress the past week, resulting in the arrest of Richard B. Irwin, agent of the company, who disbursed three quarters of a million of dollars to secure the passage of a magnificent subsidy for the company through a former congress. He was brought from New York as a witness to testify before the committee of ways and means, but he persistently refused to give the names of persons to whom the money was distributed. He is to be brought before the bar of the house to answer why he should not be punished for contempt. The whole affair will probably end in smoke, and the country will never know where the money went to, any more than did the boy who lost a penny in the sea.

The social events of the past few days have been the reception given to the king of the Hawaiian islands, and the centennial tea party in the dome of the capitol. If there is any one thing in this world that beats all others it's woman's curiosity. They seemed perfectly frantic to see a live king, and to kiss him—a negro at that. They took possession of the galleries and corridors, and even charged upon the floor of the house, until members gave up their seats and stood in the aisles. The house of representatives looked as though it had been turned into a woman's rights convention, with henpecked husbands standing around. Servant girls, laundresses and chambermaids seemed to predominate, and they enjoyed the affair as they would a circus or a menagerie. They clambered upon chairs and stood upon desks, tipped over inkstands, waved their handkerchiefs, pushed through the surging crowds, and stood as much squeezing as cider apples. The jam at the president's reception to the king was not so disgusting, for none but invited guests were present; but nevertheless there was hardly standing-room. Women were suffocated, and had the trails to their costly dresses ruined, while gentlemen were constantly swearing about their toes being trod upon by the crowd. It is said that Horace Greeley first learned to swear at one of these presidential receptions. He not only lost his white hat and overcoat, but a military officer with cavalry boots stepped on his corns, when old Horace swore out loud, squeezed out a side door and left for New York that night. The next day he came out in the *Tribune* denouncing the reception as a "d——n mob."

The bill for the relief of "grasshopper sufferers" on the public lands has become a law. The bill was made general so as not to advertise any particular state or territory as more unfortunate in the destruction of crops than another. The bill also gives preëmptors another additional year for making final proof. The Pembina territorial bill was again brought up in the senate yesterday, and recommitted to the committee on territories. The Dakota war claims bill will be acted upon after the recess.

Ex-Governor Burbank is here as clerk of the election committee in the senate. Ex-Judge French is also in Washington this week. S. V. Clevenger, formerly of the Yankton *Press*, has been here several days, and is temporarily engaged in the national observatory, looking through a telescope to see if he can find what he made in the newspaper business. He says he never yet saw it with the naked eye. Ex-Secretary Wilkins, Ex-Secretary Batchelder and John Pope Hodnett are still here.

The usual state and territorial delegations are expected to put in their appearance here in full force after the holidays.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 31, 1874.

This is the last day of the departing year 1874. As I write these lines, at this late hour of night, the bells of the city are tolling the old year out and the new year in. Many have gone to the churches to "watch and pray" for the "new departure." Everybody on this day avows their determination to "swear off" from their old sins, and to turn over a new leaf with the opening year. Husbands and wives stop quarreling to-night, and kiss their children, and declare that the new year shall be one of peace and happiness. The husbands agree to stop drinking, and the wives promise to quit flirting. The single men declare their intention to marry before another year, and the young ladies hope to the Lord they will. In this city, to-night, a young couple are waiting in one of the churches to be joined in holy wedlock the moment the tone of the great bell announces the departure of the old year and the advent of the new one.

Out in the streets are seen many men who are as royally drunk as kings, and who won't go home till morning. They are "watching," too, but not so much for the new year as for a new drink. They seem determined to give the old year a jovial farewell, and to be ready to welcome the new year in "high spirits." The shivering and hungry poor have also been out through the day begging from door to door for the necessary bread and clothing to keep within them the warmth of life from day to day. The rich and fortunate, attired in costly costumes, rolling along the avenues in elegant carriages, have all day besieged the toy stores, making purchases of dazzling New Year's presents for the little ones at home in their gorgeous palaces, where "want is unknown."

To-morrow the president at the White House, the cabinet ministers at their residences, and other public officials, will keep "open house" for New Year's callers. The multitude at the president's mansion is expected, as usual, to be simply "immense." Last year the citizens crowded the street for the distance of a whole square awaiting entrance to the house. It was estimated that the president shook hands with five thousand people last New Year's day. Everybody goes to these public receptions, from the rich banker to the ragged beggar, and from the distinguished wives of the highest officials in the land to the illicit courtesan of the hotels and fashionable boarding houses. But this is a Republic, you know, where all men are born free and equal, and the women are "free and equal, too."

Although congress is not in session during the holidays, many of the congressional committees are busily at work. The subcommittee of congress, recently sent to New York City to investigate the Pacific Mail Steamship fraud, has unearthed some astonishing facts. It will be remembered that this company secured from the Forty-second congress a subsidy of five million dollars, in ten yearly payments of one-half million each. It has recently come to light that the company disbursed three-quarters of a million of dollars to secure the passage of this act. Hence congress has authorized a committee to investigate the matter, and ascertain, if possible, where the money went to, and to what members of congress, if any. The committee in New York City yesterday, in examining the offices of certain banks, found that $115,000 of funds was drawn by a Republican member of the incoming congress for Minnesota. This man was, at the time of drawing the money, postmaster of the house of representatives, and was a professional lobbyist. He is a man who looks near enough like Ex-Governor Burbank of Dakota to be his brother. It is believed here that he kept much of the money in his pocket, and never paid it out to members of congress, for the testimony shows that he ordered a large share of it placed to his own credit in certain banks at his home in Minnesota. There is a deceitful and mercenary class of lobbyists and newspaper reporters here who always claim that they can each control a certain number of votes in either branch of congress. Parties having large subsidy bills to pass go to these lobbyists to reach, through them, certain members of congress. Large sums are put into their hands for this purpose. Soon after this some one or more prominent newspapers in each congressional district comes out strongly advocating the pending bill, as a measure of national importance and common justice. The member representing the district does not want to displease the papers which supported him in his election, and he votes for the measure, when perhaps $1,000 may have been all that was used by the lobbyists in securing the publication of the articles in his district. Some members, of course, may have sold their votes for cash in hand. In this way millions of the people's taxes are often voted away for a comparatively worthless object. No party in this country ever became so corrupt and extravagant in the use of money as has the one now in power since 1861. Only last fall it was revealed that leading administration senators had been taking $2,000 and $3,000 fees for defending the fraudulent state government in Louisiana. No wonder that the people are becoming alarmed, and are rising in their might and vengeance.

Congress re-convenes again next Tuesday, and the work of the session will then be pushed to completion in the two months remaining. Dakota matters are progressing favorably. No memorials have as yet been received in congress from the Dakota legislature now in session. It will soon be too late to secure action upon them.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 5, 1875.

The holiday recess having expired, congress reassembled at noon to-day with a full attendance in both houses. The senate was engaged nearly all the day in a very exciting and acrimonious debate over a resolution introduced by Senator Thurman, calling on the president of the United States for information as to his authority for stationing armed United States troops in and around the Louisiana state house yesterday during the meeting of the legislature. The Republican senators opposed the resolution, because it was not made conditional that the president should only furnish the information in case it was "compatible with the public interests." Some very sharp shots were fired from both sides, in which the Democrats rather bore off the colors. The applause in the galleries was so frequent that the presiding officer was obliged to suppress such manifestations. Senator Bogy of St. Louis excitedly declared that the president and his party were afraid to let the people of the country know the truth of this executive tyranny. He proclaimed that there is no liberty in a country unless the people have spirit enough to resist tyranny and oppression with their lives and their fortunes; that there were white men in the South who had rights as well as negroes; that there were Democrats in Louisiana who were as much entitled to the privileges of citizens as were Republicans.

In the house the day was wasted in filibustering over the civil rights bill. The ayes and noes were called on several motions to adjourn, the calling of the roll on each of which consumes twenty minutes. Ben Butler seems to champion this measure, and it was upon his motion to-day that the house made the several unsuccessful attempts to reach the bill on the speaker's table. The house finally adjourned without coming to a direct vote on the measure.

The "Christmas currency bill," which came over from the senate just before the holiday recess, does not seem to give satisfaction to the house, and nearly every member has turned financial doctor, and is preparing some medicine to swallow with this sugar-coated pill of the senate.

The Pacific Mail Steamship investigation has struck a Democrat between the eyes this week, in the person of Mr. Shumaker, a member of the present congress from New York, who is pretty clearly proven to have been the man who drew the $275,000 lobby fund from the same bank and at the same time that King drew the $115,000 for the same purpose. He was in his seat in the house to-day, and although he wore a forced smile in conversation, he was evidently much depressed. In appearance he very much resembles Mr. John Treadway of Yankton, and is by profession a lawyer. Ex-Senator Cole of California, who was at the time chairman of the appropriations committee in the senate which reported the subsidy bill favorably, is also implicated in the matter. It is thought that further investigation will strike other prominent men in sore spots.

Several bills of interest to Dakota were reported favorably to-day, among which was a bill appropriating $30,000 to furnish seeds from the agricultural department, for spring crops, to the grasshopper sufferers in the Western States and territories. This bill will come up for passage this month, and will be opposed by Kasson of Iowa and Cobb of Kansas on the ground that their constituents have written them that they don't want to be advertised as beggars upon national charity. Bills were also reported favorably to-day for the right-of-way to the Dakota Central Railroad; also, for a railroad from Sibley, Iowa, to Yankton, Dakota, through the counties of Lincoln, Turner, Clay and Yankton. Senator Hitchcock's bill, appropriating $100,000 to purchase food and clothing for the grasshopper sufferers in the Western States and Territories, is still pending in the senate. The Dakota war claim bill has been examined and approved by the house appropriation committee. The Indian title to the Black Hills will be hotly contested on both sides in congress. A daily mail has been ordered from Gayville and Elk Point, on the Dakota Southern Railroad, to St. Helena and Ponca respectively, in Nebraska; also, a tri-weekly mail from Bismarck to Fort Rice.

If a man intends to run for office he ought to be guilty of one glaring sin, for if not his enemies will load their guns with the whole vocabulary of imaginary vices and will fire at him broadcast, besmearing him with the garbage and filth of suspicion.

I have washed myself off to-day and I feel better, but I got awful muddy in those few days before election.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 12, 1875.

Congress has been red-hot over the Louisiana troubles for the past week, but the weather has been unusually cold for this climate. There has been nearly as much excitement and feeling manifested here as during the late war times. The galleries and corridors of the capitol building have been thronged each day with the curious multitudes, eager to listen to the great speeches of prominent senators. The sergeant-at-arms being unable to preserve order in the galleries, Senator Tipton created a laugh by suggesting that the United States army be called upon to "put 'em out." The cabinet have been in session nearly every day, and it is currently reported that three of the cabinet officers do not approve of the president's action in the premises. Sheridan's "Assassination-in-the-air" telegrams from New Orleans are believed to have been prepared in Washington. Senator Schurz yesterday made the great speech of the occasion. He predicted the decline of American liberty, and our republican form of government, and the establishment instead thereof of military rule and monarchical authority. It seems that the origin of the whole difficulty arises from the fact that the returning board of Louisiana awarded credentials to fifty-two Republicans and fifty Conservative members of the legislature, when, in fact, five of the Republicans were fairly defeated at the polls by their Conservative opponents. The five Conservative contestants for seats were the ones that were ejected from the legislative hall by the military force. Senator Schurz puts the case as follows:

> I repeat it, sir, all these things have alarmed me, and it seems not me alone. In all parts of the country the press is giving voice to the same feeling; and what I learn by private information convinces me that the press is by no means exaggerating the alarm of the people. On all sides you can hear the question asked, "If this can be done in Louisiana, and if such things be sustained by congress, how long will it be before it can be done in Massachusetts and Ohio? How long before the constitutional rights of all the states and the self-government of all the people may be trampled under foot? How long before a general of the army may sit in the chair you occupy, sir, to decide contested election cases for the purpose of manufacturing a majority in the senate? How long before a soldier may stalk into the national house of representatives, and, pointing to the speaker's mace, say, "Take away that bauble?"

In listening to this Louisiana discussion the past week, it brought vividly to my mind our early "legislative wars" in Dakota. I remember the time when twenty armed United States soldiers were stationed by the governor in the house of representatives at Yankton to prevent the members from removing their own presiding officer, and I remember well how provokingly close to my "legislative seat" were the bayonets of the soldiers as they drew up in file behind our chairs. I also recollect that on the next day I saw the speaker of the house running down Third street with a revolver in his hand, closely pursued by other law-makers with deadly weapons. At another time, nearly half of the members of the lower house of the Dakota legislature seceded and organized a new house in Bramble's store, on the Levee, the governor recognizing one body and the secretary the other. It was seventeen days before they came together. The division all grew out of contested seats. I don't think Louisiana can teach Dakota anything about running legislatures.

The Pacific Mail Steamship investigation continues the all-absorbing topic in the house. It turns out a good deal as I predicted in my last letter, that the bribery money used would be traced into the hands of mercenary newspaper men and hang-dog lobbyists. The evidence yesterday reveals the fact that a representative of the Philadelphia *Press* and Boston *Globe* received $25,000; a correspondent of the Boston *Transcript* got away with $15,000 of the "swag"; a Washington *Chronicle* man, $1,400; editor of the Washington *Capital*, $5,000; a one-armed doorkeeper of the house got $11,000; an assistant doorkeeper, $5,000; and the list of attorneys, bankers, lobbyists, and jobbers who received large amounts is as yet but partially developed. No members of the Forty-second congress who voted for the $5,000,000 subsidy have yet been detected as having received any of the bribe money, but further investigation may trace the money home to some of them. Shumaker, the $275,000 man, King, the $115,000 chap, were not members of that congress, but they are both members of the next congress, and were doubtless elected by using freely of the money which they received as above.

A general right-of-way bill for railroads in the territories has passed both houses with slight amendments, and will doubtless become a law. The memorials of the Dakota legislature begin to come on, and were presented to congress this week. Memorials do not generally have much effect in congress, as it is well understood here that territorial legislatures will ask for all they can get, and still "ever pray." But if we don't ask we will never receive, and oftentimes we don't receive if we do ask.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 19, 1875.

The excitement and political war of words over the Louisiana collision is dying out in congress. The president's special message to the senate, giving his explanation of the trouble, was submitted last week, and a few days afterwards there was laid before the house the report of the subcommittee, consisting of two Republicans and one Democratic congressman, who had been sent to the scene of the difficulty to ascertain and report the true state of affairs. There is a direct issue of facts raised between the president's message and the report of the committee. The president recites many instances of murder and violence by the White Leaguers in Louisiana as a just cause for his military interference to preserve peace, while the congressional committee report that they found no evidence to support the extravagant charges of murder and violence so fiercely and constantly made against the white Conservatives of the South, and that not a negro appeared before the committee to testify against the treatment which they had received at the hands of the Southern whites. The committee also reports that the Republican returning board plainly and grossly violated the law in refusing to give certificates of election to three Conservative members-elect to the lower house of the legislature, the issuing of which certificates would have given the Conservatives a clear and fairly earned majority in the legislature. It appears from the president's special message that he now regrets the interference of the United States army in preventing the legislature from pursuing its legitimate way to dispose of those contested cases. It is generally admitted here that the president's views in the premises are calm and dispassionate, and that he only desires to execute the laws of his country as enacted by congress.

The Pacific Mail investigation in the house progresses slowly. Schumaker and King, each of whom got away with such a large swag of the lobby fund, have not yet fully testified before the committee. Irwin, the stubborn wtiness, and the great disbursing agent of the three-quarters million lobby fund, is in jail for contempt of the house, for not answering and giving names of persons to whom he paid the money. He is a man of slender frame, middle age, a small round eye, and red whiskers. He is now trying to break up the Pacific Mail Company, on account of some trouble that has arisen between himself and the corporations, touching certain disbursements of the company's funds at the time Irwin was agent. He is broken down in health, and during his examination in the house he was obliged to lean upon the back of a chair, and finally took a seat, wiping the perspiration from his forehead. He refused to give the names of persons to whom he paid money, but when the speaker asked him what was the largest sum he paid to any one person, he raised his head and smiled, and in a clear voice answered "$275,000." Some one said he struck Schumaker a "dead shot," and there was a perceptible laugh all over the house. The members then quarreled two hours over the question as to what they should do with the witness for refusing to give names, and it was soon evident that the house was in the predicament of Mrs. Toodles who bought an elephant, and had no place to put him. Some wanted to put him in jail, and others wanted the sergeant-at-arms to keep him in the custody of the house. Others wanted to chain him up to the speaker's desk, while others kept walking around him looking at his pockets. Old members looked sideways at each other in the eye, as much as to say, "Did you get any of that money?" The newspaper men in the gallery looked like a flock of frightened goslings when a farmer's club lands among them. Butler says this is a bad year for ministers and newspapers.

All through this winter weather the work of improving the capitol grounds is being carried on, and great trees are every day seen moving bodily up Capitol Hill and transplanted in the new eastern park, full one-fourth of a mile from where they are taken up. Two hundred thousand dollars were appropriated last session to carry out the necessary improvements. A whole park of many acres, covered with large trees, which for generations has sloped toward the capitol building, has been cut away, the surface removed, and the new grounds now slope from the capitol, giving it the appearance of a side hill instead of a valley. A large swamp just south of the capitol building has been filled up forty feet in height, reaching in many instances to the tops of the buildings, which are in such cases bought and removed by the government.

The senate in caucus has decided to admit Colorado and New Mexico into the Union as new states, which will make two territories less, and ought to help the chances for the new territory of Pembina. A new Indian agency has been established in the Black Hills, and one also at the mouth of White river, by the Indian appropriation bill which passed the house this week. The senate will doubtless concur in the matter.

The secretary of war also recommends the establishment of a military post in the Black Hills. Congress has yet done nothing to relieve the grasshopper sufferers of the West, and there appears to be quite a sentiment among members against setting such a precedent.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 16, 1875.

Congress is getting more settled down to work since the adoption of the new rule to prevent filibustering. The modified tariff bill has passed the house, increasing the tax on distilled spirits, tobacco, sugar and molasses at such a rate as is estimated will add $42,000,000 to the revenues of the country during the next ensuing year. On account of the general depression of business everywhere the income to the government has been falling off alarmingly within the past year, and more taxes are demanded.

The Louisiana difficulties and the generally mixed condition of Southern affairs are matters still unsettled. and there seems to be no indication that congress knows whom to believe or what to do with the perplexing question. The committees sent out by congress to investigate the troubles with the South have returned. and seem to think that the best thing to be done is to let the Southern people manage their own local troubles as other states do, and for the federal government to keep its nose out of the dish and attend to its "own knitting." There is always more or less chafing and political discord in every state of the Union, and the only way to settle such difficulties in a republican government like ours is to let the majority rule. If they rule unjustly, time will overthrow them.

The civil rights bill passed the house last week in an amended form, and it is now considered doubtful whether the senate will agree to the house amendments, inasmuch as the clause compelling mixed schools for white and black children was stricken out. An exciting tilt occurred over this bill between Ben Butler and Brown of Kentucky, and it is generally conceded that Butler, for the first time in his life, came out the under dog. The assault of Brown was so quick and cutting that it completely disemboweled old Ben, and he looked like a whipped rooster crouching under the wing of the Republican majority and asking protection. The Republican majority did vote a resolution of censure upon Brown for striking his spurs so deep into Butler's crop, after which Ben came flopping out on the floor like a crippled shanghai, and, brave as an owl, hooting out, "I knew I would make Brown sorry for this."

The appropriation bills are now being rapidly disposed of, and it is believed that all necessary legislation will be closed up within the remaining eighteen days of the session. The general appropriation bill presented to-day contains a section appropriating $33,980.30 to liquidate the Dakota war claims; also, $50,000 for the survey of the public lands in the territory. A bill was also reported favorably, appropriating $40,000 for the erection of a penitentiary in Dakota. The grasshopper bill has become a law, and I herewith send you a copy for publication. Out of $150,000 appropriated in this bill Dakota will receive about $25,000.

The proposed Territory of Pembina is receiving considerable attention, especially from the Republican members who were defeated last fall, and now want to secure appointments in the new territory. The only thing that will pass the bill is the inducement it presents as a new field for office and patronage. Unless the bill is pushed through this session, it will have but little prospect for the next two years at least, for the Democrats, having possession of one branch of congress, will not be likely to create offices for the Republicans to fill under Grant.

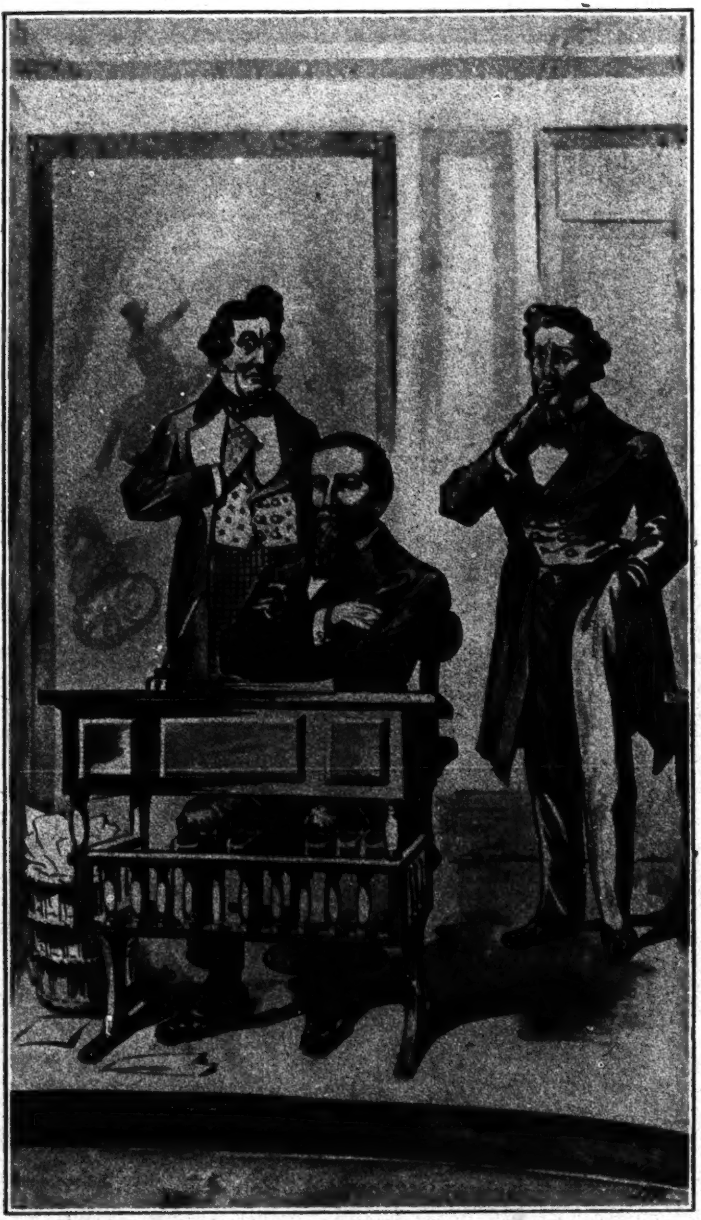
G. G. Bennett of Washington county, Iowa, has been appointed to fill the place formerly occupied by Judge Kidder, as associate justice of Dakota. He is from Congressman McCrary's district, and is reported to be one of the leading jurists of the state, and an upright man.

The surprising news of the virtual acquittal of Wintermute, McCook's murderer, in Dakota, is the subject of much remark here, and if the charges against Judges Barnes and Kidder, which were forwarded here by the indignation meeting recently held at Yankton, are eventually proven to be true, I am informed upon high authority, that it will result in the removal of our judges.

Ex-Judge French of Dakota has been appointed secretary of Wyoming Territory.

An extra session of the United States senate is expected to convene on the 4th of March, at which time sixteen new senators will take their seats.

The weather continues cold here, and the Potomac is frozen solid, the first time for years.



THREE CONGRESSMEN FOR ONE CHAIR.—p. 369.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON, D. C., March 9, 1875.

The final adjournment of the Forty-third congress took place at twelve o'clock noon March 4th. Most of the pending measures of an important nature were passed and approved before the adjournment. The Southern "Force Bill," to control elections, failed, or rather was not brought to a vote in the senate. The bounty bill also failed to become a law, after it had passed both houses of congress a few hours before adjournment. The president declined to affix his approval thereto, on the ground that it would have taken over $100,000,000 from the treasury. The civil rights bill, as it became a law, is not considered as bestowing upon the colored people any important rights or privileges which they do not already possess. The mixed school clause was stricken from the bill.

The new revenue bill, which became a law the night before adjournment, is estimated to increase the income of the treasury forty millions of dollars during the next fiscal year. This increase of taxes was rendered necessary for the support of the government, since the national revenues have been sadly falling off during the past year.

The bill to organize the territory of Pembina could not muster strength enough to raise its head in the senate this session, and the matter will therefore be handed over to the tender mercies of the next congress. In my own opinion, there is but little hope for a division of Dakota for the next two years, inasmuch as the two branches of congress will be in possession of opposing political parties—the senate Republican and the house Democratic. Judges Kidder, Barnes, Governor Pennington and others were here, and did all they could to induce the senate to act upon the bill, but it was of no avail.

The several bills looking to the opening of the Black Hills to white settlement also failed to receive the favorable action of congress. There are too many old Puritan senators and members of congress here from the Eastern States who believe than an Indian is better than a white man, and that the United States has no right to break its treaties with the red men.

Several Dakota matters were acted favorably upon during the last days of the session, among which may be mentioned two items in the general appropriation bill of $50,000 for survey of public lands, and $33,980.30 to pay the Dakota volunteer claims of 1862. The surveys were cut down $10,000 in the senate but restored again in the house. The war claims appropriation was stricken out entirely in the senate on the last night of the session, and was not restored by the two houses until a few hours before the final adjournment. A general right-of-way was granted to railroads in the territories. The disapproval of the "Dakota Exemption Repeal" passed both houses of congress within four days from the time the bill was introduced. Provisions have been made in the new postal law for the free transmission of public documents and seeds.

House of Representatives,
Washington, D. C., March 1, 1875.

During the past week the house of representatives has remained in continuous session for two days and nights, filibustering over the civil rights bill. The Republicans could not muster the necessary two-thirds majority to bring the measure to a final vote, and the Democrats had just force enough to hold them in dead-lock by continually interposing dilatory motions and calling the long roll of ayes and nays at every step. The Republicans finally threw up the sponge after the second night, and the house adjourned. On the next day the Democrats raised the point of order, and the speaker ruled in their favor, that the entire journal of the two days and nights must be read to the house by the clerk, which would occupy another full day.

After listening to a few hours of that kind of dull reading the house again adjourned, with the Republicans declaring their intention of renewing the fight again this week by amending an old rule, of forty years' standing, so as to give the majority ultimate control of the house. The attempt was accordingly made to-day to thus amend the rules, and the proposition failed by only two votes. This bitter contest is generally looked upon as a foolish waste of time, and the Democrats repeatedly proposed to compromise by proceeding to general legislation, if the Republicans would drop the civil rights bill. But the Republicans very naturally replied that it was not for the minority to dictate what should or should not be done.

Mr. Conkling last week made the great speech of the season, on the administration side of the Louisiana question. His speech was different from any other made on the Republican side of the chamber, in that it took the aggressive instead of the defensive. He indorsed the president and General Sheridan in every act and word of theirs touching the Louisiana troubles. His speech is generally considered here as opening the next presidential campaign, and as a bid for the Republican nomination for himself as Grant's successor.

The Pacific Mail investigation will probably end in the Pacific Mail Company's entering suit against Irwin, King, Schumaker, Whiting, Albert and others, to compel them to refund the money which it is now believed these parties never disbursed, but kept in their own pockets, as members of a ring or pool formed to defraud the company. It is also thought that much of the testimony before the committee of congress has been untrue, and manufactured for the purpose of covering up these fraudulent transactions with the company.

Another lobby scheme of about three million dollars, known as the "Choctaw Indian Claim," was defeated last week in the house, and with it was killed the entire Indian appropriation bill, comprising some five million dollars, for the support of the Indian tribes during the next fiscal year. This is the first instance for many years in which one of the general appropriation bills has been defeated on its final passage; and this defeat was brought about by having this Choctaw claim engrafted on the bill. It is claimed that $900,000 of the claim was promised to the lobby force in case of its passage. Another gigantic scheme is also before congress for extending the time of the sewing machine patents, in which there is several million dollars' profit to the manufacturers. It is claimed there is now about forty-five dollars' profit on every Wheeler & Wilson made, on account of the royalty existing on the patent for certain attachments, and that the same machines are made in England, brought here, and sold lower than at our home manufactories. The sewing machine companies are united in their efforts before congress, and can command large sums of money to secure another fourteen years' extension of the patent; for they would soon make their money back out of the people.

A bill of interest to Dakota has passed congress and became a law, and all settlers desiring seeds should address their letters direct to the commissioner of agriculture, Washington, D. C.

The executive order of the president, extending the jurisdiction of the Sioux reservation in Dakota, is not intended, as I am informed by the secretary of the interior, to prevent white settlers from remaining on the lands in question. It is simply to enforce the intercourse law, and stop the sale of whisky to the Indians, and does not interfere with vested rights to lands. The Indian agents all along the river have appealed to the departments, stating that unless the sale of whisky to their Indians is prevented, they cannot control them.

The Pembina territorial bill is expected to come up in the senate this week. The amended bill locates the capitol at Bismarck. The committee on Indian affairs have agreed to report in favor of negotiating for the south part of the

Black Hills in Dakota. Messrs. Woolworth & Dallas are here looking after the government freight next season. Charles of Sioux City is also here in the interest of the Kountz line of steamers. Ex-Judge French of Dakota is a candidate for the chief justiceship of Wyoming. Milton Weston, formerly of the Dakota Southern Railroad, now of New York, was here this week. O. C. Treadway of Sioux City has been here several days on business, and Judge Cleghorn of Sioux City has been appointed and confirmed as register of the Del Norte land office in Colorado.

A bill has just passed the house of representatives this afternoon appropriating $150,000 to supply food, clothing, etc., to the grasshopper sufferers in the Western States and Territories. A like bill has been reported favorably in the senate, and will doubtess become a law during the present week. Dakota's proportion of this amount, according to her population, will probably be about $20,000, besides the sum of $5,000 for spring seeds, which she will get under the $30,000 seed law heretofore mentioned.

Many amusing incidents occurred during the two night sessions. The carpet was strewn with lunch papers, biscuit, cold meats and apple peelings. Coffee cups and saucers were sitting on members' tables, while under many of the desks I observed the longest-necked "ink bottles" that I ever saw. They called it "wet stationery." Every sofa was occupied with a prostrate and snoring congressman, trying to sleep with one eye open so as to be ready to respond to the call of those who were "on guard," if they should need his nocturnal vote. The galleries were occupied through most of the night by curious negroes and truant love-making couples. In the ladies' gallery females could be seen lounging like sick cats upon the shoulders of their male attendants. The poor things appeared to be sleepy, but considering that they had a soft thing of it, they were content to remain in the arms of Morpheus. The scenes that sometimes occur in these public galleries are a disgrace to American manners. During the sessions of congress the city is full of gilded females. who flock here like summer swallows, and swarm the corridors and galleries of the capitol, beleaguering the lobby doors, showering their ambrosial cards, like snowflakes, upon the senators and members, to attract attention. Attired in gay and dashing colors, with rose-painted cheeks, crimson lips and dark penciled eye-lashes, they drop their melting Italian eyes upon a gray-haired senator and he is gone. You know an old fool is the worst fool in the world, and hence over in the senate reception room is where these female frauds most do congregate to ply their blandishments, and here we will leave them to cast their lines in the swim.

With this letter I close my four years' service as "congressman-at-large," or a large "fool abroad." My thanks are due to the people who have sent me here two terms and have offered to keep me here a third term. But with the kind benedictions of a grateful people I now retire from congress with nothing but empty honors and an empty pocket; but I have learned enough in two terms to last me a hundred years.

I will return to the Far West with my only remaining stock in trade, consisting of a wagon load of congressional documents, four bushels of garden seeds, my enlarged head, and the chronic rheumatism. With these worldly blessings I will again take my place in the ranks of the early "Empire Builders of the Great West."

SPEECHES IN CONGRESS

ON

BEHALF OF THE WEST

SPEECHES IN CONGRESS ON BEHALF OF THE WEST.

ON RAILROAD LAND GRANTS.

House of Representatives,
February 17, 1872.

Mr. Speaker: In the brief remarks I have to make upon the pending bill ["to confer upon the Territory of Dakota the benefit of her internal improvement lands, guaranteed under an act of congress, approved September 4, 1841,"] it is not my intention to detain the house by entering into a defense of any of the past enormous land grants that have been given by congress to private corporations to aid in the construction of railroads through the Western States and Territories. I desire simply to invite the attention of this house to the present wants and necessities of the long neglected and deserving Territory of Dakota, within whose borders there is not to-day a mile of railroad nor an acre of land granted to aid in building one. In verification of this fact, Mr. Speaker, I send to the clerk's desk, and ask to have read, a letter from the commissioner of the general land office.

The clerk read as follows:

Department of the Interior, General Land Office,
Washington, D. C., February 7, 1872.

Sir—In reply to your letter of 28th ultimo, I have the honor to state that there has never been a grant of lands by congress to aid in the construction of any railroad or railroads in the Territory of Dakota, south of the forty-sixth parallel, (the proposed boundary of Pembina Territory), or any lands ever withdrawn in the Territory for railroad purposes. I am, sir, very respectfully,

William Drummond, *Commissioner*.

Hon. M. K. Armstrong, House of Representatives.

Mr. Speaker, it may seem to this house somewhat remarkable that among all the munificent grants of lands hitherto distributed by congress to aid in the construction of railroads in the Western States and Territories, Dakota now comes before this house as an excepted and neglected child of the government. This, sir, can be briefly explained. In 1861 the great Territory of Dakota was created by congress, embracing within its limits all that portion of the wild northwest extending from Minnesota on the east to the Rocky Mountains on the west, and from Nebraska on the south to British America on the north, embracing in area more than all the New England and Eastern States. But the early discovery of gold on the western slope of the mountains in Dakota drew thither a mining population which soon demanded, and received, from congress, in 1863, a separate organization under the name of Idaho Territory, now so well represented by my friend [Mr. Merritt], and still later, in 1863, this rapidly accumulating and adventurous population pushed eastward over the crest of the mountains and opened new mines, which created the necessity of another distinct territorial government, and in 1864 congress again carved out of Dakota's vast original domain the Territory of Montana, now represented on this floor by the eloquent delegate, [Mr. Claggett].

Again, in 1867, the munificent grants of lands and government loan to the Union Pacific Railroad had pushed that great thoroughfare so rapidly across the vast plains of Southwestern Dakota, that this territory was again called upon to yield from her western possessions a new dominion, which was created by congress into the Territory of Wyoming, whose interests are so faithfully guarded in this House by the popular delegate [Mr. Jones]. And now, sir, last of all, a bill is pending in each branch of the present congress which has been favorably reported in the senate, to again divide Dakota, and erect all that portion of her domain north of the forty-sixth parallel into the proposed new Territory of Pembina.

This bill will eventually become a law, and thereafter it is not probable that the congressional scissors will again be applied to trim the borders of Dakota, inasmuch as the area of the territory remaining as Dakota proper is about the same as that of either of the adjacent States of Iowa or Minnesota.

As I said before, Mr. Speaker, the Territory of Dakota stands alone among all the Northwestern States and Territories, midway between the great thoroughfares of the nation, without an acre of land or a dollar in money granted by congress for the building of railroads within her borders since her territorial existence of eleven years; and in consequence thereof she has not to-day a mile of running road within her borders. While we, sir, have been thus neglected, or rather overlooked, in the past distribution of congressional aid, the adjoining States of Iowa and Minnesota have received from congress lands with almost wasteful liberality, to encourage the construction of railroads running westward through those States, but terminating abruptly upon the very borders of Dakota. In addition to these state grants, whole empires, as it were, have been bestowed by congress with unstinted hand upon giant corporations, to push three great national highways across the continent to the Pacific. In these magnificent grants all the sister territories of the United States are indirectly the recipients of congressional aid, except Dakota alone. The line of the Northern Pacific traverses the proposed new Territory of Pembina, and the Territories of Montana, Idaho and Washington; while the Union Pacific supplies the Territories of Wyoming and Utah, and the Southern Pacific seeks its way to the western ocean through the Territories of Arizona and New Mexico.

Notwithstanding this fact, the earliest immigration to all that vast region of the northwest which now constitutes the Territories of Dakota, Pembina, Idaho, Montana and Wyoming was directed to and settled in the agricultural district now known as Dakota proper. Here, in the valley of the

Missouri river, immediately west of Iowa, the lands were purchased of the Indians twelve years ago, and within two years thereafter they were surveyed and opened to settlement under the provisions of the preëmption and homestead acts of congress. I say, sir, notwithstanding this fact, coupled with a mildness of climate and fertility of soil resembling that of the neighboring states, Iowa and Minnesota, there is not to-day over twenty thousand people in that territory; and although nearly ten million acres have been surveyed by the government, not over one-tenth of that amount has been located by actual settlers. Even under the generous provisions of the homestead law, offering to the poor man one hundred and sixty acres of land for eighteen dollars, not five thousand homestead farms have been made in the territory since the passage of said law in 1862.

Now, Mr. Speaker, why is this? Why is it that the annual tide of immigration sets in along the line of railroads which penetrate the States of Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, and Minnesota, and locate upon lands purchased of railroad companies on long time at low interest in preference to pushing westward into Dakota, where lands equally inviting can be procured from the government nominally without price, under the boasted homestead law of congress?

Because the railroad companies of the West are surpassing the government to-day in affording inducements to the homeless and landless of the country, in the twofold manner of offering lands at small prices on long time and at low interest near good markets, and the additional advantages of remunerative labor. In my own territory, where the lands of the government are free to all, but remote from railroads, the munificent homestead law of congress has failed to accomplish the good results for which it was intended; not because the law is not generous and bountiful in its provisions, but because nature has failed to supply our great plains with timber and fuel to render homesteads desirable to immigrants. Nineteen-twentieths of the whole territory consists of treeless but fertile prairies.

The commissioner of the general land office, in his annual report, says:

> The climate and soil of Dakota are exceedingly favorable to the growth of wheat, corn, and other cereals, while all the fruits and vegetables raised in the northern States are here produced in the greatest perfection. The wheat crop varies from twenty to forty bushels to the acre. Oats have produced from fifty to seventy bushels per acre, and are of excellent quality. The extensive prairies of Dakota, clothed with different varieties of nutritious grasses, afford great facilities for the raising of sheep and cattle.

Now, sir, this territory has been open to immigration and settlement for ten years, and affords a striking example of the unsuccessful workings of the homestead law in a country devoid of timber and deprived of railroads. In corroboration of this statement I send to the clerk's desk and ask to have read a petition from one thousand homestead settlers in Dakota.

The clerk read as follows:

> *To the Honorable Members of Congress of the United States:*
>
> Whereas the great scarcity of timber off from the running streams in Dakota Territory prevents the rapid settlement of our most valuable prairie lands, and renders it wholly unfit for actual settlement and cultivation without railroads to bring in lumber and fuel, and whereas the legislature of Dakota Territory has for the last ten years, at each and every session since its organization, passed memorials to congress asking for land grants to railroads; and whereas no land has ever been granted for this purpose within the vast domain which constitutes Dakota proper; and whereas the legislature at its last session was obliged to pass a stringent herd law for the protection of the homesteads on prairie lands, by repealing all laws requiring fences in the Territory; and whereas the people are now compelled to overburden themselves with taxes to assist in building necessary railroads, and have recently voted $200,000 as a donation to the first railroad in Dakota; therefore,
>
> We, the undersigned, *bona fide* settlers on the public lands, most humbly petition, as the only means to protect the homesteaders and settle up our vast domain with actual tillers of the soil, that limited grants of the wild lands be given to aid in the construction of railroads to develop the Territory, and that each grant so given embrace a condition that all lands granted shall be sold to *bona fide* settlers only, in quantities not less than eighty nor more than one hundred and sixty acres, at a price not to exceed $2.50 per acre. For which we will ever pray.
>
> December, 1871.

Mr. Speaker, this is the prayer of 1,000 hardy pioneers and industrious husbandmen of Dakota; the actual homestead settlers of the western plains, who have been patiently laboring for ten years to become prosperous farmers on the great plains, removed from railroads and markets. The petition of these laboring people of the West disarms all arguments heretofore made in opposition to the policy of encouraging railroads by limited endowments of lands. The homeseeker dreads a lonely exile, and he would almost as soon select a homestead in the moon or preempt one hundred and sixty acres of blue sky, as to locate with his wife and family on the green prairies of the West thirty miles from a tree.

> "The birds avoid the desert for want of trees to sing in,
> And the sunny rills go panting for shady nooks to hide in."

In this enlightened age, women and children will not go to live beyond the pale of civilization, away from schools, churches, markets, and mail routes; hence, in Dakota the settlements cling to the groves and streams, but creep cautiously and reluctantly upon the verge of the boundless prairies. Towns are small and scattered, settlements weak and dependent, markets distant and uncertain. No coal has been discovered in the settled portion of the territory, and the consequent want of fuel, together with the cost of imported lumber for building purposes, will long delay the settlement of the prairie regions unless the national government intercedes and opens public highways for trade and travel through its own great public domain. With all the generous proffers of free homesteads here extended to the homeless poor of the East for the last ten years, there can be found to-day rich and arable prairie lands still unclaimed and belonging to the government, within sight of the very capital of the territory, but are unfortunately situated sixty-five miles from the nearest railroad market.

Mr. Speaker, if there is any class of American citizens who are entitled to the same regard from the government that is bestowed upon the soldiers who fought the battles of our country, it is the hardy pioneers of the West who venture into the wilds, defying danger, subduing the plains, establishing villages, and planting upon the confines of the frontier the beacon lights of American progress and civilization. Rude cabins, uncultured lands, bridgeless streams, uncertain mails, isolated schools, distant markets, and Indian dangers are a few of the many troubles encountered by the early settlers of Dakota. During the great Sioux Indian rebellion of 1863-64 our mail carriers were killed upon the highways, farmers were shot in their fields, and families driven from their homes to take refuge in the barracks of the towns. The government was unable to send troops to the frontier for the immediate protection of the settlements, and the militia of the territory was called out to defend the lives of helpless women and children. The farmer left his unharvested fields, the mechanic deserted his workshop, and the merchant closed his door, to join in the common defense of life and property against the threatened attack of the red man's knife and tomahawk. Notwithstanding all this, these brave and deserving pioneers have never received from the government a dollar for their services in defending the American border. Added to these hardships comes a law of the last congress compelling every preëmption settler in the territory to pay to the government $200 for his land before the 14th day of July next.

Now, sir, ever since the year 1861 these neglected people have petitioned congress to grant limited amounts of the wild lands in Dakota for the purpose of constructing railroads into the territory, and of giving them easy communication with the markets and cities of the East, whereby they can exchange the products of the soil for coal, lumber and merchandise. The oft-repeated prayer of these petitioners having received no response from congress, these feeble wards of the government have recently voted upon themselves a tax of $200,000 to induce the first railroad into the territory. These bonds, with the accumulated interest of twenty years, will at maturity more than pay the $1.25 per acre for all the lands now belonging to the government within ten miles of the road.

Mr. Speaker, I beg relief from congress for this neglected people. I do not ask in this bill any extravagant grant of lands to a private corporation, but request that one half of the land now held in trust for the future State of Dakota, may be put to immediate use for internal improvements in the territory. I am well aware that the country has become alarmed at the giant monopolies that have grown up out of the past magnificent land grants to railroads; but I do hope that congress has not become so frightened at the shadow of its former liberality that it dare not do justice by a suffering community.

The great timberless plains of Dakota can never be settled by an agricultural people until reclaimed by some economic system of railways, irrigation, and forest-planting. I am confirmed in this opinion after fifteen years of practical experience in the land surveys west of the Mississippi river.

Mr. Speaker, I will only detain the House a moment longer, while I quote from the act of September 4, 1841, the provisions which I ask to have applied to the Territory of Dakota:

> SEC. 8. And there shall be, and hereby is, granted to each new state that shall hereafter be admitted into the Union, upon such admission, so much land and including such quantity as may have been granted to such state before its admission, and while under a territorial government, for the purposes of internal improvements, as shall make five hundred thousand acres of land, to be selected and located as aforesaid. (By direction of the legislature.)
>
> SEC. 9. And the net proceeds of the sales of said lands shall be faithfully applied to the objects of internal improvements within the states aforesaid respectively, namely, roads, railroads, bridges, and improvement of water courses, and draining of swamps; and such roads, railways,

canals, bridges, and water courses, when made and improved, shall be free for the transportation of the United States mails and munitions of war and for the passage of their troops without payment of any toll whatever.

Now, Mr. Speaker, I trust that the liberality of congress will permit the Territory of Dakota to select and apply to the immediate objects of internal improvements within her borders, one-half of the lands that will eventually fall to the future State of Dakota, under this act.

One acre of land for this purpose now is worth ten in the far future, and one line of railroad through the territory at present will add more to the nation's wealth by the advancement of settlement and civilization over the great plains, than all the homeless poor that will immigrate thither, without railroads, for the next generation.

DAKOTA CONGRESSIONAL CONTEST.

House of Representatives,
Washington, D. C., April, 1871.

Mr. Armstrong: I ask to present a preamble and joint resolution for the relief of disabilities in the Dakota triangular contest.

The Clerk read as follows:

Whereas the coveted seat of M. K. Armstrong, sitting Delegate in this House from the Territory of Dakota, is contested by two of his late defeated Republican opponents substantially upon the following grounds of disability, namely: first, that he had no business to be a Democrat; second, he had no right to run for Congress; third, it was illegal for him to receive more votes than either of the Republican candidates; and finally, that the people of Dakota had no right to elect a Democrat to Congress when two ambitious Republicans were running for and counted upon the same office; and whereas it is evident from the result of the late election in that Territory that three political parties cannot run three tickets and all be successful; and inasmuch as it is plain, without debate, that three live Delegates from one Territory cannot all sit in one congressional chair, without the removal of "natural disabilities;" and whereas the people of Dakota are fearful of being "represented to death," by a swarm of contestants who desire to roll the sweet morsel of mileage and compensation beneath their tongues as a healing salve for political defeat; and whereas the sitting Delegate is not indictable for being favored with votes which his opponents expected to get, and is not blameable for receiving the highest number of votes at the polls, and in being awarded, as he was, the certificate of election by a Republican board of canvassers and the free indorsement of a Republican Legislature; and whereas this House does not consider it an "outrage" for a Democrat to be elected Delegate to Congress, provided he behaves himself, does not vote on adjournment, nor make long speeches on Ku Klux "outrages" [Laughter.]

Therefore, be it resolved, That fair and deliberate elections by the people of Dakota, are hereby declared to be as valid and legal, as doubtful majorities in the doubtful States of New Hampshire and Connecticut; and that, out of respect to the choice of the people of Dakota in the late election, the sitting Delegate be permitted to retain his seat in this House long enough, at least, to warm the chair he sits in, and to frank home to his constituents all the speeches recently made by members on the Ku Klux "outrageous bill." [Laughter.]

And be it further resolved, That an "anxious bench" for Dakota contestants be prepared in front of the Speaker's stand, and that the time for taking testimony in the Dakota triangular contest be extended throughout the Forty-Second Congress, and whenever the contestants and sitting Delegate shall have submitted all their evidence, the Committee of Elections are requested to report to the House; whether they have made the important discovery that, by any freak in politics, three men can be elected to the same office at the same time; and, if so, how it is done.

[Great laughter.]

CONGRESSIONAL SPEECH ON THE DAKOTA INDIAN WAR.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
January 16, 1874.

The house being in the committee of the whole for debate only, and having under consideration the bill (H. R. No. 209), to provide for the adjustment of the Dakota war claims of 1862, Mr. Armstrong spoke as follows:

Mr. Chairman: Nearly three years ago I presented to the Forty-third congress a bill to provide for the payment of an

Indian war debt, of $28,137.17, which the United States government has justly owed to the Territory of Dakota since the great Sioux outbreak of 1862, whose ravages extended over western Minnesota and southern Dakota.

This claim has been long since carefully examined and reported upon by the territorial auditor, and the report approved by the territorial legislature, which latter body has repeatedly memorialized congress for the payment of the debt. By an examination of the legislative report and memorial, which have already been printed and laid before this house, it will be found that the claim is one of singular merit and moderation, in comparison with that for similar services rendered by other territories.

By a proclamation of the governor of Dakota, bearing date at Yankton, the capital of said territory, Aug. 30, 1862, the entire population subject to military duty was called into active service, to protect border settlements against the impending invasion of the hostile Sioux Indians, who had but recently murdered, in cold blood, several hundred innocent men, women and children in the adjoining counties of Minnesota.

In response to this proclamation some three hundred men in the territory immediately left their fields and workshops and enrolled themselves into militia companies for the protection of life and property, furnishing their own arms, subsistence, clothing, etc., for a term of two months. By distributing themselves through the several counties, these self-equipped companies of pioneers, succeeded in holding the Indians in check and preventing an open war, until the federal government could spare reinforcements to be sent to the frontier from the field of the Southern war.

Not, however, were these faithful pioneers relieved from their posts and vigilant duties, until their ripening and neglected harvests had become wasted and ruined in their fields; two farmers had been savagely murdered while attempting to gather their crops within a mile of the village of Sioux

Falls; the town was attacked by a war party of Indians, the citizens shot at and driven from the place, and the village afterward burned to ashes; a mail carrier between Sioux Falls and Yankton was waylaid and robbed; a stage driver on the public highway from Fort Randall was shot dead, and his horses stripped from the stage and driven to the plains; two unarmed citizens were attacked and shot in their wagons at a public ferry, within three miles of the capital of the territory. In Yankton county the farmers were driven from their fields and shot at in their doorways, until forced to retreat to the town for safety. Neither did these troubles end until two years after the government had sent reënforcements to the beleaguered border. Even while United States troops were patrolling the settlements in 1864-65, the emboldened and daring Sioux dashed upon a party of farmers, making hay near Richland, in Union county, killing one man, wounding another, and fleeing to the plains upon their victims' horses. Another party of murderous savages crossed the Dakota border into Nebraska, twelve miles below Yankton, and after committing horrid outrages and butchery upon an unprotected family of five children, they eluded the United States cavalry, recrossed the river into Dakota, and escaped up the Vermillion valley.

Upon the first outbreak of this great Sioux Indian war, in the autumn of 1862, and when the territorial militia were called to arms by order of the governor, all the farming settlements and exposed towns were quickly abandoned, some sending their women and children to the neighboring states for safety, while others resorted with their families to the capital of the territory to unite with the villagers for mutual protection. Above Vermillion a skirmishing war party for a time prevented travel upon the stage road. At Yankton all the citizens in the surrounding country had assembled and joined with the militia in throwing up hasty fortifications around half a dozen buildings for shelter in the center of the town. Within these rude barracks the citizens remained under arms, day and night, until United States troops began to arrive and the Indians retreated from the embargoed settlements. The people then ventured back to their devastated homes and fields to glean a winter's subsistence from their damaged harvests and scattered herds.

Now, Mr. Speaker, the neighboring States and Territories of Minnesota and Montana, have both been reimbursed by the federal government, for similar services and expenses borne by them in repelling Indian invasions within their borders. Dakota has repeatedly, through its legislature, petitioned congress to refund to the territory the small amounts so justly due the members of the Dakota militia for their timely services, given when the nation needed all its men in the Southern war, and when the women and children of the frontier were left to the mercy of a barbarous foe.

These pioneer militia are obliged to come to congress as their last and only resort for reimbursement. In the early part of the Forty-second congress I made application in their behalf to the secretary of war, but was informed by him, under letters of March 22, 1871, and March 20, 1873, which I hold in my hand, that, notwithstanding the "apparent merit" of the claim, he possessed no power to pay the same until authorized to do so by congress under a special appropriation for the purpose, inasmuch as the governor of the territory should have first asked and obtained permission from the government before calling the territorial militia into service. I then introduced a bill into the last congress, asking a special appropriation for the purpose, of $28,137.17, and also sent back to the territory and procured evidence, which was submitted to the committee on military affairs, explaining that the scene of the Indian outbreak was, at the time, several hundred miles distant from the nearest railroad station or telegraph office; and that the first murders, and the consequent panic, fell upon the settlements so suddenly and without warning, that the governor found it necessary to rally the militia into arms at once, and accordingly quite a force of armed men was put upon duty before nightfall of the same day.

In the midst of the excitement and imminent danger, the governor was of opinion that his appointment by the president as governor and commander-in-chief of the militia, gave him full authority to call out the militia force in case of emergency or public danger.

Upon the evidence presented with this bill to the military committee of the house in the last congress, that committee reported back a bill which passed the house, authorizing the secretary of war to examine the accounts and report to congress the amounts found justly due and necessary to be paid. This bill was also examined and reported upon favorably by the military committee in the senate, March 1st, but among many other bills it was not reached on the calendar before the final adjournment of last congress.

Hence, sir, I have brought the bill again before the present congress, and I now again ask that justice be done to this handful of territorial militia of 1862, who periled their lives in defending the outposts of Western civilization and settlement. In reference to the fairness of the claim, the military committee of the last house, in their published report, speaks as follows:

> The action of the Governor in calling out the troops, and of the citizens in responding promptly in the emergency, seemed to be all that could be done, and the only thing that could be done, for the defense of the people of the Territory, since no troops of the general government could come in time to the rescue, and it seemed madness to wait till the authorities at Washington could be reached and could furnish military aid.
>
> The accounts seemed to have been carefully examined by the commission and to have met the approval of the auditor, and are set out in full, with the items. The sum, $28,137.17, seems to be a reasonable and fair one, and we feel justified in recommending its payment.

The report of the territorial legislature gives the names of three hundred and thirty-six persons as entitled to pay, making the aggregate amount of $28,187.17, or an average of about $87 to each claimant.

Mr. Speaker, it is unnecessary for me to recall to the attention of this house the manifold perils and hardships, wrongs and sufferings, exposures and cruelties endured by the early pioneer families of the great West. I would be met by the old and oft-repeated argument of philanthropists and theorists, that "the white man is always to blame." This declaration, sir, is thoughtlessly made by men who look at and admire the "noble red man" as pictured in the distance, through the romance and poetry of enthusiastic and imaginary authors. Of all the races of men upon the globe, it is a historical fact that those who are the most ignorant and uncivilized are everywhere the most depraved and barbarous. But, notwithstanding this acknowledged rule of mankind, we find many prominent Christian statesmen and distinguished philanthropists of the present enlightened day, so blinded by sympathy for the heathen races, that they openly avow their belief that the wild and superstitious tribes of the West, who grope in their predatory dens, beyond the light of Christianity and civilization, are among the most noble and praiseworthy creatures on earth. This opinion to a great extent pervades in the halls of congress and at the departments of the government, and in accordance therewith millions of dollars of the people's money is annually appropriated to feed and clothe these "noble red men" of the West, including all tribes, the good and the bad alike. Wild and speculative reports as to the exaggerated population of the wild tribes to be clothed and fed, are annually received and acted upon, and large supplies shipped into the wilderness, based upon a census of thousands of Indians who do not exist.

But the white settler is obliged to go into the far West to hew out his home and sustain his wife and little ones upon the resources of his own industry; and these defenseless settlers are the ones who first fall beneath the avenging tomahawk of the red man, whenever a wild tribe becomes enraged at the neglect or tardiness of the government in supplying their promised subsistence.

Such was the cause and the terrible effect of the Dakota and Minnesota Indian war of 1862. The helpless and innocent women and children of the frontier were indiscriminately murdered, to avenge the wrong and deception practiced by the general government in making the promised payments to the neighboring Sioux of Minnesota. In proof of this I need only to cite the fact that prior to the Sioux troubles which broke out in Dakota in 1862, the frontier settlers of the territory had experienced no serious annoyance from the Indians; while tourists, fur traders, and scientific explorers had, for half a century previous, been accustomed to travel unharmed among all the wild tribes of the territory from the Missouri river to the Rocky Mountains. And as a further evidence that the most friendly relations existed between the early settlers and the Indians of Southern Dakota I need only to repeat that no murders nor depredations were committed upon the life or property of the pioneer immigrants, until the neighboring Sioux of Minnesota were provoked into open and savage war upon all whites, by the faithless treatment received at the hands of the federal government.

Ever since 1859 all of Southern Dakota has been formally open to immigration and settlement. In that year the Yankton Sioux Indians delivered up to the government their possessions of lands in this section, in accordance with a treaty concluded at Washington the previous year, by the provisions of which treaty they are guaranteed by the United States the sum of $1,666,000, to be paid in annual installments for fifty years, in addition to a reservation of 400,000 acres. In the following year the United States government commenced the survey of its newly-acquired landed purchase, and proclaimed the country open to immigration, thereby inviting colonization and settlement under the ample protection of the laws of the United States.

In 1861 congress even went further, and gave to the people a territorial government, in order that they might feel the fullest protection afforded by the strong arm of the government, to all its citizens engaged in the peaceful pursuits of industry. But how have they been protected? I need not again detail the wrongs and sufferings, rapine and murders, sustained by the early pioneers at the hands of a horde of enraged savages precipitated upon them from a neighboring state, at a time when they were living upon terms of peace and friendship with their own neighboring Indians—the Yanktons. Neither does it seem necessary for me to inform this house of the fact that while in the midst of these Indian troubles, the pioneers of Dakota enlisted and furnished from their own thin ranks two full companies of cavalry for the United States army.

And what grand results have these pioneers accomplished since the organization of that territory? Sir, they have maintained the outposts of frontier civilization from 1862 to 1865, while harassed by Indians in their fields, at their homes, and upon the highways. They have, by steady and unceasing industry, overcome their disasters, and are fast becoming a productive and prosperous people. They have subdued the plains, opened farms and thoroughfares, established schools and churches, founded most beautiful villages, and organized many flourishing counties. They have built railroads and telegraph lines without government aid; they have constructed bridges and established steam ferries, and have built depots of trade, and induced boats of traffic to the navigable rivers of the territory. They have converted the wild prairies into blooming grain fields and lovely homes, and have advanced from a handful of struggling pioneers to a population of forty thousand people, producing their annual millions of grain and paying taxes upon their assessed millions of wealth. What people, I ask, sir, have done more or deserve better at the hands of congress?

CONGRESSIONAL SPEECH IN BEHALF OF THE GREAT WEST ON HOUSE BILL 281, FOR RELIEF OF FRONTIER SETTLEMENTS.

House of Representatives,
January 24, 1874.

Mr. Speaker: The farmers and tillers of the soil upon the woodless prairies of the great West deserve and should receive from the national congress some favorable legislation to encourage the planting of forests and utilizing the water courses of the plains. These vast prairies are among the most fertile regions of the American continent, and need only the fostering hand of the government to render them most populous and productive. Political economy teaches us that nations become rich and powerful in proportion as they develop their resources,,reclaim their uncultured wilds, and improve and utilize their inland waters. The peculiar qualities of the soil of our western prairies naturally adapt them to become the inexhaustible grain fields of America, provided the national congress will but encourage the cultivation of groves of timber thereon for the uses and habitations of man. Congress, at its last session, in answer to appeals from the representatives of the Western States and territories, passed a law entitled "An act to encourage the growth of timber on western prairies." This law was in the nature of a homestead act, and granted a hundred and sixty acres of prairie land to any person who would plant and keep in a growing condition thereon for ten years, forty acres of timber. By some oversight in framing the bill, only one year from the date of entry was allowed to settlers in which to go through the whole process of breaking the prairies and planting the trees. It is well known that the stubborn turf of our western prairies cannot be sufficiently subdued within one year to admit of the prosperous growth of young transplanted trees. Hence lengthy petitions have come to this congress from the farmers of the west, asking such a modification of the "timber culture act" as will allow at least one year for the planting of young trees, after the sod has been turned under by the plow. The amended bill now before this house provides that the plowing and planting shall take place in installments of ten acres each year until the whole is completed. Under the encouragement of such a law our western prairies would become dotted with beautiful groves, serving as a protection against the droughts of summer and the rigors of winter.

In advocacy of national legislation upon this subject we have an abundance of favorable precedents in many of the older European states. We are informed that in France and Italy the destruction of the forests within the last few centuries has materially affected the climate, so much so that in many places the cultivation of wheat, the olive and the grape has been partially abandoned, or driven several leagues inland by the harsh winds that invade the land from the naked coast.

By the felling of the woods on the Apennines the destructive sirocco prevails in the valley of the Po, damaging the harvest and vineyards and often ruining the crops of the season, like the ravaging tornadoes and summer hail-storms of our great American prairies. In those sections of Europe where once the straw roofs of the peasants withstood the power of the winds, tiles and slabs are now required. One of the oldest pine woods in that foreign country having been destroyed. the region was only relieved from the increasing siroccos and fitful storms by replanting the forests to resinous trees. In many parts of Italy, France and Switzerland a perceptible lateness of spring is complained of, since the destruction of the forests which formerly screened and warmed the adjacent areas.

Travelers inform us that from the cathedral of Antwerp, in Belgium, where forty years ago nothing could be seen but the vast desert plain, is now found extensive forests planted by hand of man, the trees being set in regular rows. These sylvan plantations have softened the climate, induced rain, and transformed the barren sands into fertile fields.

Experience in forest planting has proved that rows of trees, ten feet high and standing one hundred feet apart, will protect the intervening ground against winds and drifting snows, inasmuch as the currents of air move so nearly parallel with the earth's surface. Trees standing in rows, three hundred feet apart and thirty feet high, will also afford proportionate protection to the intervening ground on western prairies. It is also a fact too well known to be repeated here, that in winter the soil in the open fields and naked prairies freezes from two to four feet deep, while the ground in the woods is barey crusted with frost, and that winter wheat and green tufts of grass survive the whole winter when surrounded by trees, while the cutting wind of the open prairie lays bare the tender roots to killing frosts and icy sleets. The heat, also, that is generated by living groves, and often by a single tree, is attested by the many instances of a solitary oak or evergreen, clinging to and growing upon a cold rock in the cliffs, with barely soil enough to cover its roots, and of the many groves upon frosty mountain heights, which flourish in snow and ice through the winter months, drawing warmth with their roots from the frozen earth, and sending to the remotest branches of the trees a life-sap, like the blood in a child's fingers.

Scientific investigation has shown that trees maintain, at all seasons of the year, a constant mean temperature of fifty-four degrees above zero, even while the state of the atmosphere is far below the freezing point, and that this mean temperature of the groves sensibly ameliorates and softens the air of adjacent plains, producing rain. The American elm, for instance, has been known to produce, in one season, seven million leaves, or a foliage surface of about five acres, upon one tree, while the sugar maple of Vermont often yields eight gallons of sap per day for the season.

Philosophy informs us that as the lightning-rod abstracts the electric fluid from the skies, so the forest attracts to itself the rain from the clouds, which, in falling, refreshes not itself alone, but extends its showers to the neighboring fields. The terrible droughts which desolate the Cape Verd islands are attributed to the destruction of its original forests, while in the Island of Saint Helena the wooded area has largely extended since the exile of Napoleon, and in consequence thereof the rains there are twice as frequent and copious as in former days. Coultas says that the woods, winds and sea, form the several parts of nature's grand distillery; the sea is the boiler in which vapor is raised by the rays of the sun, the winds are the conducting tubes which carry the steam-clouds to the forests which possess a lower temperature. This naturally accumulates and condenses the misty vapor into rain-clouds, which, becoming too heavy to float in the air, descend to the earth in showers.

Sir John Herschel ascribes the extreme aridity of Spain to the proverbial hatred of the Spaniards toward trees, while in Egypt, he asserts that recent plantations of the palm tree have caused rains in desert regions, where hitherto such a thing was almost unknown. In Palestine and many other parts of Asia and Northern Africa, which in ancient times were the granaries of Europe, fertile and populous, the lands have become deserts, deprived of rain, springs and water courses, brought about by the gradual prostration of the forests. From the same cause, many districts in Southern France have become barren wastes of stone, where once the grape and olive yielded in profusion.

The great scarcity of springs and running streams all over our American prairies, can also be accounted for by the absence of groves and forests. It is well established that the protection afforded by forests against the escape of moisture from the soil, insures the permanence and regularity of natural springs and running brooks. In the settlement of the Western states it has always been observed that clearing the grounds of forests, not only causes running springs to disappear, but dries up ponds and reduces the water courses.

In the valley of Araqua, Europe, Humboldt relates an instance of a lake drying up by the clearing of the forests to such an extent that, from the sixteenth to the eighteenth century, the waters retreated two and a half leagues, deserting a city formerly founded upon its shores. The lands laid bare by the retreat of the waters were converted into admirable plantations of cotton, bananas and sugar cane. Numerous instances are recorded, in the older agricultural regions of the globe, where streams and flowing springs have become so reduced by the felling of the forests over great areas, that the mills and factories formerly erected upon these water courses have long since been abandoned for want of sufficient water to drive their wheels.

The influence of forests on springs is strikingly illustrated by many instances in the European empire. Near the town of Heilbronn the woods on the hills surrounding the town are cut in regular succession every twentieth year. As the annual cuttings approach a certain point the springs yield less water, some of them none at all; but as the young growth shoots up they flow more and more freely, and at length bubble up again in all their original abundance. Another instance is related of a great fountain, imbedded in the deep woods of France, which formerly supplied all the fountains of a large village, but since the clearing of the surrounding forests this great reservoir sends forth but a mere thread of water. William Cullen Bryant, the great American author, says that fifty years ago large barges loaded with goods went up and down the Cuyahoga river, and that a large vessel was built upon its shores and floated down its channel to the lake. Now, in an ordinary stage of water, a skiff or canoe can hardly pass down the stream. Professor Hayden, United States geologist, also confirms what every settler on our great plains has often observed, that the creeks and rivers which meander long distances through our naked and woodless wastes, contain no more water a hundred miles down the stream in the open prairies, than near their sources among hills and bluffs. Many of our prairie streams also, which furnish a supply of living water near their sources, are known to sink beneath the ground, and can be traced only by standing pools which rise to the surface under some protecting bank or shade, away from the sun and winds of the desert. Groves planted along these dead water courses on our western prairies, have been known to bring to the surface living ponds of water.

The day is approaching when a national system of irrigation will be required to reclaim our great American prairies of the northwest, whereby the larger streams and water courses may be diverted, in part, through constructed channels, to the woodless and waterless regions of the interior. The natural lakes and water courses of the West are merely reservoirs for the plains, which must be utilized and distributed by the hand of man. And this can be done at a much less cost than was incurred by the New England pioneers, in clearing the forests and stumps from those sections which now constitute the most flourishing states in the Union. In the territories of Colorado and Utah much has already been done by irrigation companies to cause the desert to blossom as the rose. In the vicinity of Salt Lake City, as I am informed by the intelligent delegate from that territory, irrigation has for many years been resorted to with great success in the cultivation of field and garden. In that territory irrigation laws have been enacted, and water companies chartered, which are limited to certain areas, and by means of drains and ditches the waters of the rivers are tapped and led over large fields and through dead furrows, which divide the plowed area into lands narrow in width, thereby infiltrating the entire surface.

This subject has become of such national importance in reclaiming the vast timberless domain of the Northwestern territories, that the president of the United States, in his last annual message to congress, recommends the enactment of laws to promote irrigation over the waterless plains of the West, by conducting portions of the river waters through artificial canals to the parched interior plains. For this purpose a portion of the public lands in alternate sections should be set aside and disposed of to such corporations or local governments, as will reclaim from sterility the remaining and adjacent sections belonging to the United States. Irrigation has been carried on successfully for many years in a number of the older countries of the eastern hemisphere. In France, Lombardy and Sardinia there are more than three thousand square miles of artificially watered lands, to say nothing of the vast areas in Italy, Egypt, Syria, Turkey and the Mediterranean basin, which have been reclaimed and rendered suitable for cultivation by the process of irrigation alone.

An ancient writer informs us that the first inhabitants of the sandy valley of the Nile were desert-dwellers, with the nomadic Arabs as neighbors. But the civilized people of Egypt transformed, by irrigating canals, the desert waste into the richest granary of the world, and liberated themselves from the shackles of rock and sand. The river Nile receives not a single tributary stream in its whole course through Egypt; there is not so much as a living spring in the whole land, and with the exception of a narrow strip of coast, the rainfall in the territory of the Pharaohs is not two inches in the year. We are also informed that one-fifth of the whole volume of water which is carried by the Nile to the Mediterranean, is diverted from its natural channel through artificial canals, and applied to irrigating about three and one-half million acres of land throughout Egypt. Artesian wells have also been sunken in many countries, for the double purpose of obtaining water in the dry regions and at the same time penetrating deposits of coal or other minerals hidden beneath the surface. The French government, within the last number of years, has bored numerous artesian wells in the Algerian desert, every one of which became the nucleus of a settlement proportioned to the supply of water. In 1860 several nomadic tribes had established themselves around these wells and planted more than 30,000 palm trees, besides other perennial fruit-bearing shrubs.

The same policy could be adopted with advantage upon the great prairies of the West, and would doubtless result in tapping concealed coal beds in many localities, while in other sections subterranean waters would be reached and forced to the surface of the parched desert for the uses of settlement. In Canada, Brazil and other countries immigrants have been furnished by the government with transportation for themselves and families, besides a supply of tools, utensils, seeds, food and lumber for one year, the amount advanced to be secured by mortgage on their new farms, at low interest on long time. Why cannot our government do as much?

Nearly one-half the area of our American domain is yet but sparsely settled, and a large proportion of our Northwestern territories, though fertile in soil, suffers from a scarcity of timber and running streams. It is the duty of the government to develop its hidden resources, and encourage its people in new fields of industry and enterprise. Enact such generous laws as will induce immigration, and open new homes and harvest fields all over the broad and uninhabited prairies of the West. Then will our own grain fields supply Europe with bread, and bring money to our shores, in return for the millions in gold which we are taxed yearly to pay as interest on our national debt.

Mr. Chairman, I hope the bill, as reported by the committee on the public lands, will pass this house and become a law.

CONGRESSIONAL SPEECH IN BEHALF OF NORTH DAKOTA, IN 1874.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
March 14, 1874.

Mr. Armstrong said:

Under instructions of the territorial legislature of Dakota, I introduced a bill in the early part of the last congress, providing for the organization of a separate territorial government out of that portion of Dakota north of the forty-sixth parallel. Notwithstanding the urgent memorials of the legislature of that territory upon this subject, congress has thus far arrived at no definite action in the premises, and the bill is again before the present congress, backed by the petitions of thousands of citizens residing in the northern part of said territory.

The only objection raised to the bill in the last congress was that the proposed new territory was too thinly settled and too poor in wealth and development to warrant self-government.

These objections, sir, have in a good measure been removed within the past year, and cannot now be fairly urged against the present bill.

Two hundred miles of the Northern Pacific railroad have been pushed westward across that Territory from the fertile valley of the Red River to the navigable waters of the Upper Missouri. Two newspapers are published in the proposed territory, and stirring and enterprising towns have been built up at Fargo, Jamestown and Bismarck on the said railroad, while immigration and settlement are rapidly filling up the accessible river valleys. Steamboats navigate the Red river nearly two hundred miles into the proposed territory, returning with thousands of tons of freight for the Hudson Bay settlements; while along said stream in Dakota new towns and mills are being established. Nearly four hundred miles of telegraph line are in operation, and at Pembina, Grand Forks, Fargo and Richville, quite a trade is already carried on in the way of shipping and reshipping freights. United States courts are held at Fargo, Bismarck and Pembina, and a United States land office has recently been established at the former place, while the settlers are urgently petitioning for a land office at Bismarck to accommodate the increasing settlements in the Missouri valley. Many large steamboats ply for several hundred miles through the proposed territory on the waters of the Missouri, and pass far above the mouth of the Yellowstone into Montana, carrying government freight for the forts and agencies, and mercantile goods for the mining districts. Already several thousand people have gone into this northern territory, and are preparing farms, homes and villages, in anticipation of the favorable action of congress upon this bill.

As early as 1864 the United States government virtually declared the Red River valley open to settlement when it purchased the same by treaty from the Red Lake and Pembina Indians, and invited white settlers to locate upon the newly acquired lands. In accordance therewith, homestead settlers have gone into that country and can be found located in nearly all the river valleys and Northwestern Dakota; especially upon the Pembina, Turtle, Goose, Cheyenne and Wild Rice rivers.

Many worthy and adventurous settlers also established their pioneer claims in the country prior to the location of the Northern Pacific railroad, and upon lands that the government had proclaimed as open to settlement; but at a later date they were apprised of the fact that a mysterious and undiscovered treaty with the Wapeton and Sisseton Indians, made in 1867, covered the whole domain, and reserved these lands for the Indians as against settlers.

Notwithstanding this treaty, the government had in the meantime ignorantly extended its surveys over portions of this reservation, thus inviting settlements to follow. Not until 1873 did the United States succeed in correcting, by an act of congress, this blind treaty of 1867; and during this interval the Northern Pacific Railroad company had pushed its surveyed line through the country and filed its plat for withdrawal of lands with the secretary of the interior, Feb. 21, 1872. Hence so soon as this treaty cloud was cleared up by the act of congress, the railroad survey being on file, immediately attached to all odd numbered sections within its granted limits, thus covering the homestead claims of many of the poor and needy settlers, who, by the ruling of the general land office had acquired no rights to their homesteads while they were upon these lands reserved for Indians, between the years 1867 and 1873; and in face of the fact that congress originally granted only the unoccupied odd sections to the railroad. These settlers have continued to reside in the territory; and all those upon odd numbered sections are now put to the hardship and injustice of removing from their improved lands, and beginning new homes upon the even numbered sections, unless relief is afforded by the government.

Sir, I can but repeat here in behalf of these deserving people what I once said before in this house, in a defense of the early pioneers of the West, that if there is any class of American citizens who are entitled to the same regard from the general government that is bestowed upon the soldiers who fought the battles of our country, it is the hardy pioneers of the frontier, who venture into the wilds, defying danger, subduing the plains, establishing villages and planting upon the confines of our public domain the beacon lights of progress and civilization. Rude cabins, uncultured lands, bridgeless streams, uncertain mails, isolated schools, distant markets and Indian dangers, are a few of the many troubles that have been encountered by these early settlers in North Dakota. Separated as they are from the settlements in Southern Dakota by a broad belt of uninhabited prairies some two hundred miles in extent, the interests of the two sections are not at all identical.

The northern settlements having been made at a more recent date, they have but a small representation in the territorial legislature in comparison with the older and more populous counties in the southern part of the territory.

Notwithstanding this diversity of local interest between the north and south, no unfriendly feeling exists between the people of the two sections, which is evidenced by the fact that the legislative representatives of southern Dakota have repeatedly memorialized congress to give to the northern section an independent territorial government.

The proposed line of division would separate Dakota by an east and west line into two halves, approximately; each containing about seventy-five thousand square miles, equal in extent to one of the largest states in the Union. The south half, or Dakota proper, contains at present about thirty thousand inhabitants, and the north half, which this bill proposes to create into the new territory of Pembina, embraces an estimated population of ten thousand people. Very many of the territories of the United States have been organized by congress with less than half this number of inhabitants, and with not a mile of railroad within their border.

In 1861 the territory of Dakota was established with a population of a little over four thousand white inhabitants, and its limits covered all the country between the Red River and the Rocky mountains. Since then the march of western progress has been such that in 1863 the territory of Idaho was created by congress out of western Dakota, and in 1864 congress also organized the new territory of Montana out of what was once a part of Dakota; and still later, in 1867, the Union Pacific railroad had pushed across southeastern Dakota, and congress again carved therefrom the new territory of Wyoming.

Now, sir, the Northern Pacific Railroad company has completed one hundred and ninety-five miles of road through northern Dakota; and the people therein are to-day petitioning this congress to create the new territory of Pembina or North Dakota.

True, the plea of economy is raised against this bill on the ground that when the government is so financially embarrassed as at present, when the United States treasury is being so rapidly depleted, when the receipts of the national revenues are falling behind our expenditures, it is no time to talk of setting up the new and expensive machinery of a territorial government, thereby involving the country in an additional yearly expense of some $50,000. But, sir, the United States government should not make treaties and purchase lands of the Indians, and survey them, and open land offices to induce settlers, unless it is ready and willing to afford its citizens the benefits of local government and national protection. It has never been the policy of this government to take a step backward whenever it has once set out in the march of progress and civilization.

Sir, the total expense to the United States, incurred during the last fiscal year for sustaining the local governments in the nine organized territories of the Union, amounted to less than $300,000, or only about $33,000 each. The sessions of the territorial legislatures being, by law of congress, made biennial, the annual expense thereof to the government is now only about one-half as much as it was at the time of the organization of the present territories.

Already the United States Government has expended nearly $100,000 in extending the surveys of the public lands for settlement over the proposed new territory. Large tracts have been subdivided into sections, a United States land office has been established therein, and the country formally opened to immigration.

The resources of the territory are as yet but slightly developed, but extensive and valuable coal fields have already been discovered west of the Missouri river, within convenient distance of the Northern Pacific railroad, at Bismarck. A very large proportion of the country consists of rich and rolling prairie lands, naturally adapted to grazing purposes; while the valleys of the Territory are favorable to the production of wheat and the smaller grains. The climate is similar to that of Northern Minnesota and Wisconsin in the same latitudes. The occasional dryness of summer, which is now attributed to some portions of the higher prairies in these northern latitudes, will rapidly disappear as the settlement of the territory increases, and the cultivated fields and planted groves of homestead settlers dot the surface of the country.

The day has passed, sir, when it can be safely said of any portion of the great West that it is utterly worthless. The western portion of the present rich and populous state of Iowa was once pronounced by a great man, in congress, to be a poor country for cultivation and settlement. And the members of this house can well remember when, but a few years ago, portions of the present state of Nebraska and the now populous territories of Colorado and Utah were described as parts of the great "American Desert," unfit for cultivation and worthless for settlement. To-day one of the public highways of the nation traverses that region to the western ocean, and settlements and villages have sprung up along its track. The climate has changed, rains are more frequent, the soil produces abundantly, young groves have sprung up, and that whole region is becoming an inviting field for immigrants.

The proposed new territory of Pembina suffers under no such natural disadvantages as those above enumerated. Its larger streams are lined with ample forests of oak, ash and cottonwood; its numerous deep, clear lakes in the northern part are skirted with beautiful groves and stocked with the finest of fish; while many small creeks and brooks meander through the great prairies, which are in turn everywhere clothed with a luxuriant growth of nutritious grasses.

No single act of congress, appropriating so small an amount of money, would so far conduce to the development of this section of the Northwest as the passage of this bill organizing a new territory out of the north half of Dakota, at an annual expense of less than $50,000 to the general government. Several times as much money as this is each year appropriated by congress to clothe and feed the Indian tribes located upon reservations in this same territory, who, instead of developing our northwestern resources and enriching the nation by their toil, are an incubus upon civilization and progress, and a constant tax upon the revenues of the country.

No rigid census of population or statistical statements of location are required to be furnished of the Indians, as of the white settlers, in order to obtain an appropriation from congress. It is my own belief, sir, from long residence in the territory, that, were a tribal census made of all the wild Indians in the Great West, there would be found a great reduction in the number that is annually reported for the charities of the government. Millions of money could be saved by inforcing a thorough system of classifying or listing by name the Indian population of each tribe, band or lodge, after the manner of enrolling soldiers in companies and regiments. Every Indian has a "local habitation and a name," and belongs to some particular band of his tribe or nation, and should not be loosely permitted to draw his rations under a half dozen assumed names, and at the councils of as many different bands.

Let the national government do equal and deserved justice by both Indians and settlers in the West, and we will hear fewer complaints of frauds and Indian troubles upon our western borders.

The people in Northern Dakota have struggled with the trials and misfortunes of a pioneer life, and have steadily advanced in civilization and settlement, until they now have their railroads and telegraph lines, their steam navigation and prosperous villages, their public schools and religious institutions. They come to congress through their petitions of several thousand citizens, asking that they may be invested with the rights and privileges of local laws and civil government. They are intelligent, law-abiding and industrious. They have planted their homes permanently in the new territory, as farmers and producers. Unlike a changeable mining population, they have selected their homes for the purposes of agricultural pursuits and abiding industry. All they ask is that congress shall deal fairly by them, and throw around them the shield and protection of local laws and self-government, which, as American citizens, they have a right to expect. Give them this, and they will build up a territory which shall be an honor to themselves and a credit to the nation.

AFTER A QUARTER OF A CENTURY

A VISIT TO

TWO CAPITALS:
WASHINGTON AND RICHMOND

*AFTER A QUARTER OF A CENTURY:

A VISIT TO TWO CAPITALS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 5, 1897.

Wonderful are the changes that have been made here in the last quarter of a century. As I walked up the broad acres of granite steps to the great capitol to-day, I could look off south toward the Potomac river, and see whole squares of beautiful park, which in my days was called "swampoodle" lowlands, and was given over to the use of frogs, duck ponds and negroes. Here is where I saw my first negro camp meeting years ago, under the very shadow of the capitol, among negro huts, under some southern willow trees. At these revival meetings they used to get religion first and fight with razors afterwards. I have seen Indian war dances and ghost dances, but I never saw anything equal to the contortions of those negroes when religion got its grip on them and the "spirit" began to strike in like the measles. They would dance and shout and leap around like wild men. They would climb trees and telegraph poles, singing and praying, rolling their white eyes upward and calling upon the Lord to open the golden gate to heaven that they might pass straight to glory. Directly across the street from here is now the United States botanical garden, with its greenhouses, where the visitor can walk for hours along winding pathways of overhanging green and the sweet fragrance of blooming flowers. Just below this the old canal and Tiber creek used to cross Pennsylvania avenue under a crude bridge, and wend off through South Washington, among the low southern huts of

---

*After a lapse of twenty-five years, the author again revisits the earlier scenes of his congressional experience; and gives the following sketches of his journey along the historic shores of the early Eastern Empire of America.

the colored population. All that part of the city at that time, with its red clay soil and little white buildings, resembled an old slave plantation of bygone years.

The Washington monument at that time stood an unfinished column of stone, desolate and alone, on the bank of the Potomac, south of the White House. It was known as the "National Disgrace," having remained in that unfinished and disgraceful condition for over twenty years. A large swamp occupied the ground between it and the president's house, which has since been transformed into charming park grounds, with fountains and trees, and beautiful walks and drives. The monument now completed stands five hundred and fifteen feet in the air, the highest independent stone monument in the world. Its white outlines against the blue sky can be seen on a clear day from the city of Baltimore. An inside elevator carries visitors to the top every thirty minutes, and a winding stairway up the whole distance is open at all times to persons who have the strength and courage to climb the dizzy height.

I stood outside looking up toward the top until my neck got stiff, and I then told my wife I was going to take the elevator and go to the top of that thing, inasmuch as I was out on this trip to see the passing show, even if it did take me toward heaven. She warned me that it was off from my route, and I would be a stranger up there, for the angels never saw a man from Minnesota. As I started up she told me to be sure and come down again and not stay up in the sky over night, as I would be out of place. On arriving at the pinnacle floor, five hundred feet in the air, I felt lightheaded, but the guide consoled me by saying that there were hundreds of lightheads over under yonder dome, where congress was in session. The great government buildings of the city seemed to lie right at our feet, and it reminded me of Satan on the mount when he promised the whole earth but didn't own a foot of it. But the distant panorama reaching away for long miles down the broad Potomac, with its black columns of smoke rising from incoming steamers plying upon open waters in midwinter, presented to my mind a picture which I will always remember. I remained there in silent thought for some minutes, and recalled what some great writer has said, that one of the pleasures of the next world will be the gift of expanded vision, by which the human eye can feast on the glories and beauties of heaven for infinite distances. I strained my eyes again, and looked off toward Minnesota to ascertain if that howling blizzard which I left there had not broken loose again, and was tearing down this way to blow me home.

Looking southward eighteen miles can be seen the tomb of Washington at Mount Vernon, where rest the last remains of the father of his country, near the old Washington mansion on his Virginia plantation. Turning again to the high wooded hills on our right, the old homestead of General Lee comes to view. This beautiful old southern farm has been turned into a national cemetery, with its hundreds of acres of white headstones glistening through the woods, like ghosts of the dead soldiers. In another direction, in full view, is the city of Annapolis, capital of Maryland, twenty miles distant.

By this time the elevator was ready to descend, and down we went. When we struck the ground I looked for my wife, and found her outside, gazing up, expecting to see me climbing down on the outside of the monument. She said I was getting up in the world too fast, and that I had better stay on the earth, where I belonged.

We passed on and visited the new library building on Capitol Hill, which is just being completed, and is said to be the finest building in the world, surpassing in elegant finish King Solomon's temple or the cathedral of Rome. The moment you enter the building the great interior dome, with its polished pillars of marble and granite, stands before you like a glittering forest of silver. The most artistic work of the sculptor and the painter have been drawn upon from the Old World, and the government intends that in elaborate finish and decoration it shall surpass any public building of modern times, in this or any other country. What struck me as a new departure in sculptured work was the life colors given by artistic painting to much of the white marble statuary. The frescoed walls and great dome were strikingly beautiful in this respect, and mark a triumph in modern architecture. In this building I found my little old history of Dakota, filed away in the library thirty years ago.

From this place we started across a lovely park to the capitol building, and went in to see congress make laws and talk war. Any person who has seen a state legislature in session has seen all there is of congress as a large legislative body. Very few men have ever made their mark here. They may be great men at home in their own state, but when they come here and mingle in a congress of nearly four hundred men equally great, they are lost like a drop in the ocean. The leaders of congress are men who have become distinguished and honored for commanding ability through long years of service in some other vocation. During my first term here, twenty-five years ago, I learned much of great men by studying the characteristics of the leading statesmen then in congress. It was in the time of Garfield, Blaine, Butler, Banks, Logan, Sumner, Conkling, Schurz and Alex. Stevens. I was then a new member; and now, looking down at my old seat in the house, it carries my mind back over the march of time and the magic growth of America. At that time I was the only representative in congress from the great "land of the Dakotas," the largest congressional district in the United States. Speaker Blaine used to call my district the "great western empire of green prairies, blue skies and red men." That new empire is now divided into two large states which are entitled to eight seats in congress. In the past twenty years, nine states have been admitted into the Union, from the great West, and we are now reaching across the sea for Cuba and, like Alexander, weeping because there are no more worlds to conquer.

CONGRESS COUNTING THE PRESIDENTIAL VOTE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 12, 1897.

Wednesday of this week was the day fixed by law for determining and declaring the result of the presidential election in the several states. Long before the hour arrived for opening the returns, large crowds of people had gathered at the capitol. They filled the rotunda and corridors and extended down the outside porticos, out onto the lawn where Coxey's army was warned "to keep off the grass." Many excited men struggled for admittance as though they thought the election was not yet over and that the polls were to be opened again by congress.

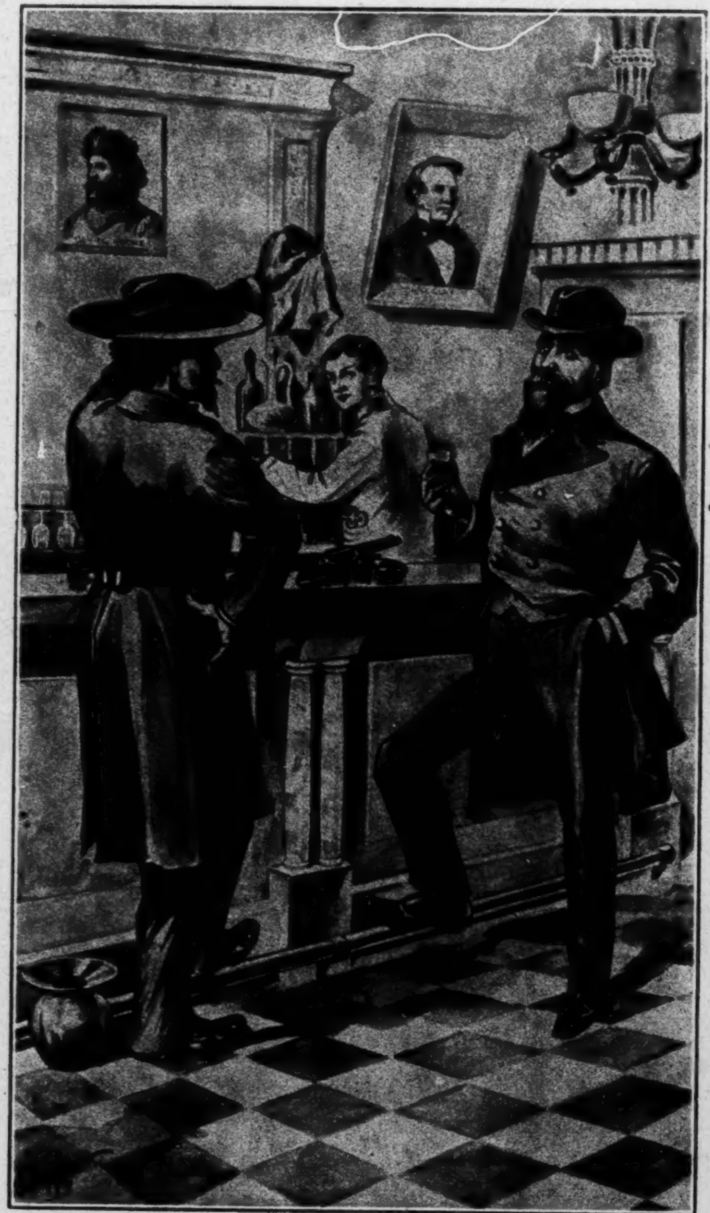
The great building was crowded to suffocation, and one lady fainted, but she did not fall my way. There was but a short delay before Speaker Reed announced the approach of the United States senate. The great central doors swung open, the members of the house arose to their feet, and the senators filed in by twos, preceded by an escort of handsomely uniformed capitol police. The senators were conducted to seats reserved for them nearly in front, and Vice President Stevenson ascended the marble steps and took a seat by the side of Speaker Reed. With one loud stroke of the gavel the vice president declared both houses assembled in joint session of congress. The officials of the senate carried two polished cherry boxes containing the electoral returns of all the states. The boxes were about the size of small bee hives, and looked as though they might be full of live gold bugs or silver bugs. Four tellers were appointed,—two from the senate and two from the house,—after which the vice president unlocked the boxes and began taking out large sealed envelopes on which were marked the returns of each state. He broke the seals, one at a time, and handed the contents of the envelopes to the tellers, who counted and tabulated the electoral votes of the states in alphabetical order. The result of each state was then read aloud, for McKinley or Bryan and for Hobart or Sewall. When all the forty-five states had been counted and verified the vice president arose and announced that four hundred and forty-seven electoral votes had been counted; that two hundred and twenty-four were necessary to a choice of president; that William McKinley had received two hundred and seventy-one and that William J. Bryan had received one hundred and seventy-six, and that therefore William McKinley had been duly elected president of the United States for the term of four years, beginning March 4, 1897. An announcement almost similar was also made as to the electoral votes counted for Hobart and Sewall for Vice President. This ended the very interesting and impressive ceremony of declaring the election of a president of the United States, and with one heavy stroke of the gavel the senate arose and departed for their chamber in the other end of the capitol, and the house resumed its daily routine business. The crowd of spectators soon dispersed and scattered off through the park into the business thoroughfares, and the world moved on again in its daily round.

But the grand and final ceremony of installing McKinley as president is yet to come on the 4th of March. One hundred thousand people are expected to be present, and the inauguration street pageant on that day will move down the broad avenue between the president's house and the capitol, in grand triumphal march, with all the regal pomp and splendor displayed in the coronation of a king in the old world, where they "bring forth the royal diadem and crown him king of all." As this occurs only once in four years, and as we are now here, and have such eligible quarters for reviewing this national display, we have concluded to remain and see it all on our return from Richmond.

A VISIT TO SOUTHERN BATTLEFIELDS.

RICHMOND, VA., Feb. 20, 1897.

We arrived in this old southern city after a pleasant ride of about one hundred and twenty miles from Washington



A BLOODLESS DUEL IN OLD KENTUCKY.—p. 422.

over the Richmond Short Line railroad. Our route carried us along down the Virginia shore of the Potomac, while far to our left, across the broad sheet of water, the Maryland hills rose in view. Passing through Alexandria and over the evergreen hills to the right of Mount Vernon, we could discern Fort Washington on a high point of the Maryland shore, where a puff of blue smoke shot up and a monster cannon threw a ten-inch blazing ball five miles up the river at a target in the water. The secretary of war and aids were there that day to witness the experimental practice of this new device of death in war. The cannon was as long and as large as a saw log, and when I noticed it leveled again for a second shot, apparently in the direction of our train, I nervously pushed ahead on the seat so that we could get out of range before they fired the black leviathan. As we sped swiftly along we entered the wooded highlands, where it had rained the night before and turned to icy sleet, which, glittering in the sunlight, threw a bridal veil of silvery lace and golden tinsel over the whole scene. Some of the ice-tipped evergreen trees on the hillside glittered in the sunlight as though studded with sparkling diamonds. In an hour this beautiful vision had vanished before the warmth of the sun's penetrating rays.

Speeding on we passed the small city of Quantico, on the river. It was near this point that Wilkes Booth, who assassinated Lincoln, attempted to cross the Potomac at night, from Maryland into the Virginia woods. The country along this part of our route seemed to be barren and desolate. The soil is bleached and sterile, the houses few and far between, and about all they can raise is popcorn, peanuts, hoop poles and a little tobacco. Many of the houses are built of hewed logs, with adobe chimneys running up the outside. At nearly every small station, lazy looking negroes and a few shiftless looking white men stood around with their hands in their pockets. But as we ran onward toward Fredericksburg, where we passed one of the great battlefields of the late war, the appearance of the country and the people began to improve. We saw farmers plowing in the field, and the cultivated lands were divided or bounded by long, straight rows of tall evergreen trees, giving the whole country the appearance of having been formerly used as large slave plantations, but now partitioned into smaller farms.

We were now speeding on rapidly toward Richmond over a smooth and excellent roadbed, and through a much more beautiful country. On every hand we could see evidences of thrift and industry. We were fast approaching the charmed circle, the enchanted pavilion, as it were, on the sacred soil where English civilization and settlement first took foothold in this country, over two hundred years ago. When we reached the depot and drove up through the streets of the quaint old city, I observed groups of merry children playing in the parks, and boys in shirt sleeves playing ball on the school grounds. The air was mild and delightful. We alighted at the Jefferson hotel, and were received with special courtesy by reason of a letter of introduction from Washington.

Nearly every road out of Richmond leads to some famous battlefield. One will almost imagine that he can hear the distant and dying thunders of battle, and the Southern war cry, or "rebel yell," where thousands rushed to death. At one of the greatest battles of the war, near here, General Grant lost nine thousand men in one hour from the terrible charge of Gen. Lee's army. Nearly every foot of ground within five miles of Richmond has been trod by the hosts of battle. The fields have been literally plowed with cannon balls, and the soil blistered with the fiery flame of war.

One of the most beautiful places we visited in Richmond was Hollywood cemetery, on the high shore land of the James river, overlooking the roaring, rapid waters, and affording a charming view of the whole city. Here in this silent home of the dead are the graves of Jeff Davis, Monroe and Tyler, besides the tombs of many of the great generals of the Southern army. At the right is a confederate monument of rough granite, pyramid shape, one hundred feet high and fifty feet broad at the base. Around it are the graves of twelve thousand Confederate dead. As we drove up in front of this great monument a polite Confederate soldier on crutches saluted us, and handed my wife a little souvenir rose and a pamphlet history of the "lost cause," for ten cents. It always brings a tinge of sadness to the heart of mankind to see any individual or people fail in a struggle which enlists the finer sensibilities of life, such as love of family, devotion to country, and tender affection for the departed dead. These people were sincere in their belief that they were right in the war, and they believe so now, and while they bestow tears and flowers on the graves of their dead, they do it allegorically, with a flower in one hand and a dagger in the other—love for the dead and vengeance for the enemy. The cemeteries in and around Richmond are said to embrace the graves of one hundred thousand Confederate dead, Oakwood alone containing sixteen thousand. Richmond is truly a city of monumental beauty spots and old historic land-marks, and is called the Capital of the South.

We visited the old St. John's church where the revolutionary orator, Patrick Henry, in 1775, delivered those famous words, "Give me liberty or give me death."

An old stone building, the first in Richmond, at one time Washington's headquarters, still stands down near the river, not far from the site of the former Libby prison, which was removed to Chicago during the world's fair. Up near the state capitol are seen the old mansions formerly occupied by Jefferson Davis, James Monroe, General Lee, Chief Justice Marshall, and many ancient and historic churches, including St. Paul's church, in which Jeff Davis received the telegram from General Lee one Sunday morning that the Union forces had broken through the lines and that Richmond must fall. The confederate troops and a large portion of the people evacuated the city and burned the bridges behind them. A large section of the city near the grain and cotton exchanges was also destroyed by the flames. The great Southern army, which for four years had fought with a bravery seldom known in war, fell with their faces to the foe, half starved, poorly clad, broken-hearted and defeated. One week later General Lee surrendered, and the cruel war was over.

On our return drive to the hotel we passed by the district where the immense iron mills and tobacco factories were in full working blast. Here were manufactured nearly all the ball and shell used by the Confederates in the late war. Passing along up the crowded business thoroughfare, we met long trains of teams loaded with leaf tobacco, going to market like grain teams in Minnesota. The next place our driver pulled up at was the gate of the state penitentiary, an immense and imposing building, surrounded by a high stone wall and handsome grounds. I halted our driver at the entrance, and told him I was not looking for state prisons on this trip, and that I drew the line for fun and adventure at the state prison gate. The sentinel guard said, "Drive in; you will be perfectly safe in there." I told him that was just what I was afraid of. The sentinel smiled, and said they had some great men in there—that some of the country's greatest men were in the graveyard, some in state prison, and some in congress, and he even invited me to call again during my vacation. I had always heard that Richmond was noted for its polite hospitality, but I had never known before that they invited visitors to go to jail.

RICHMOND, VA., Feb. 26, 1897.

We have become so interested in our visit to historic old Richmond, that we have prolonged our sojourn in this charming Southern city, that we might see more of its many places of interest.

The next morning we visited the old state capitol, built in the last century, and located in a handsome park of ten acres, where the grand and venerable trees tower above the buildings. Tame squirrels were playfully skipping among the branches, and the green spring grass on the lawn looked fresh and sweet in the warm sunlight. Some very stormy scenes have taken place in this old capitol building, when the life of this country hung in the balance, not only in early continental times, but in the later years of the colonial struggle for American independence; and still later during the civil war, when the Confederate congress assembled here to pass laws, and provide armies for destroying the Union. The Washington monument of the South stands in the middle of capitol park, surrounded with a group of bronze statues of great men of revolutionary times. One of these is Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of Independence; also, Patrick Henry, the orator of the Revolution, whose impassioned eloquence for "liberty or death" fired the hearts of the colonial patriots, until war against England was declared by the thirteen original colonies. In the same park are also statues of Henry Clay and Stonewall Jackson. In the old capitol on these grounds have assembled some of the most memorable gatherings of great men in bygone years. In the great convention of 1830 were ex-Presidents Monroe and Madison, Chief Justice Marshall and John Randolph. It is said that the printed journal of that convention and the Bible contain more good law than all the other books in the world.

Not far from the capitol grounds is the site of the old Richmond theater, which was destroyed by fire on Christmas night, in 1811, wherein sixty lives were lost, including the governor of the state, a United States Senator, and many prominent people of the city. As a memorial to the dead, Monumental Church (Episcopal) has been erected on the spot where the dread calamity occurred which carried grief into so many homes. A centograph in the portico records the names of the unfortunate victims.

From here we again drove over onto "Libby Hill," where a high monument has been erected overlooking the city.

The tall shaft, with its pinnacle, is modeled, on a reduced scale, from the antique "Pompey's Pillar," near Alexandria, Egypt. Near this spot is the historic little creek called "Bloody Run," where one of the first Indian battles was fought over two centuries ago. Below this hill is the first bridge built across the James river in the last century, and across which British troops marched to and fro in early colonial days. From the summit of "Libby Hill" a glorious panorama of hill and dale and river and city, is unrolled like a map to the view. As I stood here, where American civilization first set foot in the new world less than two centuries ago, I involuntarily turned my thoughts to the Great West, and in my mind's eye could see the American flag floating today from every hilltop, mountain and plain from the Atlantic to the blue Pacific. "Westward the star of empire takes its way"—

"We hear the tread of pioneers,
 Of nations yet to be,
The first low wash of waves where soon
 Shall roll a human sea."

There is a spell comes over one while standing within the circle of these hallowed grounds. Thackeray and Dickens have both described Richmond as a city of enchanting natural beauty, situated, like Rome, on the seven hills overlooking the foaming water of the James river rapids. Descending the hill toward the river, we visited the grounds where once stood the old Libby prison during the late war, in which our imprisoned soldiers underwent such inhuman suffering and misery. We were shown the place in the street under which sixty companies tunneled with knives, forks and tin cans, and escaped from prison in the storm and darkness of night. This is the old part of the city, and is now occupied by wholesale houses and manufacturing plants. It is interesting to enter the tobacco factories and witness a thousand or more negroes going through the different processes of manufacturing the raw leaf into chewing tobacco, cigars, cigarettes and snuff. The negroes work in long rows, singing as they work, in old plantation melody, the songs of "Old Virginny," and "The Old Kentucky Home."

We passed out of here into the great iron factories which supplied the rebel army with arms and ammunition for the late war. They were turning out cannon balls, shells, bullets, shot, arms and powder with wonderful mechanism. Everything around us was red with heat and fire, and red melted iron was running around us like hot molasses. One of the gunners said he would make me a red-hot revolver if I would carry it home to Minnesota. I told him I was just as near hell now as I cared to get, and I had struck the wrong place to spend a vacation for pleasure.

We drove up along the street and passed the famous Church of Zion, where the noted colored preacher, Rev. John Jasper, has for years expounded the doctrine that "de sun do move," and that the earth is square and stationary. He quotes the Bible to prove that the "four corners of the earth" is evidence that this world is not round, but that it is the sun that is round and moves, and rises in the east and sets in the west. He finds evidence in the Bible that the sun was, on one great occasion, commanded to stand still in the heavens. Strange to say, his sermons on each Sunday attract large audiences of both black and white people, and the thousands of his hearers have been led to believe that his plain and simple doctrine is correct—in that it appeals to their sense of actually seeing the sun rise and set each day, while the earth remains still and motionless. They claim that if the earth was rolling around loose "de niggers would tumble over each odder," and that the rivers would run up hill sometimes, and that the church steeples would topple over and kill "de sinners," and that some of the church deacons would stand on their heads, as they do at camp meetings. After looking up to see if the church steeple was falling, we left this place and drove along past an old mansion which was pointed out as the home of the poet and genius Edgar

Allan Poe in the olden time. It is said also that Harriet Beecher Stowe, in writing "Uncle Tom's Cabin," spent much of her time in this old slave city, and drew many of her characters from life along the James river between Richmond and Norfolk.

The next day we drove out along the beautiful pike roads to many of the famous battlefields, seven of which are within a few miles of Richmond. We passed the new Lee monument in an open park, erected a few years ago and dedicated in the presence of the largest assembly of people ever seen in the city. They came from every state in the South, and blocked the streets for miles. Richmond was proud in her glory, having grown to a city of one hundred thousand inhabitants since the close of the war, at which time she was left bankrupt and a large part of her business districts in ashes. At one of the battle grounds which we visited, over one hundred thousand soldiers were engaged in deadly conflict under Lee and McClellan, and twelve thousand dead and wounded were carried from the field. But the most disastrous loss of the war was the one at Cold Harbor, in 1864, seven miles out, where General Grant assaulted General Lee's forces, and was repulsed with terrible slaughter, losing nine thousand men in sixty minutes. A cold shudder ran over me as I stepped cautiously over this field of carnage. Beneath my feet the reddish soil seemed to retain the bloody stains of war. We next drove over to the spot where the Confederate cavalry leader, General Stuart, was killed in battle at the head of three thousand men, while holding at bay General Sheridan with his ten thousand cavalry. His death was mourned by the Southern people as the man who gave his life to save Richmond, and when the war closed with the confederate army, bowed down in defeat and surrender, the refrain went up that "all was lost save honor." Our visit to these old fields of war was extremely interesting in study, and although the day was beautiful there was a shadow of sadness which seemed to follow us. We turned toward evening over a smooth old battle road, through a landscape country of surpassing beauty, and we were truly thankful to think we had been to the field of battle and escaped without a wound.

INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT McKINLEY.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 5, 1897.

On our return from Richmond last week we found the streets and avenues of Washington wearing quite a gala appearance. Work had been commenced on the reviewing stands for renting seats to the thousands of people who were expected to congregate along the line of march on inauguration day. By Monday of this week the broad avenue leading from the president's white house to the capitol was alive with workmen decorating the buildings and ornamenting the seating stands with waving flags, festoons, and arches. Miles of these amphitheater seats have been erected along both sides of the broad avenue, and many of them are really ornamental to the street, instead of rough board stands as on former occasions. They are roofed overhead, seated with chairs and made attractive with bracket work in front, and handsome pillars or posts entwined with wreaths of evergreen, and red, white and blue bunting. The whole is surmounted by hundreds of little fluttering flags. The price for a single chair on inauguration day ranges from one dollar to seven dollars for each person, and they expect to acommodate fifty thousand people, besides those who rent windows. Windows along the avenue rent at twenty-five to fifty dollars each, and one hotel room with two windows commanded $100 on March 4.

As early as Monday night over ten thousand strangers had arrived in the city, and on Tuesday, the weather being warm and pleasant, fully twenty thousand more people came in on all the railroads. In the forenoon President-elect Mc-

Kinley and wife and party arrived, and the streets were black with people for whole blocks around the depot. We had an excellent view from our windows, which front on the avenue and diagonally across to the depot, where he was met by the reception committee. This is the depot where President Garfield was shot down by the assassin Guiteau, near the door of the ladies' sitting room. Mr. McKinley came out of the same door Tuesday and took his carriage amid the shouts of a great multitude, and was driven up the avenue with Mrs. McKinley by his side, she carrying an immense bouquet of flowers as large as a rose bush. Mr. McKinley looked the picture of health and peace of mind, and was kept busy raising his hat and baring his head in the balmy air, acknowledging the cheers of welcome from the people.

It was Cleveland's public reception day at the president's home, and although it was raining the streets were crowded with stylish carriages, and there was a long line of people, with umbrellas over their heads, extending two blocks down the avenue, waiting to get into the White House parlors, and shake hands with Cleveland for the last time, and leave mud on his carpet. The old adage remains true, that fools are not all dead yet, and I verily believe that the yearly crop of fools is on the increase in this country. But many of inauguration visitors of the great crowds here betake themselves to seeing the interesting sights of the capitol city, and all the steamboats and electric car lines are filled with visitors to the government buildings, parks and museums, all free to the public. For several miles in all directions around Washington comfortable electric cars run out into the beautiful suburban country, passing charming villas and wooded parks and resorts of pleasure. When I first came here twenty-six years ago, that long-headed financier, Senator Sherman, purchased one hundred and twenty acres of land only one mile north of the president's house, for one hundred thousand dollars. The city has grown out onto it, and he has sold off about one-fourth of it for five times what he paid for all of it, and he holds the balance to be worth a million dollars.

GRAND INAUGURAL STREET PAGEANT.

On Thursday, inauguration day, the morning sun rose bright and beautiful; not a cloud fleked the blue sky and the air was warm and springlike. Fully one hundred thousand visitors were early on the streets. The broad avenue for miles in length looked like a panoramic vista of waving flags and happy people. Long trains of cars were still rolling into the depot and unloading additional thousands to swell the multitude. Military companies and civic clubs came marching in from side streets, with brass bands, waving banners and dazzling uniforms. The army and navy, with gleaming bayonets and flashing sabres, and mounted artillery, made the scene resemble a call to arms, "shouting the battle cry of freedom," "rally round the flag boys," and "we are coming, Father Lincoln, three hundred thousand more." It really looked as though Uncle Sam was preparing to declare war again right then and there, and blow the island of Cuba out of the sea. By eleven o'clock sharp the advance guard of the first parade from the White House to the capitol appeared in view, escorting the outgoing and incoming presidents, Cleveland and McKinley. They were seated side by side, in a handsome carriage drawn by a stylish team, and preceded by the famous black horse Troop A, of Cleveland, Ohio, and followed by the inaugural parade with music and banners. As they passed along down the line the whole street for a mile was enlivened by the shouts of the multitude, with waving of flags and white handkerchiefs. McKinley was constantly raising his hat and bowing to the people, but Cleveland kept his hat square on his head, and looked like a man of iron will and independence, as much as to say, "The people be d——d." In less than an hour they arrived at the capitol, and McKinley was sworn in and delivered his message as the new president of the United States in the presence of fifty thousand people. The great parade of the day now took up its march in escorting the new president back to his place in the president's house, where he is to assume the reins of this government for the next four years. The return parade was four miles in length, and had nearly one hundred bands of music in line, and was nearly three hours in passing our window. The cheers of the people broke forth again as McKinley and Cleveland passed along the crowded thoroughfare. Cleveland's hat remained firm on his head, and he looked like a man who was leaving his office with nothing to take with him but kicks from the people, and rheumatism in his legs. McKinley was continually bowing and smiling, as though about to enter upon a pathway of roses to the temple of fame. He has a hard and thankless task before him; he has received his honors, but his troubles are to come.

In the evening the city was illuminated, and search lights thrown along the streets and over the capitol dome and Washington monument, making it as light as day. The fireworks display at the monument grounds surpassed anything ever seen in this country, and brought out many new and marvelous surprises. Rockets and bombs were thrown six hundred feet in the air, bursting far above the top of the monument and, falling like a storm of fiery hail, enveloped the whole scene in a conflagration of red and blue flame, and the noise and smoke of battle. The tall white monument seemed wrapped in fire as it reared its lofty summit like a pillar of flame in the sky.

The inauguration ball last evening was the climax of the inaugural day ceremonies. The great court of the pension building was decorated and illuminated in a manner which made it beautiful beyond description. It was a veritable garden of the gods, an enchanting pavilion of flowers, colored lights and glistening costumes. The crowd was so large that dancing did not begin till after ten o'clock. President McKinley remained but a half hour. General Miles was nearly overcome in the crush of the mob, as you might call it, in his efforts to conduct the president and wife to their assigned position. It was a public or people's ball, and anyone with five dollars and a decent suit of clothes can attend any of these inaugural balls. The whole scene in the dancing pavilion was a beautiful ending of a great day.

HISTORIC SCENES OF EARLY EMPIRE.

OLD POINT COMFORT, VA., March 13, 1897.

A sail down the old historic James river to the sea at this season of the year is a ride of varied interest and pleasure to a Northerner. On the fast and handsome steamer Pocahontas we procured passage, and were furnished with a charming little state room with its broad windows overlooking the scenic panorama of shore and stream. As the steamer moved out and on, to the strains of a band of music, we passed many of the old battlefields whose ruined fortifications can still be seen from the boat. We made the run through the famous "Dutch Gap," commenced by General Butler during the war, by means of which short cut off several miles of the winding river were avoided, and our warships less exposed to a long shore line of Confederate batteries. On a high wooded shore we passed the grounds of the Malvern Hill battlefield, where ninety thousand Union troops under McClellan were repulsed and driven back by fifty thousand Confederates. It was one of the most bloody battles of the war, and the swamps and roads were filled at the time with the dead and wounded of both armies. General McClellan soon after withdrew his forces to Harrison's Landing, which we passed further down the stream. This place was a grand rendevouz during the war, and at times more than six hundred vessels of war were anchored in the stream, while the shores for miles were covered by the camps of Union soldiers. Below here pontoon bridges were built and 130,000 soldiers crossed over in two days. This old place is one of a long line of landed estates which border the river, and in the past century marked the abodes of rich and courtly old Virginia families. Their plantations were large and their slaves were numerous, while their palatial old mansions which adorn the beautiful hillsides, were the scenes of hospitality and gayety in early colonial days. Many old English estates and homesteads are also seen along the river, dating back to the days when this country was under British control. As we passed on down stream we came in sight of the old ruins of Jamestown, the site of the first English settlement in the United States over two hundred years ago. The crumbling walls of the first church in America are still standing in a copse of trees in plain view from the boat, and a few broken and moss-covered tombstones are seen as the only mark of the humble birthplace of the greatest nation on earth. At this place the river begins to expand into a width of miles, and the high tide of the salt sea water is noticeable. The hillsides and sloping river shores are clad in refreshing verdure, and for miles away on either hand stretch fragrant fields all dressed in living green. The landscape becomes a veritable fairyland under the magic wand of the Southern sun, and the balmy breath of the salt sea air. The whole world seemed like a dreamland as we floated along toward the gateway to the deep and dark blue ocean.

Just then we walked out on deck at a little town where the boat had landed, and witnessed some things that made us know we were still on earth. While the boat was taking on and putting off freight the curious types of Virginia people came down to the wharf. The old style Southern gentleman was there, with his slouch hat, long whiskers and lordly bearing. Then there was the poorer class of Southern whites, who believe in working one day and resting six, instead of doing as the Bible teaches them, to work six days and rest the seventh. Out of fourteen white men at the wharf I counted twelve with both hands in their pockets. Besides these the landing was black with negroes, who are as lazy and jolly as wharf rats. One black fat kid gnawing a pork leg and rolling his white eyes, looked up at me with a satisfied smile, as much as to say he had the world by the leg and was as rich as Vanderbilt and twice as happy. I noticed that the seat of his pants looked like the map of Mexico, with its numerous vari-colored patches, and a place that needed another one.

This whole country seemed like a dead and dreamy land to us, and our quiet and peaceful ride down this old ancestral stream pictured to my mind the ancient stories of sailing down the Nile through Egypt. The country along the James is a land of legendary and lore. Its greatness and glory have departed, while along its historic shores rest the bones and linger the memories of past generations. The march of empire, of commerce, of wealth and population, has carried the banners of progress and civilization into the Great West.

For some thirty miles before reaching the sea my attention was drawn to whole fleets of boats, large and small, stretching for miles on both sides of the stream, and was informed that they were oyster boats and fishing vessels. They very much resembled the harvesting scenes in our great grain fields in Minnesota, with reapers and binders, and stacking and threshing. At this point on our journey the river begins to lose itself in the broad expanse of water, and the distant shorelands can only be dimly seen, resembling blue zones stretching ribbon-like along the horizon between sea and sky. Looking oceanward we could discern the cities of Newport News, Norfolk and Old Point Comfort, lifting their spires above the distant confines of the sea.

In half an hour's time we had passed down the Hampton Roads channel way and landed at Old Point Comfort, in front of the Hygeia hotel, by the sea. The largest military fort in the country, Old Fortress Monroe, is located a few squares from the hotel, where the daily drills and dress parades, with martial music and gay uniforms, attract many visitors. Here is where Jefferson Davis was imprisoned after the war. The morning after reaching here it was as balmy and bright as May, and I went out early for one of my long Minnesota walks. I started out to take the fort, or take it in, and after passing a number of sentinels I passed into the grand parade ground and walked around on green grass and sweet clover. Many of the native trees were green, and others were budding freely, while the drooping or weeping willow trees were as verdant and lovely as in June in Minnesota. The fort is inclosed, like old Jerusalem, with a wall some fifty feet high and thirty feet wide, and the whole surmounted with long rows of monster cannon, commanding the approach from the sea. The ocean view from this parapet is grand beyond description. The waters were dotted with great war vessels and ships of commerce, while far out on the blue waves, which seemed rolling against the sky, could be seen fleets of white sail vessels flitting along the bending heavens like phantom spirits. I stood spellbound, pondering over the mysteries of the deep and the unsolved eternity of the future world.

In the afternoon we drove out and visited the Indian training schools at Hampton, which were exceedingly interesting and instructive, as showing the remarkable progress made by the aborigines in mechanics, industry and education. We also visited the soldiers' home, a most beautiful spot, where six thousand veterans are buried, and at the home building there are four thousand more old and tottering gray haired soldiers awaiting the summons of the last bugle sound. The death rate is about one a day, and while we were on the grounds two funerals took place. The military ceremonies were very solemn, as the long line of blue coats marched in silent tread behind the flag shrouded coffins of their dead comrades, keeping step to the doleful funeral dirge of the martial music and muffled drum. Our driver seemed to know his business, for he dropped in line at the rear of the procession, and we followed along the smooth driveway through green and fragrant park grounds to the cemetery, where we witnessed the impressive ceremonies of a military funeral and firing a salute over the grave, closing with a lonely bugle sound. We now began to feel a little nervous about getting out through the heavy iron gateway where we had entered, and we told the driver to crowd up on the mourners, and not let the gates close us in, for we had a mortal fear of graveyards and state prisons, so far away from our Western home.

In the morning we shall start on our long journey to our far away home in Minnesota.

RACY SKETCHES

IN THE

OLD SLAVE STATES

RACY SKETCHES IN THE OLD SLAVE STATES.

LOUISVILLE, KY., Feb. 20, 1900.

We have reached the blue grass region of Old Kentucky, and are enticed by its shining fields of perennial green to remain over a few days and rest from our Southern journey. The Ohio river is open here and steamboats are running on its waters. The Goebel branch of the legislature is also open and running here, but it is not run by water.

When we left St. Paul a week ago the weather was cold and wintry and a white mantle of snow covered the streets and housetops. The Mississippi river was locked in its chains of ice and the adjacent hills looked bleak and cheerless beneath their wintry shrouds of driven snow. The streets of St. Paul presented a typical scene of Northern winter, with its tinkling bells and stylish sleighs filled with laughing people behind spirited steeds, driven by coachmen so muffled in furs and frost that they looked like polar bears sitting up on the driver's seat. But as we did not start out on this journey to hunt for the north pole, we took the train south next morning, and after a long day's ride we arrived in Chicago in the midst of a driving snowstorm, which was wrestling with a woman's suffrage meeting and an anti-trust convention, all in full blast. It was a fusion combination mess of political agitators, but the blizzard came out ahead. Chicago is the political storm center of this country, and they can display new party signals and build cold wave platforms on cyclone notice. They have in a few years turned their river up stream at a cost of thirty million dollars, and have made the waters of Lake Michigan run through it to the Mississippi river, where the water combination is so strong that fish have to swim backward down stream. While here I strolled into the hall of the howling anti-trust meeting. A red hot speech was being made by a rip-roaring agitator, who had a mouth like an open door and a voice like a street auctioneer. He had never done a stroke of work in his life, and he was exhorting the laboring men to rise in their might and strike down their oppressors. An Irishman on a back seat jumped up and shouted: "What do yees know about labor anyway, ye blatherskite!"

At this a screeching woman delegate sprang to her feet and proclaimed that all rich men were oppressors of the poor and ought to be hung, and that the president of the United States was an imperial tyrant in the sight of God. The same excited Irish workman yelled out: "Mrs. Biddy, who tould yees how the Lord looks on this question?"

While listening to these harangues I could not help thinking how easy a thing it is to set up in the business of growling and fault-finding with everything and everybody. It requires no capital or ability. All that is needed is mouth and wind to start a full blown "anti" factory of men, who are opposed to sunshine and happiness, ahd prefer clouds and gloomy forebodings of the future. They clamor for war in time of peace, and are opposed to peace when war is over. They are opposed to progress, and stand in the way like a balky horse in the street or a bull on a railroad track. They claim that the world was not made right in the first place, and that people are all born wrong in the second place. They are sour at everybody and everything. Their blood is like vinegar, and their hearts are gall and bitterness. They are opposed to all forms of trust, even to trust in God or the marriage trust, where man and wife trust in each other; because, they claim, it is a combination of capital, and must be stamped out by these hypocritical guardians of their fellowmen. I went back to the hotel, and told my wife that we had better leave this city of calamity howlers and go south in the morning, as I'd rather risk my life in Old Kentucky, where they shoot governors.

AMONG THE SPIRITUALISTS.

We reached Louisville in the midst of another snow storm, but the city was warm enough with the Democratic legislature in session, and a spiritualist convention near our hotel. I was invited into the legislative hall and imbibed some of its spirit, and I then stepped into Liberty Hall, where the annual state convention of spiritualists were gathered to receive messages from their departed friends in the spirit land. The hall was full of people, seated with slate and pencil in hand gazing upward, while the silence was deathlike. Soon the professor on the stage announced that the white-winged spirits were coming in flocks and would alight on the roof. Then there was singing, and weeping, praying and rejoicing. The medium current was soon connected, and messages from ghostland came thick and fast, and were scratched on their slates. Some of the men in the audience got tired of waiting for theirs, and went out to look for other spirits around the corner. When they came back their breath was too strong for the ethereal spirits, and the professor declared the current turned off for the day, but would be on again at the evening meeting. There are thousands of sincere believers in the doctrine of spiritualism in this country as a form of religious faith, and they contend that the spirits of departed friends return to earth at frequent intervals and converse with the living. It is a belief akin to the faith cure, or the healing of the sick by prayer, and has many advocates among intelligent theorists, who become monomaniacs on one line of thought, which grows to a belief.

When we left Minnesota on this Southern tour our friends cautioned us not to venture through Kentucky, but to go around the state and keep outside of the fence, away from pistol range. I was reminded that besides shooting governors in the streets they engage in pistol duels in the hotels and kill harmless bystanders, and that I might get filled with Old Kentucky lead before I had a chance to get filled with any other stimulant. So, when I went over to the old capitol at Frankfort, I kept one eye out for third story windows and Winchester rifles of the smokeless powder patent.

BLOODLESS DUEL.

My wife, knowing I was a coward and would run in battle, advised me to walk sidewise through the capitol park, for the reason that, if I presented a broad frontal attack, they would be sure to hit me. She said it would be better for me to make one of General Buller's flank movements on the capitol, as she had rather see me shot in the flank than in the breast, as I could retreat in better order. She also insisted that I better stop at a tin shop and get a piece of sheet iron fastened over my breast and under my coat tails. Her military foresight surprised me, and her extreme anxiety alarmed me. I could see that she had been reading the Boer war and Ladysmith's exile. I suggested buying a revolver, but she said that I did not know how to load one, and had not the courage to shoot one. So I started out unarmed but full mailed with sheet tin and iron hoops, like an anti-expansionist. I walked slowly, and in a sidewise shambling manner up toward the capitol, looking vacantly at elevated windows and squirrels in the trees, until I came to the spot where Governor Goebel recently fell from the shot of an assassin. Here I stopped a moment and looked down at the ground when I was suddenly accosted by a stern but courtly Southern gentleman, asking why I walked so suspiciously sidewise through that sacred ground. I told him I did not want to get in the way of any bullets, and was trying to give the shots room to go past me when the shooting commenced. He said:

"Well, sah, allow me to politely inform you, sah, that no man is permitted to walk sideways through this capitol park, sah! You will be shot for a fool or a governor, sah! Down here in Ole Kentucky, sah, we walk straight, shoot straight, vote straight, and drink straight whisky, sah."

When he ceased speaking I saw a slight smile on his lip and a twinkle in his eye, with a motion of his head toward the capitol wine rooms. I obeyed the signals, for I was getting shaky and thirsty myself and needed a friend. He took my arm and we walked along together like two Kentucky governors going to fight a duel. When we reached the bar he told me to choose my weapons and he would select the ammunition, and we would load up with brandy cartridges, step back two paces, fire once and repeat twice. When the duel was over I felt brave. He threw up the white handkerchief, and we shook hands and parted friends. As a last word he said, in confidence:

"My Northern friend, when you come down south again bring your pistols along, for nobody but fools travel without weapons in Old Kentucky."

ASHEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA, Feb. 22, 1900.

We have arrived at this mountain resort in the "Land of the Sky," and are resting here over Sunday before continuing our journey to the sea coast, at Charleston. After my last letter we resumed our way through Old Kentucky, the boasted land of Daniel Boone, Henry Clay and the Mammoth Cave.

MAMMOTH CAVE.

Kentucky can show the biggest hole in the ground of any state in the Union, and she furnishes a guide to direct you how to go down into the infernal regions of her great cave. Generally, men don't need any guide to go downward in this world, but they do in Kentucky. As we reached the dark mouth of the great subterranean cave I asked for a mule to ride, as there are over one hundred miles of avenues or footpaths within its spacious cavity. There is a death-like solitude pervading the dimly lighted and ghostly corridors of this mammoth cathedral chamber in the earth. The voice sounds in hollow tones, like distant echoes from entombed spirits. The ceiling of the great cave is hung with stalactites like glittering chandeliers in a night of gloom. There is a lake or pool in the middle of the cave upon which many of the foolhardy visitors are persuaded by the guides to paddle in small boats from shore to shore. This underground lake is said to have no bottom, and a small stone thrown into it will fill the cave with resounding echoes.

When I came out of the mouth of this hideous dungeon I was dripping with cold sweat and walked so lame and looked so much like Rip Van Winkle or Oom Paul that my wife did not know me.

Most men don't know when to be thankful, but I did, and I thanked God, when I got out into the beautiful sunlight and pure air of the blue skies above me, and beheld the sweet landscape of green fields, running brooks and woodland hills spread out before me.

A LANDSCAPE STATE.

As we continued on our journey all day through the varied scenery of Kentucky and Tennessee, comprising field, forest, orchard and stream, it impressed me as one of the most richly endowed sections of the United States, as far as natural resources of climate, soil and productiveness are concerned. The winter wheat fields were green, and young lambs were grazing over the verdant pasture slopes, while little brooks of clear water ran everywhere, racing along the sides of the railroad, seemingly trying to outrun the train, until beaten in their playful race they scamper off across the fields and meadows like barefooted children in spring time. As we sped on toward the mountain region we entered the district where coal mining and lumbering are the principal industries. To the traveler the mountains of Tennessee look bleak and barren, but they are full of coal and mineral. We passed through the country where the Taylor legislature assembled, and its mountains are lonely enough to make any man shoot a governor.

IN KNOXVILLE, TENN.

Our road ran through an almost continuous chain of mountain tunnels in east Tennessee, and in the evening we arrived at Knoxville, a city of 50,000 people, where we stopped over to spend Washington's birthday. This is the city where old Parson Brownlow started the Knoxville *Whig* over a half century ago. Here also lived the noted Southern abolitionist, Horace Maynard. This state was also the home of President Polk; and of President Johnson, who succeeded to the presidential chair when President Lincoln was assassinated. A large monument to Johnson can be seen from the train, standing alone on the hillside at Greenville.

AT ASHEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA.

Leaving Knoxville in the morning, our route led us up on to the heights of the Great Smoky Mountains, one hundred and thirty miles to Asheville, N. C., a place which has a wide reputation as a winter resort, the country seat of the millionaire Vanderbilts. Here at the Battery Park Hotel, on the mountain top, we stopped over to spend the Sabbath. The parks and yards in the valley were green while the mountain sides were covered with snow.

The hotel is large and spacious, with wide and pleasant verandas extending around three sides of the building, and we found a large number of Northern tourists here. There is a spacious sun parlor for winter, with fireplaces and easy chairs, and the whole made inviting and green with tropical plants and flowers, among which are the broad leaf magnolia and the graceful palm. A band of music is one of the daily attractions, and a large dancing hall for the amusement and pleasure of the guests, and occasional theatrical plays. The adjacent mountain scenery here is conceded by all travelers to be the grandest in America. As we came up the western slope from Knoxville, we were carried along the famous French Broad river, which tears its way through the rocky gorges of the mountains, and goes leaping and plunging in foaming rapids and roaring cataracts for nearly one hundred miles along the rail route. The mountains were clothed in green to their very summits. There is one green tree, the faithful and hardy pine, which seems to grow and flourish in all climes. Wherever we have traveled, from the ice hills of the north to the everglades of the south, we have always found the ever-present pine tree, planting its foot upon the mountain sides and climbing its steep ascents till it waves its green boughs from the snow capped peaks.

Up here we are 2,300 feet above the sea level, while only a few days ago we were several hundred feet down in the earth at the Mammoth Cave. Last night's mountain sunset was glorious, and the painted clouds hanging over the glistening peaks seemed like a burning city in the heavens. This is verily the "Land of the Sky."

COON HUNTING IN THE SOUTH.

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the best of men."

HOT SPRINGS, N. C., March 4, 1900.

At this place I was invited out in the afternoon hunting coons and bears in the mountains with the "Black Men's Possum Club," who were going out to have a "hot time" in the old woods. My wife, who had fractured her arm, could not have laughed harder than she did when she saw me coming back from my "coon hunt," with my pants half torn off, one coat sleeve gone, bareheaded, and the skin peeled off my nose like a banana rind. The hotel landlady was with her when I stepped in at the door, and they nearly laughed me out of the room. They made me turn around for front and rear inspection, like a soldier on undress parade, and quizzed me about the little white flag of peace that I carried behind me. I assured them it was only a piece of a flag, and all there was left, that the coon had the other part.

The kind-hearted landlady said she would send up for me a pair of the landlord's pants, which she did. But they were so small around the waist and so short and tight in the legs that I couldn't sit down—not in the presence of visitors. I was so all-fired mad that I expanded bigger than ever, and the naked skin scalp on my nose smarted worse than a blister. My wife advised me to use possum grease or coon oil, and said I must have been in a bear fight, I was so near bare naked. The colored waiter came up with my supper just then, and the moment he saw me turn around in the middle of the room, he broke out into a plantation laugh and nearly dropped his dishes. He exclaimed:

"Fur de lan' sake, massa, is yo' bin a coon huntin'?"

I told him no, that the coon was hunting me. He said:

"Is dat coon dead? Did him get all yo' close, or is yo' goin' back arter dem?"

He went off down the hall singing to himself:

"O, lordy, lordy, dis am a hot time in dis ole town! Possum grease, coon oil an' bar meat for de wild man in de room!"

THE OLD MOUNTAINEER.

The next day was warm and springlike, and I was sitting out in the hotel park nursing my sores and muttering over my fool troubles, when an old gray-haired mountaineer came along, with rifle in hand. He looked like the old hunter, Daniel Boone, come to life again. He peered into my disconsolate face as I sat with my head between my hands, and said:

"My friend, be you afflicted? You appear to have been fightin' mountain bears or Transvaal Boers! Here, my friend," he continued, "take my rifle, and finish the fight."

He sat down beside me on the park bench. He tapped his cob pipe on my knee, and spilt the hot ashes into my shoe. I sprang to my feet and performed a clog dance to shake the burning embers off from my foot. The hotel guests sitting on the veranda seemed greatly amused at my heel and toe exhibition, and begged me to repeat the lively jig. But the hot ashes had run out. My friend, the old mountaineer, who had offered me his rifle, picked up his gun and eyed me suspiciously. He moved cautiously away, muttering:

"Be gawd, sah, I'm afeared of a tenderfoot like you, sah!"

I knew well enough that I was tender in one foot, where the hot ashes fell, but could kick with the other. As he walked down the mountain side I saw him raise his rifle and pick a wild squirrel out of a tree top, without even taking his corn cob pipe out of his mouth. He looked back and saw me watching his marksmanship, and in the twinkling of an eye his rifle cracked again and down came another squirrel from the tree top. The old dead shot came up the mountain again, and, holding up before me the two squirrels by their bushy tails, said:

"You kin hev them two varmints fer a plug of terbacker or a horn of brandy!"

It struck me as a fair deal, for I thought a little squirrel broth would be good for my wife, the "terbacker" would be good for the old hunter, and the brandy wouldn't hurt me a bit in my present condition of mind and body. I looked first to see if the "varmints" were sure dead and harmless. I then took them with their tails tied together, and the old man and I walked down the mountain to the street market, where they were trading "groceries" for wild game, corn fodder, green wood and mules. They offered us two plugs of tobacco or one horn of brandy for the two squirrels. I told my old friend that he could take the tobacco and I would tackle the brandy, as I never smoke. He looked forlorn and said that he, too, was pretty good on the tackle. I then flung the two "varmints" onto the counter with one of Bryan's fifty-cent dollars, and my old friend's eye lighted up like a full moon. He touched me on the shoulder and said:

"That's squar, partner; that's squar! Make her two brandies, an' I'll shoot two more squirrels fer yer wife! I'll also shoot the eyes out of that infernal coon that clawed that piece of skin offen yer nose!"

The mention of that coon fight made me mad again, and I threw down another half dollar for powder and shot and a half dollar for the old man to load with. After we got through selling our game neither of us could walk up the mountain again, so the old hunter sat down in the grocery with his rifle across his knee smoking his cob pipe, while I rode up the mountain behind a negro kid on a mule, and landed at the hotel on all fours.

NEGRO REVIVAL MEETING.

BLACK MOUNTAIN, N. C., March 20, 1900.

To-day being the Sabbath, and Mrs. A. being still confined to her room, I accepted an invitation to attend the colored church on the side of the mountain, known as the "Church in the Wilderness." On entering the door I was surprised to meet our black head waiter at the hotel, who was also head deacon of the church. He was dressed in the agony of style, with black suit, high white collar, low cut vest and ruffled white shirt bosom. He bowed politely, raised his forefinger for me to follow as he strode like a lord down to the front and seated me directly facing the colored preacher. With another bow he placed a prayer book in my hand. I looked around, and saw a few other white sinners near me, who had also come over from the hotel. Otherwise the congregation were all black people, and the room looked as dark as a cloudy sky. As soon as the bell ceased tolling the preacher arose and in thunder tones announced the hymn "Nearer, My God, to Thee." My friend, the colored waiter, who seemed to be also choir leader, handed me a hymn book and pointed his black finger at the verse where I was expected to help "holler." If you ever heard negro melody in thunder tones, it was when that big congregation of black worshippers opened their lungs and broke forth. The windows fairly jingled and the mountains re-echoed as the deep melody rolled to heaven, and the strong odor of perspiring devotion ascended like incense around the altar and perfumed the room. It was rather sultry for me, but I had came there to get some of that religion, and I was not going to be snuffed out in the first round. I moved along next to an open window to get air and inspiration, as the preacher gave out his subject, "What Would Jesus Do?" He struck his fist on the big bible, threw back his head, stamped his feet on the floor, and exclaimed:

"My colored brudren, I'll tell you what would Jesus do if He war on dis arth to-day. He would first kill all the fool white preachers who are trying to tell Him what to do, and what they would do if in Jesus' place. They want His office, my colored brudren, that's what they want. They doan want to 'follow in His steps,' but they want Him to follow them. When Jesus doan know what to do He will ask de black man who, like Him, has been crucified and sold into slavery. When these white preachers ask, 'What would Jesus do?' let Him ask dem what they have done on this arth, and the answer will be 'Prayin' and cheatin.' Let me tell you my brudren, what the black slave man has done in dis world."

Here he read from the annual report of the progress of the colored race the following interesting facts: In the thirty-five years, since the close of the Civil War, he has reduced his illiteracy forty-five per cent, nearly one-half. There are now in the common schools of the United States, 1,500,000 negro children. There are 30,000 negro teachers employed in giving instruction, and 40,000 negro students in higher institutions. There are in the United States 17,000 negro graduates. There are 20,000 negro students learning trades. The negroes have established libraries that have in them an aggregate of 250,000 volumes, and there are 156 institutions for the higher education of negro students. There are in the country 500 negro doctors and half that number of lawyers. The value of their libraries is $500,000, and of their school property $12,000,000, while their church property is valued at $37,000,000. They are credited with 130,000 farms, and own homes valued at $400,000,000, with personal property valued at $165,000,000. It is estimated that the negroes have contributed and expended since the close of the war $10,000,000 for their own education.

"Now, my colored brudren," he continued, "this is what the black man has done. We will now imitate the white man, and do something that Jesus would not do, and that is take up a collection. Will Brudder Nicodemus pass the hat, and let each member donate according to his means or his meanness."

He aimed this last appeal over towards the window where I was sitting. As the hat was meandering around among the congregation the choir roared aloud the hymn, "Here, Lord, I Give Myself Away, 'Tis All That I Can Do." I did not want to give quite so much as that when away from home, so I began to rustle around in my pockets for some loose change, and just as the choir switched off unto the words, "What Would Jesus Do," I pulled out a quarter and dropped it into the hat, and they changed the tune to "Praise God All Creatures Here Below." As the preacher pronounced the benediction the congregation arose, and my friend, the colored deacon, stepped up by my side and startled me by shouting: "Bress de Lord! Hallelujah! One more sinner saved! What would Jesus Do!" I did not know what he would do, but I knew the first thing I would do was to get out of there.

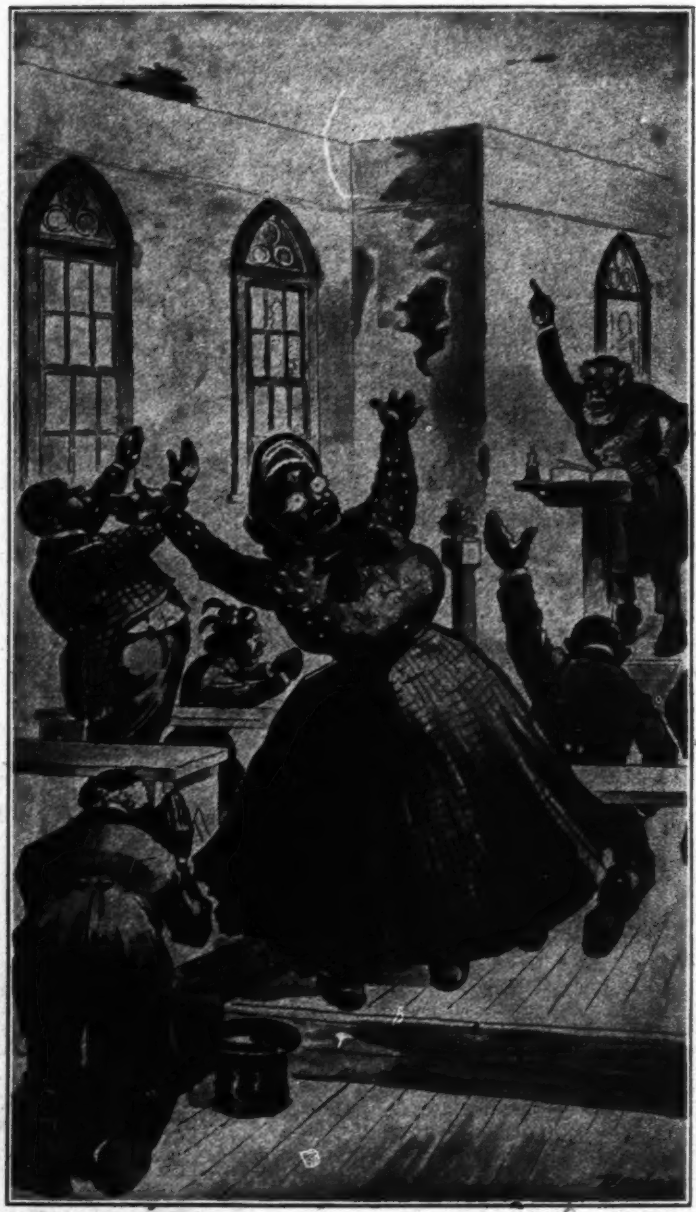
SOUTHERN POLITICS.

Next day I went down to the county seat to learn something about the way they run court and politics. As I entered the court room the judge was smoking his pipe, waiting for jurors and witnesses, while the lawyers were sitting down in front with their heels cocked up, talking politics, chewing tobacco, and spitting over each other's heads into the log fireplace. As the jurors came in with slouched hats, mud boots and pistols, they took their seats on the long bench, and the foreman passed a big plug of tobacco along the line, from which each guardian of the law bit off a chew, crossed his legs, put his hand on his hip pocket and took the oath to administer justice as he understood it to all men—except black heathen and white Republicans.

The first case called was that of a man accused of shooting a neighbor's hog. The second was a henroost robbery case. The third was for fighting on St. Patrick's day. The witnesses in these three cases swore that it was all done in self-defense, and the culprits were acquitted. Then the lawyers got to quarreling over the verdict, and began swinging revolvers in the air, and a stranger fell in a fit. The judge, supposing he had fainted and only needed reviving, asked the lawyers if any one of them could furnish a dram of whisky for the man. Instantly thirteen red flasks glittered in the air, and were passed up to the judge's stand, with a friendly admonition to the judge, that if any of the medicine was left to pass it down to the bar again, as a stimulant for the next case on the calendar. The judge commended the lawyers for their legal and medical foresight and caution.

When the next case on the calendar was called, I saw at once by its title why the judge had commended the attorneys for their legal and medical foresight and caution. It was a suit for intimidating and threatening voters at the polls by the shotgun policy, whereby only ten Republican votes had been returned in a county having several hundred Republican voters. The judge turned red in the face, the lawyers coughed and threw out their tobacco quids, the jurors hunched each other in the ribs, the witnesses winked suspiciously, as much as to say, "Hell is now to pay!" I began to think so, too, for I have learned never to dispute a Southerner's word, especially when I hear revolvers begin to click, as they did all over that court room. I at once took a back seat near the door.

The first witness testified that the "White Supremacy Club," for several days before election, paraded the roadways of his district on horseback, with masked faces, wear-



NEGRO CHURCH REVIVAL IN THE OLD SLAVE STATES.—p. 429.

ing red flannel shirts, armed with rifles and whisky, and went shooting recklessly into dooryards and fields where colored people were at work. They threatened and frightened the voters to such a degree that many were afraid to register their names as voters or go to the polls to cast their ballots, under threats of vengeance and discharge from their jobs by the "white rule regulators." Another witness swore that on election day, after the polls were closed, a hooting mob surrounded the voting place, declaring fraud, and began shooting through the windows, when one of the frightened election judges fell in a fit, and the ballot box was thrown out of the window. A red-shirt Irish Democrat jumped to his feet and shaking his fist at the witness exclaimed:

"Yees are a black liar, sor! I was there meself, an' we voted in a hat—no ballot box at all at all—an' we had an honest count. We tuk the hat across the strate to the St. Patrick Saloon, an' laid it on the counter, besoide our revolvers, in a peaceful manner, sor, an' we counted every vote, sor, without firin' a shot or tak.n' a drink. I voted tin toimes meself that day, sor, an' we found every one of them ballots in the hat. It was an honest count, sor."

I noticed that the prosecuting attorney was getting hot under the collar. He sprang to his feet, and pointing his quivering finger at the Irishman exclaimed:

"Pat, I'm going to impeach your evidence for truth and veracity as a witness! Now, tell me how many negroes you have killed in the past year, and how many times have you voted at each election."

"I will not criminate meself," said Pat. "I'm not your witness. I do not kape a roll of dead niggers. Call some of your own witnesses, 'Squire."

The attorney for the defense then arose, and addressed the court in behalf of the "white supremacy of the South," and the inherited right to govern the lower races in behalf of society and good government, and the protection of family and home. His eloquence was convincing and persuasive, as were also the two revolvers sticking from his hip pockets. The judge took a fresh chew, and shed some red tears, and the jury shook their heads and grated their teeth in behalf of "justice to the white man and to hell with the black man." A moment of threatening silence ensued, which was broken by an accidental discharge of a revolver on the back seat, and in an instant the court room looked like an arsenal of war awaiting an attack. The judge declared the case dismissed, the jury discharged and the court adjourned—all in self defense.

COLUMBIA, S. C., April 1, 1900.

At last we have resumed our journey after almost five weeks of lonely exile for Mrs. A., up here in the skyland mountains. For nearly forty days she has been confined to her room, and is still very weak and thin and pale, showing that she has suffered from her accident more constant pain than she has complained of. She feels most thankful to once more step out into the warm sunshine, and breathe the pure air of heaven—where she can inhale the sweet fragrance of budding spring and hear the cheerful notes of the early song birds. Although carrying her arm in a sling she smiled through her tears as we rode down the mountain to the depot, so rejoiced was she to be at last relieved from her long and painful imprisonment at the hotel. On our reaching the train her most difficult task was to climb the steps to the car with only her left arm to help herself, the right arm being too sore to be touched. Then I saw that I must get down to business, and put my shoulder under this white man's burden of two hundred pounds. The Pullman porter stood behind me, gazing with astonishment, and said he believed I could lift a ton if I had it fairly on my shoulder. At all events I landed her in fine shape on the top steps, and after we entered the coach and were comfortably seated in a pleasant state room my wife was nearly exhausted and I was completely demolished. She drew a long breath of relief, and I also drew a long breath —for relief or something else.

The afternoon was bright and beautiful, and as the train pulled out of Asheville and rolled a few miles through Vanderbilt's charming little villa of Biltmore it seemed that earth and sky and mountain never presented such a peculiar charm for us now that we were again speeding on our way to the sea coast. The blue skies hung high over the mountain tops, with fleecy white clouds flitting across the azure deep like white sails out at sea. As our train began to ascend the rising slopes of the Blue Ridge range we seemed to be nearing the blue skies above us until our train stood upon the very summit, with fleets of floating clouds below us and a world of towering peaks around us.

A DISTILLERY ABOVE THE CLOUDS.

We stopped at a little station away up in the mountains, where the notorious "moonshiners" make unlicensed and illegal whisky, and kill United States deputy marshals who attempt to arrest them. Judging by the looks of the motley group of rough mountaineers standing in front of the little depot, one is led to think they are waiting for more marshals to fill with lead. Their faces were marked with old scars and gashes like Indian warriors. Some had one eye out; others had cuts in their cheeks and bullet-holes in their necks, with only one arm or one leg, but each had two pistols and a rifle. They were nearly all freckle-faced and red-headed, and they looked a vicious lot of daredevils. They watched closely to see if any deputy marshal got off the train. But it seemed nobody wanted to get off very bad and be shot. I noticed a tall, rugged mountaineer with a rifle looking into our car window, and when his eye caught sight of Mrs. A.'s bandaged arm he seemed to be much excited, and called others of his gang to peek inside. They looked at her and then at me very critically, and put their faces close to the glass. I was in the act of rubbing my wife's arm with liniment and treating myself to some stimulants, and the display of bottles made them smile, as they thought we were wounded moonshiners and were carrying the "red stuff" for medicine. As the train pulled out the tall man with the rifle tipped his slouched hat and waved his hand at us, as much as to say if we needed any more medicine on our return, to call at the moonshine distillery up in the mountains above the clouds.

We had not proceeded far eastward on our journey over these mountain heights before great black clouds began to roll up from the seaward and darken the sun. The muttering of thunder and the quivering of distant lightning gave warning of an impending mountain storm. Presently loud peals of thunder shook the hills, and flashing lightning leaped from peak to peak. The rain poured in torrents down the mountain gorges and the river valleys. The wind raged like a tornado and great trees were leveled to the ground. Screaming eagles soared amid the storm in seeming delight. The very mountains seemed to reel and groan as the black clouds rolled in great waves over their summits. The crash of thunder and the piercing lightning were frightful; and we were frightened too. My wife shut her eyes and prayed, while I crawled under the seat and swore.

THE CAPITAL OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

We soon began to descend the great eastern slope of the Blue Ridge, down toward the sea, passing through the large cotton fields of South Carolina, and arriving in the evening at Columbia, the capital of the state. Mrs. A. endured the journey remarkably well, and passed a refreshing night's sleep after the task was over. In the morning I started out to look over this quaint old city of thirty thousand inhabitants. The warm and soft sea breezes were wafted up from the ocean coast only a few hours' distant to the eastward, and mild-eyed spring had come in all its fragrant and smiling beauty. The green grass in the old capitol park was ankle high, and the trees were bursting their tender buds into the first tiny leaves of spring. The violet, the tulip and the yellow jessamine flower were in full bloom in the private lawns along the street. The peach trees were in full pink bloom, while the snow-white blossoms of overhanging apple and cherry boughs brushed my cheek with a sensation as sweet and tender as a baby's kiss.

The streets are very wide in this Southern city, like spacious avenues, and in the center is a row of graceful and stately oak trees, converting the handsome thoroughfares into shaded boulevards in the heated summer time. The sidewalks are fairly dark with colored people, as over half of the population of this city and state are negroes, most of them of the very blackest type, but quite intelligent and industrious. They own many stores along the streets, which they conduct themselves, while many colored clerks are also employed in the white stores. Nearly all of the manual labor in the city is performed by negroes. The two days we remained here several hundred colored laborers were employed in paving the streets, with a few white workmen mixed in. It was an interesting sight to see negro bosses over white men, as there were in several of the work gangs. As the long line of street paving gangs were moving down the street with picks swinging in the air they looked like an army with fixed bayonets or a herd of long-horned Texas steers. Each gang was led by a colored boss, who set the pace for work by slowly singing a plantation melody in which all the black men joined, and they timed the swing and fall of their pickaxes to the cadence of the melody. All day long could be heard the clicking of their axes on the stone street, and their droll melody and happy laugh and shout. Occasionally they would all join in singing some old jubilee hymn, when the whole street would echo like a camp meeting ground. Even the mules would bray.

CHARLESTON, S. C., April 8, 1900.

To-day we are here in the old historic city of Charleston, S. C., where the first gun was fired in our last cruel war—where secession was hatched, rebellion inaugurated and Fort Sumter bombarded, as the beginning of the long and bloody war which followed. It has been said that the sound of that one gun, fired upon that devoted little fort of our country, from the attacking shore batteries in 1861; rallied to arms and put into the field in four years of war over three million soldiers in the opposing armies of the North and South. This little fort has been rebuilt, and is plainly seen standing out in the bay, commanding the entrance to the harbor from the ocean. All along the water front in the older part of Charleston the buildings bear many marks of the war, where shot and shell created much havoc and destroyed much property. It was after nearly four years before the Northern army recaptured the fort and took possession of the city. Down at the foot of the main street, where the rebel batteries were stationed for the defense of the city, is now to be seen a beautiful park, facing upon the water, shaded with graceful oaks, where visitors gather on pleasant days and look out dreamily across the peaceful bay, pondering over the horrors of war in a land where peace now smiles and friendship and happiness reign.

HISTORIC OLD CHARLESTON.

In riding about the city of Charleston the traveler is constantly reminded that it is one of the oldest settled places in America and was long under English rule. Some of its buildings are nearly two hundred years old, and many of its public improvements were made in the last century. Old St. Michael's church, on Meeting street, down toward the bay, was built by the British, with material shipped from England, over one hundred and fifty years ago. It is still standing, and is one of the largest and finest churches in Charleston. The old chimes of bells in its tall tower has been ringing through several generations, and its churchyard is filled with the tombs of its departed worshippers, whose headstones date far back into the seventeenth century. Many of the tombstones are covered with moss and mould, and the inscriptions are nearly obliterated by the wear of time. Some of the inscription stones covering the graves are laid flat down in the stone sidewalk encircling the church, and a cold shudder runs over the visitor as he steps carefully along over the dust of the dead. Very many of the old churchyards, right on the main streets of the old city, are filled with white monuments. It makes a person feel melancholy to wander around these silent tombs of the departed of a past age. In Magnolia cemetery, a few miles out of the city, a visitor is almost persuaded to believe that the whole world is dead, and died long ago. On returning to the city we pass down long streets, lined with old-time beautiful homes, surrounded with green lawns, climbing vines and flowering shrubs; but the time-worn mansion shows its decaying age in falling scales of brick and plaster and squeaking gates and moss-covered fences. Over half the white ladies seen along the streets are dressed in mourning. It was a scene to make a man mourn in his sleep or bewail in his dreams. The tomb of the great Southerner, John C. Calhoun, is here marked by a granite column, beneath the drooping boughs of a green magnolia tree.

Thirteen years ago a severe shock of earthquake in Charleston entailed much damage to the city. A rumbling noise underground was the first warning, and came in from the direction of the sea, passing diagonally under the city, demolishing scores of buildings and cracking the foundations, walls and towers of many of the largest structures all over the city. Along the main streets in the business sections can still be seen cracks and fractures in the upright walls of brick and stone buildings which have been patched up and strengthened by iron rods and cement work. The tall towers of some of the old churches were rocked by the vibration, and left with open fissures and loosened joints. The superstitious colored people were very much frightened, and ran up and down the streets praying and wailing. They believed that Jonah's big whale had come in from the sea, and was trying to swim under the city and swallow up the people. It was "a hot time in de old town" for several days, and the whole population went to church daily and attended prayer meetings nightly. But in a few weeks they all turned sinners again, when the earth stopped quaking and the preacher stopped praying.

CHARLESTON, S. C., April 15, 1900.

After writing you my last letter, on Sunday, I accepted an invitation to attend divine services at the old historic church of St. Michael, which was founded in the past century, in the year 1751. It is situated on one of the oldest streets of the city, leading down to the battery plaza on the bay. All along down this grand old avenue we passed handsome rows of palatial mansions of the old colonial style of architecture, with broad verandas covered with flowering vines and climbing roses, from whose sweet-scented shades the Southern mockingbird poured forth his tuneful song. Massive columns and fluted pillars of marble whiteness stand out in front like giant sentinels of the gateway. This is the aristocratic street of the city, and in early times, when Charleston was in the meridian days of her glory, the people of wealth and fashion here made their homes, extending down to the battery bay front.

As we strolled pensively along toward the church the chiming bells pealed forth on the fragrant air of spring. The whole people seemed to be coming to church, bearing in their hands flowers of sweet incense. As we entered the vestibule I paused to read a tablet of history cut in the walls. It ran as follows:

This Church Opened for Worship in 1761. Exposed to Fire of British Artillery in 1780. Struck Four Times by Federal Artillery in 1863-5. Damaged by Cyclone in 1885. Wrecked by Earthquake in 1886.

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS DEO.

The church tower is nearly 200 feet high. The chime of bells and clock which hang in its lofty height were brought from England in 1768. The first graves in its churchyard date back to 1680. When the old sexton led us down the aisle and seated us in the old-fashioned square-box pew, he turned the key and locked us in, after an ancient custom of the English church. It made me nervous, and I turned my prayer book wrong side up and tried to be interested. But I became still more uneasy when my Christian friend quietly whispered to me that a certain place in the wall across the way was where the cannon balls of the Federal artillery in the Civil War struck the church and knocked out the tablet of the Lord's Prayer window, and tore up the tiling under the pulpit, and demolished gravestones outside. I was just beginning to wonder what the sexton had locked us in there for, when my eyes slid off from my prayer book and in looking down I saw where the floor under our feet had settled down eight inches during the earthquake shock of 1886, and looking up—which I seldom do—I could see numerous cracks in the walls which had been filled and repaired with cement and mortar. I looked at the lock on our pew and whispered to my friend, asking him if the congregation was allowed to go out when the earthquake came in. He looked calm and resigned, and kept right on singing his chant in tune with the surpliced boy choir. I was too nervous to do any singing, but kept fingering that lock on the pew door, to see if I could loosen the bolt and escape judgment before the benediction was pronounced.

When the services were over and we were walking devoutly home my friend consoled me by saying I was not half so frightened as the negro population was after the earthquake. He said there was not a chicken stolen for a month, and hams were safe in the smoke houses with the doors left open. The darkies, he said, were too busy praying and going to glory. They gathered in the parks and streets, half naked, singing and praying.

When I returned from church to the hotel I found my wife fanning away the heat and mosquitoes with her well hand, and watching the earthquake cracks in the corners of our room. She was engaged in a sort of single handed combat against many, and looked wild. The landlady had been telling her how the earthquake shook up and damaged the hotel, and killed two or three persons in the dining-room by falling plaster and chimneys. We concluded to evacuate the city, and take the train northward next morning. Hence I endeavored to put in the afternoon in visiting the magnolia gardens, twenty miles, by steamboat, up the charming Ashley river, where the colored people believe Adam and Eve once lived in the Garden of Eden, "on that beautiful shore, in a land that is fairer than this." After a delightful ride of two hours up the river we arrived at the old wharf or landing of a slave plantation in by-gone days. There on the sloping shore were the magnolia gardens, beautiful and lovely in their solitude, with old gravel walks overhung with flowers and sweet scented vines. Over all were the venerable live oak trees, hung in drapery of silvery moss, and the broad leaved magnolia orchard, white as snow beneath its shower of tender blossoms. The soft April air was filled with sunshine, and the fragrant breezes blew sweet incense from sea and isle. It truly seemed like a garden of the gods, or a cloud dropped from the skies of paradise, covered with the flowers of Eden. The scene was so lovely that it was lonely in its solitude, and reminded me of the lines in Gray's Elegy, where—

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

The old colored watchman at the crumbling gate said to me:

"Yes, massa, dis am de place sure nuff where Adam an' Eve spent der honeymoon. But one day dey sorter quarreled 'bout de apple. Eve she want a sweet apple. But Adam he done gone git his back up, an' he pick a sour apple, an' gib it to Eve. She took a bite, an' den gone got mad an' soured on ol' Adam. So she went out, and picked off all de fig leaves to make her a long apron. Den Adam he done gone git his back up, too, an' he pick off all de sour apples in de garden, an' he eat dem all hisself, an' he has been done sour eber since. Dey separated an' left dis garden, an' done went dey own ways, de Lord only knows where. So we hab no mo' Adams an' no mo' Eves in dis worl'."

AN OLD SLAVE MARKET IN EDEN.

This old darkey looked as though he might have been old Adam himself in times away back. He was gray-haired, wore an old swallow-tail coat and a dilapidated stovepipe hat, with old mismated shoes, through one of which his big toe stuck out like a turtle's head, and his black heel protruded from the other like the foot of an elephant. He had a mouth like a whole minstrel troupe, and could tell big fish stories about shark and whale swimming up to the landing looking for the return of Adam and Eve. He was always on hand whenever the excursion boat brought a fresh load of visitors to this Garden of Eden, where the serpent tempted Eve and first brought sin into the world. "In Adam's fall we sinned all," ends the old darkey's story. He shakes his head and sheds tears for a lost world, as leaning forward on his cane he holds out his trembling hand for a quarter.

In the early days of Southern slavery, this old "hermitage" was one of the largest plantations in the South. It was a great market center for slaves and mules; and as many as a thousand at a time were kept there and put to work, until buyers came from other states, to attend the auction sales of negroes and mules. The old homestead mansion of the owner is still standing, and many of the slave huts and old buildings are seen in abandoned desolation. The ancient dungeon is still there, where fugitive slaves were confined, when captured by bloodhounds in the woods. The dog kennels and yards are still to be seen, and also the crumbling old nursery home, where the aged colored women took care of the black babes, while their slave mothers were working in the fields. There stood the old mills where they ground corn and hominy for food, and sugar cane for molasses. On sale days, mothers were often sold away from their young babes, and taken into other states, while the children were left to grow up in slavery to be sold again. I was told by an intelligent Southerner that the civil war would never have occurred, except for the cases of cruelty practiced by the heartless brutality of a few slave masters, which aroused the humanity-loving people of the North. The war, he said, was brought on and waged, not so much against human slavery, as against the brutality and inhuman cruelties of savage slave masters.

All these old Southern states are fiercely Democratic. They joined in the war of the South, and they still glory in the belief that they were right in fighting against the Union. When the war broke out, they stopped raising cotton and rice, and sowed their fields to dragon's teeth to raise a crop of warriors; and they reaped nothing but war and misery for four long years. They still persist that human slavery of the lower races is sanctioned by the Bible and recognized by the constitution; that the North endeavored by war to establish an anti-slavery Bible and enthrone an anti-slavery God. As an evidence of this deep-seated feeling in the South, nothing reveals it more clearly than the address of a Southern governor a few years ago. He said he "doubted if the world would ever see a civilization as brilliant as that which perished in the South a third of a century ago, with the close of the war. Its white columned mansions under cool-spreading groves, its orange trees waving their white blossoms, and its cotton fields stretching away to the horizon, alive with happy and toiling slaves, who sang as they toiled, from early morn until close of day; its pride and pomp and revelry; its splendid manhood and charming beauty of its women; placed it in history as the high tide of earthly glory."

"No nation rose so white and fair,
None fell so pure of crime."

As we floated thoughtfully down this beautiful stream, I was impressed with the tropical grandeur and glory of the Southern woods. Under the hot sun, whole forests seemed to be bursting into bloom. White blossoms sprinkled the trees like snow flakes, while here and there the woods were splashed with petals of red like drops of blood. For miles along the shores, the gorgeous grandeur of the woods, with stately green oaks draped in hanging festoons of silver moss, waving palms, blooming magnolias, and flowering vines, passed before our vision like a majestic peageant of the forest, in green, purple and gold. The Southern woods are all style and glory and plume themselves, in their robes of pink and white and garb of everlasting green, beneath mild eyed skies and languid clouds. "They toil not, neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these."

Leaving this charming shore at the hour of golden sunset, we set sail down the beautiful river to the sea. In the morning we shall take our departure for our far Northern home in the land of Minnesota.

In all our three winters' vacation tours in these Southern climes, we have learned that human nature wearies of never changing summer and everblooming flowers.

Down the lower Mississippi to New Orleans, and along the tropic coast of the Gulf of Mexico, to the land of flowers on the ocean shore of Florida; no change occurs to relieve the dull and dreamy life of endless summer days.

The old deserted slave plantations, stretching away for miles beneath a Southern sun, remind one of the vast burial grounds of a decaying empire.

I long to return to my home in the North.

From frozen North to sunny South,
I've wandered from my northland home,
In search of endless summer days,
Where winter seasons are unknown.

But give me back my northland home,
With all its cold and stormy skies,
I'd rather dwell in frosty zone,
Than live where summer never dies.

Who would wish eternal sunshine,
Summer days through all the year?
Who would long for endless pleasure,
Without a sorrow or a tear?

Nay, give me back my northland home,
Where changing seasons come and go,
With budding spring, and summer's bloom;
And autumn's woods, and winter's snow.

THE END.

INDEX.

Page.

Abercrombie, Fort 26
Absentee officeholders, circular regarding 101
Accident to Mrs. M. K. Armstrong .. 426
After a quarter of a century, a visit to Washington and Richmond 393-416
Agency, Crow Creek 161
Algonquins. (See, also, Indians.)
  Territory occupied by the 10
  Successful conflict of the, with the Sioux 11
Allen, J. M., appointment of, as register of Vermillion land office.... 34
Amendments to tree culture bill 293
Ann Eliza Young 317
Anthony, Susan B. 283
Anti-trust meeting 420
Apportionment bill 97
Appropriations for naval expenses in Cuban waters 271
  Congressional, for Dakota territory 305
  For Western grasshopper sufferers, by congress 344
Armstrong, M. K., arrival in Yankton, Dakota, territory 29
  Elected member of Dakota territorial council 33
  Elected speaker of Dakota territorial legislature 37, 90
  Associate editor of the Union and Dakotan 40
  Appointed clerk of Dakota territorial supreme court 41
  Pen picture of 69
  Appointed member of the Wallace "Treason" committee 71
  Candidate for speaker of Dakota legislature 85
  Member of committee to interview Governor Jayne 87
  Lecture by 140
  Miscellaneous references to 331, 334

Page.

Armstrong, M. K., speeches by, on behalf of the West, in Congress. 361-392
Arraignment of the Grant administration by Congressman Dawes 307
Asheville, N. C., visit to 425
Ashley, fur trader 23
Astor, John Jacob 22
"Back Pay Grab," committee on 265
  Speech by Alva Crocker on 267
  Speech by Alexander Stephens on. 266
  Speech by Garfield on 267
  Speech by Senator Flanagan in support of 278
  Speech by "Sunset" Cox on 267
Bad Lands of Dakota, supposed origin of the 45
  Bonneville, visit of, to the 46
  Explorations of the, by Colter 46
  Visit of De Smet to the 46
  Visit of Eddy to the 46
  Humboldt's opinion of the 46
  Hunt's visit to the 46
  Lewis and Clark's expedition, visit of, to 46
  McKenzie's exploration of 46
  Owens' geological explorations in the 47
  Visit of Parker to the 46
  Experiences of General Sully in the 46
Barnes, Judge, charges against 279
Battle of White Stone Hills 38
Battlefield of Fredericksburg 401
  Of Cold Harbor 408
  Of Malvern Hill 413
  Near Richmond 400
Beecher, Henry Ward, lecture by 285
Bell, A. J., candidate for congressional delegate 32
Bennett, G. G., associate justice of Dakota 352
Betts, H. D., pen picture of 68

Page.

- Big Sioux river, bridge over.......... 314
- Bill, making Yankton permanent capital of Dakota Territory....... 63
  - Homestead exemption 63
  - The "Nigger" 66, 70
  - Regulating marriages 70
  - Apportionment 65, 66, 71, 91
  - Divorce 71, 95
  - For granting lands for railroads in Dakota Territory.................. 217
  - For division of Dakota territory.... 247
  - Extending time for payment of pre-emption claims in Dakota Territory 253
  - Legalizing railroad bonds.......... 254
  - Witty Spech by "Sunset" Cox on tariff 261
  - To establish territory of Pembina.. 269
  - Introduction of, into U. S. congress, to control interstate commerce 297
  - Increasing the currency............. 317
  - To purchase the Black Hills from the Indians........................ 218
  - For the relief of settlers on the Fort Randall reservation......314, 325
  - Tariff 328
  - To admit Colorado as a state...... 329
  - To admit New Mexico as a state 329, 350
- Bingham, Congressman, speech by.. 244
- Bishop of Greenland, explorations by 6
- Bismarck, N. D., land office located at 314, 318, 321
- Black Hills of Dakota, bill to purchase the, from the Indians..... 218
  - Agitation in U. S. congress looking to acquirement of the, from the Indians 357
  - Exploration of the, by General Custer 327
  - Geological survey of the............ 45
  - Opening of the, advocated by Dr. Hayden 235
  - Opening of the, advocated by Chas. Collins 317
  - Timber and mineral resources of the 45
  - Visited by Lieutenant Warren...... 44
- Blaine, J. G., controversy of, with Garfield 322
  - Elected speaker of the U. S. house of representatives 263
  - Passage-at-arms between, and Ben Butler 212
  - Incidental reference to............. 332

Page.

- Bliss, P., first territorial chief justice 31
  - Candidacy of, for congress......... 146
- Bloodless duel, a...................... 422
- "Bone Necklace," speech of.......... 167
- Bonneville, explorations of............ 46
- Booge, C. P., candidate for congressional delegate.................. 32
- Boudinot, Colonel 300
- Boundaries of Dakota Territory, controversy with Great Britain over northern 22
  - At date of territorial organization..1, 31
  - On organization of Territory of Minnesota 25
  - On organization of Territory of Nebraska 26
  - Under France 14
  - Under Spain 13
- Boutwell, Senator, speech by, on the currency question 281
- Bowen, E. M., appointment of, as receiver of Bismarck land office.... 321
- Boyle, J. W., appointed receiver at Vermillion land office...........38, 138
  - Pen picture of...................... 68
- Bramble, D. T., pen picture of...... 68
- Brookings, Judge, as a homesteader. 52
  - Elected to the Dakota legislature 33, 37, 41, 68
- Brown, Congressman 351
- Brule Creek Massacre................ 41
- Burbank, Governor, incidental mention of 208, 304
  - Clerk of U. S. senate election committee 339
- Burdick, Marshal 279
- Burgess, L., member of Dakota territorial legislature 70
  - Pen picture of...................... 70
- Burleigh, W. A., appointed agent for the Yanktons 31
  - Elected delegate to congress........ 40
  - Incidental mention of............53, 146
  - Contests Armstrong's election as delegate 234
- Butler, Benjamin F., civil rights bill introduced into U. S. congress by 276
  - Introduction of a "Pioneer Congressman" to 208
  - Miscellaneous references to 317, 332, 335, 351, 413
  - Presents petition to congress for woman's suffrage 243
  - Speech by, in favor of civil rights bill 278
  - Speech by, on the "Ku Klux Bill". 211

Page.
Cain, Congressman, speech by, in defense of the negro.................. 289
Campbell, C. T., methods of, in early Dakota politics 53, 56, 57
Campbell, Robert...................... 25
Canon Kingsley, lecture by........... 299
Cannon, Delegate 317, 331
Capital of South Carolina, the........436
Carpenter, Senator, president pro tem of the U. S. senate................. 282
Catlin, visit by, to Mandan villages.. 7
  Description by, of first steamboat on upper Missouri 23
Carver, Jonathan, explorations by..10, 12
Cedar, Fort, establishment of......... 23
Centennial, appropriation bill for the 207
Charleston, S. C., visit to............ 438
Charlevoix, explorations by........... 11
Chicago, early trip to.............182-185
  Allusion to 419
"Choctaw Indian Claims" fraud...... 356
Choteau, Pierre, pilots the first steamboat to Fort Pierre............... 23
Circular regarding non-resident officeholders 270
Civil code of Dakota.................. 67
Civil rights bill...........328, 351, 353, 354
Clark. (See Lewis and Clark.)
Coal deposits in Dakota.............. 201
Cole, Austin, member of Dakota territorial council 68
Collins, Chas., advocacy by, of the opening of Black Hills to settlement 247
Colorado, bill to admit, as a state... 350
Columbia, S. C., visit to............. 436
Columbus, incidental mention of..... 6
Commodore Coulson 291
Commission, Indian, councils and treaties with Northwest tribes.161-174
Congress, U. S., a new member in.. 210
  James G. Blaine, elected speaker of 263
  Closing days of...................... 256
  Mannerisms of members of......... 258
  Noisy members of.................... 259
  Obstructionist members of......... 258
  Pen pictures of prominent members of 237
  Useless members of.................. 259
Congressional appropriations for Dakota territory 305
  Delegate, General Todd elected as 32, 84, 91
  M. K. Armstrong's term of service as 207, 358

Page.
Conklin, Senator, great speech of, on Louisiana question 335
  Pen picture of........................ 238
Contest resolution, Dakota congressional 369
Contractors, humorous race of Dakota 146
Convention, spiritualist 421
  National Woman's suffrage......... 283
Cook, General, in command in the Northwest 96, 99
Coon hunting in the South........... 426
Coulson & Co. awarded freight contract by U. S. government...... 295
Counting the presidential vote........ 399
Cox, "Sunset," pen picture of....... 242
  Recognition by the United States of Cuban belligerency favored by 268
  Speech by, on "back pay grab"..... 267
  Witty speech by, on the tariff...... 261
Criminal code of Dakota...........67, 98
Crew, E. B., master of Dakota Grange Association 284
Crow Creek Agency................... 161
Currency bill, debate in congress on the 302, 317, 328
  Veto by President Grant of the... 319
Cushing, Caleb, nomination of, to U. S. supreme bench............. 280
Custer, General, exploration of Black Hills by 327
Dakota, origin of the word........... 12
  Territory, early history of..........1-57
  Civil code of........................... 67
  Criminal code of...................67, 98
  Early sketches of pioneer legislatures and Indian wars in.......60-153
  Attacks on, by Iowa editors repelled 148
  Bill granting lands for railroads in. 217
  Arming the national guard of...... 218
  Land legislation for, in U. S. congress 219
  Postal facilities for.................. 231
  Land grant for........................ 247
  Division of territory of.217, 247, 269, 353
  New land office for................... 253
  Deficiency appropriation for........ 253
  Bill extending time for payment of pre-emption claims in........... 253
  Conflict over judgship in........... 264
  J. L. Pennington, appointed governor of.............................. 269
  Indian war, claims of............... 294
  Congressional appropriations for 305, 321, 336, 354, 357
  River, survey of...................... 314

Page.
Dakota, speech on behalf of North.. 385
  Visitors in Washington.............. 339
  Cavalry, organization of...........33, 72
  Cavalry, active service of 77, 108, 110, 122, 124
  Southern Railroad, charter for ..218, 234
  Railroad, legalizing bonds for...... 254
Dakota Territorial Legislature, first session of 33, 61
  Members of early....33, 37, 38, 40, 41, 90
  Governor's message to the first..... 62
  Printing for, favoritism shown in awarding contracts for............ 62
  Direct tax paid from general government grant for support of... 63
  Traitorous speaker of............... 64
  The "Fighting House" of the...... 65
  Pen pictures of members of the council of the.....................67, 92
  Pen pictures of members of the house of the....................69, 93
  Member of, charged with treason.. 71
  Railroad legislation in............... 76
  Closing scenes of the first.........75-77
  Second session of the............... 84
  Contested seats in the............... 85
  New capitol for the................. 86
  Split in the.......................... 86
  Adjournment of the second......... 97
  Opening of the third session of..... 138
  Governors' messages to the..62, 87, 139
Dawes, Congressman, leader of Republicans in house................ 241
  Arraignment of the Grant administration by 307
  Candidate for U. S. senator........ 310
  Defeat of, for the U. S. senate.... 316
  Incidental references to.........302, 332
Decoration Day in Washington..... 331
Delegate, Congressional. (See Congressional Delegate.)
De Smet, explorations of............25, 46
De Soto, explorations by............. 9
Dewey, Surveyor General, estimates of, for Dakota surveys............279
Distillery above the clouds, a....... 435
Duel, a bloodless..................... 422
Duluth, a visit to.................... 193
Durion, M., interpreter for Lewis and Clark 15
  Burial place of....................... 16
Early history of Dakota Territory....1-57
Early sketches of pioneer legislatures and Indian wars................60-153
Eden, a modern....................... 443
Education, bills granting lands for... 219

Page.
Edmunds, Newton, appointed governor 38, 138
Elections, early Dakota legislative and delegate 30, 32, 34, 38, 40, 41, 84, 128, 141
  At Red River of the North........ 179
  Courtesies of early..................55-57
  Reference to congressional, of 1874. 332
  Troubles in Louisiana arising out of 343, 345, 348, 351
Elliott, Congressman, speech by..... 211
  Reply of, to Alexander Stephens... 276
Emineza, founding of................. 27
Explorers—
  Eric Rauda 5
  Thorwald 5
  Thornstein 5
  Tornfim 5
  Gudlief 6
  Jon 6
  Bishop of Greenland................ 6
  Columbus 6
  Prince Madawe 6
  Catlin 7
  Nicollet 7
  Joques 7
  Raymbault 7
  French fur traders.................. 8
  Hennepin 8, 9, 11
  De Soto 9
  Marquette 9
  Joliet 9
  La Salle 9
  Viscaino 9
  Gray 10
  Le Sueur 10
  Jonathan Carver 10, 12
  Shea 10
  Schoolcraft 10
  Charlevoix 11
  Lewis and Clark....................14-20
  Hunt 21
  Humboldt 21
  La Fond 21
  Vasconnell 21
  McKenzie 21
  De Smet 25
  Warren 27
  Hayden 27
  Bonneville 46
  Parker 46
Falls of the Missouri, discovery of the, by Lewis and Clark.......... 18
  Tradition of 19
Fargo, land office at................ 315
Farnsworth, Congressman, pen picture of 243

Page.

Ferry, Senator, speech by, favoring "back pay" 278
Fillmore, ex-President, death of...... 300
Financial legislation 272
  Troubles, national 275
Fishing in the Potomac.............. 326
Flandreau, founding of................ 27
Flanagan, Senator, speech of, in support of "back pay"................ 278
  Incidental mention of............... 335
Fort Cedar, erection of............... 23
  Lookout, erection of................. 23
  Pierre, erection of.................. 23
  Union, erection of.................. 23
  Snelling, arrival of the first steamboat at 24
  Abercrombie, incidental mention of 26
  Randall, erection of................ 26
  Pierre, arrival of the first steamboat at 161
  Randall reservation, bill for relief of settlers on..................314, 325
  Rice, erected by Generals Sully and Sibley 39
  Sully, visited by Indian commission in 1866 161
French, ex-Judge 304
French, influence of contact of Indians with the...................... 11
  Fur traders, explorations by........ 8
Frontier elections, "wide open and mighty interesting" 52, 57
  Settlements, speech in congress, by M. K. Armstrong on relief of..... 378
Galpin, Major, pioneer gold miner.. 96
  Incidental mention of............... 105
Garfield, Congressman, chairman of committee on appropriations..... 244
  Speech by, on "salary grab"........ 267
  Controversy with Blaine............ 322
  General references to............333, 338
General Sherman, speech by, at convention of Mexican war veterans. 285
Gleason, W. E., appointment of, as first attorney general of Dakota Territory 31
Goebel legislature, reference to....... 419
Gold discoveries in the western part of Dakota territory................ 37
  Mining, formation of companies for 96, 105, 107
Gregory, J. Shaw, pen picture of.... 68
Grace Greenwood, lecture by........ 299
Grant, President, introduction of a "Pioneer Congressman" to....... 208

Page.

  Opinion on territorial appointments 270
  New Year's receptions of.......273, 341
Grasshopper sufferers, relief of........ 344
Gray, explorations by................ 10
"Grey Face" 134
Gudlief, explorations by.............. 6
Hagaman, R. M., elected clerk of seceding house 86
  Elected clerk of regular house...... 90
  Departure for the gold fields of.... 114
  Incidental mention of............... 318
Hanson, J. R., chief clerk first Dakota territorial legislature......33, 61
Hardie, Inspector General, engaged in looking up Dakota war claims. 318
Harlan, A. J., elected speaker of second Dakota legislature............. 36
Harris, C. J. B........................ 291
Hayden, Dr. I., explorations of....27, 45
  Opening of Black Hills region advocated by.......................... 235
Hennepin, explorations by.........8, 9, 11
Henry Ward Beecher, lecture by..... 285
High, August 291
Hill, G. D., first territorial surveyor general 31
Historic scenes of early empire...... 413
Hoar, Judge 310, 311
Hoffman, H. A., appointed agent for the Poncas 31
Hollenbeck, W. K....................... 324
Hot Springs, N. C...................... 426
Howard, Charles 290
Hubbard, A. W., with Upper Missouri Land Company............... 29
  Incidental mention of............... 202
Hudson Bay Company................ 23
Humboldt, explorations of...........21, 46
Humorous Race of Dakota Contractors 146
Hunt, explorations of................. 21
Hutchinson, John, appointed first territorial secretary 31
  Governor of Dakota.................. 122
  Personal mention 318
Idaho, organization of territory of.... 25
Inauguration of President McKinley. 409
Indian Commission, councils and treaties of, with Northwest tribes 161-174
Indians—
  Traditions of 1-5, 11
  Authentic history of................. 5-9
  Supposed origin 9

Page.

Indians—
  Tribal divisions in original territory of Louisiana........ 10
  Migrations and conflicts of........10-13
  Superstitions 15, 20
  Treaties with 24, 25, 161-174
  Massacre by 35
  Defeat of, by General Sully........ 38
  Outbreaks of, panic caused by....79, 81
  Raising troops to quell........ 83
  Expeditions to subdue 104, 108-116, 121, 141
  Outrages by 124, 126, 130
  War with, speech by M. K. Armstrong on the........ 370
  Training school for........ 416
International Workingmen's Association, petition by, to congress of.. 279
Iowa, organization of territory of.... 25
  Dakota repels newspaper attacks from 148
Iowas. (See, also, Indians.)
  Origin of tribe........ 12
Jacobson, J., election of, as member of Dakota territorial legislature.. 70
Jasper, Rev. John 407
Jayne, Wm., first territorial governor of Dakota 31
  Elected to congress, but unseated.34, 84
  Pugilistic encounter of........ 74
  Incidental mention of........146, 318
Jefferson, President, Lewis and Clark expedition sent out by........ 14
John Jacob Astor........ 22
Joliet, explorations by........ 9
Joques, explorations by........ [illegible]
Journey Up the Missouri by steamboat 161-174
  Hardships suffered during a journey to the Red River of the North 159
  To Sioux Falls and red pinestone region in 1864........157-160
Judge Tufts 318
Ka-la-ka-u-a, visit of, to Washington 336, 338
Kellogg, "The Sage of the Sioux Valley" 53
Kelly, W. D., Congressman, speech by 242
  Reference to 335
Kennerly, H. A., appointment of, register Vermillion land office.... 31
King, Congressman, connection of, with Pacific Mail scandal......347, 348
King of the Sandwich Islands, to Washington, visit of the......336, 338

Page.

Kingsbury, G. W., editor of Union and Dakotan 40
  Election of, as member of the Dakota territorial legislature....38, 40, 41
Kingsley, Canon, lecture by........ 299
Kiter, W. F., as applicant for public printing 271
Knox, Comptroller 321
Knoxville, Tenn. 425
La Barge, Captain, early navigation of Missouri by........ 161
La Fond, explorations of........ 21
Land grants, speech in congress by M. K. Armstrong on railroad..... 361
Land office at Bismarck, N. D........ 314
La Salle, explorations by........ 9
Leavitt, Lieutenant 134
Legislature, Dakota Territorial. (See Dakota Territorial Legislature.)
Le Sueur, explorations by........ 10
Lewis and Clark, explorations of....14-20
  Bad Lands, visited by........ 46
Libby Prison 406
"Liberal" Convention, nomination of Horace Greeley for president by the 250
  News of the, at Washington........ 251
Little Crow 105, 109
Lockwood, Mrs. 283
"Log-Roller" letters, a factor in the second delegate contest........ 34
  Reference to 73
Lookout, Fort, erection of........ 23
Louisiana election troubles, references to the........343, 345, 348, 351
Louisville, Ky., visit to........419-423
Luce, Lieutenant, muster in of Dakota Cavalry by........ 72
Mail contracts 293
Mammoth cave 423
Mandans. (See, also, Indians.)
  Supposed origin 7
Marquette, explorations by........ 9
McBride, J. C., member of Dakota territorial legislature 70
  Appointment member of the Wallace "Treason" committee........ 71
McCreery, Senator, humorous speech by 286
  Interstate transportation bill introduced by 297
McKenzie, explorations of........21, 46
McKinley, inauguration of President. 409
Medary, founding of........ 27
  Destruction of, by Indians........ 28
Mellish, Congressman, insanity of 323, 325

Page.
Mennonites ... 312
Mexican War, veterans of the, convention of ... 284
Missouri Fur Company ... 22
Miller, Governor, incidental mention of ... 318
  Appointed register of Bismarck land office ... 321
Miner, Captain, commander of Dakota Cavalry ... 108
Minnesota, organization of territory of ... 25
Missouri, discovery of the source of. 20
  Valley, resources and products of..48-51
  Falls of the. (See Falls of the Missouri.)
Montana, organization of territory of. 25
Moody, G. C., Col ... 41
Morton, Senator, pen picture of...... 238
  Advocacy by, of increased currency for the South and West ... 281
  Incidental mention of ... 281
Mount Vernon, visit to ... 248
Mountaineer, a specimen North Carolina ... 427
National guard of Dakota, arming the ... 218
National Woman's Suffrage convention, meeting in Washington of the ... 283
Nebraska, organization of territory of ...25, 26
Negro revival meeting ... 429
"Nigger Bill," the, in the Dakota territorial legislature ...66, 70
New Mexico, as a state, bill to admit ...329, 350
New Years in Washington City..273, 311
Newspaper, first in Dakota territory. 27
New York City, a visit to ... 195
Nicollet, explorations by ... 7
Night sessions in congress ... 354
Non-resident officeholders, circular regarding ... 270
North Dakota, speech on behalf of... 385
Northern Pacific Railroad Company, opposition by the, to division of Dakota Territory ... 282
  Construction of ... 201
  Lands, settlers on ... 324
Northwest Fur Company ... 23
Norwegian settlements in Dakota, panic in, caused by Indian scare.. 111
Omahas. (See, also, Indians.)
  Region occupied by the ...11, 12
Ojibways. (See, also, Indians.)
  First visited by Europeans ... 7

Page.
Old North Carolina mountaineer, an. 427
Organization of Dakota Territory, efforts to secure ...30, 31
Osages. (See, also, Indians, traditions of) ... 4
Otoes. (See, also, Indians.)
  Region occupied by the ... 11
  Origin of the ... 12
Owens, Professor, geological report of, on Bad Lands ... 47
Oregon, organization of territory of.. 25
Pacific Mail Steamship investigation 338, 341, 344, 347, 348, 355
Parker, explorations of ... 46
Parsons, Congressman ... 333
Patent office, visit to the ... 236
  Frauds ... 356
Patrick Henry ... 403
Patrons of husbandry ... 284
Pembina, visit to, at an early day.... 179
  Land office removed from, to Fargo 279
  Bill to establish territory of.269, 352, 356
Pemmican, method of preparing...... 181
Pennington, J. L., appointed governor of Dakota ... 269
  Incidental mention of ... 331
Pen Pictures in Congress—
  Of Senator Schurz ... 237
  Of Senator Morton ... 238
  Of Senator Conklin ... 238
  Of Senator Sumner ... 238
  Of Senator Trumbull ... 239
  Of Mr. Voorhees ... 239
  Of Mr. Dawes ... 241
  Of "Sunset" Cox ... 242
  Of W. D. Kelly ... 242
  Of Fernando Wood ... 242
Phillips, Wendell, lecture by ... 299
Picotte, fur trader ... 26
Pierre, Fort ...23, 26
Prairie dogs, colony of, noted by Lewis and Clark ... 17
"Printer's Festival" ... 104
Pinchbeck, Governor, contest for seat in U. S. senate ... 285
Pine Forests, a visit to the, of Northern Minnesota ... 186
  Of the Black Hills ... 45
Pinney, G. M., speaker first territorial legislature ...33, 61
  Resignation of ... 66
Pioneer Congressman, A—
  Arrival of, in Washington ... 207
  Is introduced to the president ... 208
  "Learning the ropes" ...210, 220
  Has his seat contested ... 233
  Visit of, to patent office ... 236
  Is confirmed in seat ... 245

Page.
Poncas. (See, also, Indians.)
  Origin of the 13
  Superstitions of the 21
  Removal of the, to new reservation. 28
  Treaty with the 28
Population of Dakota, first census... 32
  Table showing the Indian, of Dakota in 1866 30
Potter, J. F., appointed governor of Dakota 106
Powers, Professor, lecture by 300
President Grant. (See Grant, President.)
President McKinley, inauguration of. 409
President of Dakota territorial council, J. H. Shober elected 33, 61
  Enos Stutsman elected 36, 39, 40, 84, 130
  George Stickney elected 42
Presidential vote, counting the...... 399
Prince Madawe, explorations by...... 6
Proctor, Professor, lectures by....... 299
Puett, A. W., member of Dakota territorial house 70
  Candidate for speaker 85
  Elected speaker of seceding house.. 86
Printing, favoritism shown in letting Dakota territorial 62
  Contest among newspaper men for Dakota territorial 271
Racine and Armain Mining and Transportation Company 96
Racy sketches 419
Railroad land grants, speech in congress by M. K. Armstrong on.... 361
Railroad legislation 313, 344, 347
Ramsey, Senator, bill to divide Dakota territory, introduced into U. S. senate by 269
Randall, Fort 26
  Reservation, bill for the relief of settlers on the 314, 325
Randall, Sam, Congressman 313, 336
Rauda, Eric, explorations by 5
Raymbault, explorations by 7
Red pipestone quarry. (See Indians; also journey to Sioux Falls and Red Pipestone Quarry.)
Red River of the North, origin of name 11
  Early surveys of 174
  Methods of transportation at 181
  Election contest at the 179
  Early settlers on the 179
  Revisited 190
Rencontre 23
Resolution, Dakota congressional contest 269

Page.
Revival meeting, negro 429
Richmond, Va., visit to city of 402
Rickarees. (See, also, Indians.)
  Superstitions of 21
River survey, Dakota 314
Robbins, Congressman, speech by, against the negro .... [illegible]
Robeson, Secretary, appropriation to defray naval expenses incurred by 271
Rocky Mountain Fur Company 23
Rolette, Joe, incidental mention of.. 179
San Domingo, differences between President Grant and Senator Sumner on 213
Salary reduction in the U. S. congress 271
Santees. (See, also, Indians.)
  Removal of the, from Minnesota to Dakota 38, 103
Sawyer, Col. James S. 41, 45
Schoolcraft, explorations by 10
Schurz, Senator 346
  Pen picture of 237
Scott, General, first treaty with Indians west of the Mississippi made by 24
Scott, Thomas, opinion of, on monetary crisis 275
Settlements, early, in Dakota 29
  Speech in congress on behalf of frontier, by M. K. Armstrong..... 378
Sener, Congressman 333
Shaffer, W. F., first territorial marshal 31
Shea, explorations by 12
Sheridan, General 408
Sheyennes. (See, also, Indians.)
  Region occupied by 11
Shober, J. H., pioneer leader 28
  President of legislative council.... 33
  Elected president of the first Dakota territorial council 61
Shumaker, Congressman, connection of, with Pacific Mail Steamship frauds 344, 348
Sibley, General, defeat of savages by. 117
Silver, Harmon 269, 279
Sioux. (See, also, Indians.)
  First mention of, by explorers..... 7
  Supposed origin of 10
  Territory occupied by 10
  Origin of name 7, 12
  Massacre by 35
Sioux Falls. (See, also, Journey to Sioux Falls and Red Pipestone Quarry.)
  Founding of 27

Page.
Sioux Falls, abandonment of.......35, 157
  Retreat of Indians to.................. 108
Sketches of travel and early hardships 157-204
  Journey to Sioux Falls and the red pipestone region 157
  Journey up the Missouri, by steamboat 161
  Early surveys of the Red River of the North 174
  An early trip to Chicago............ 182
  A visit to the pine forests........... 186
  A journey from Yankton to St. Paul 188
  Up the Mississippi and over Lake Superior 191
  A trip to New York.................. 195
  Northern Dakota revisited........... 199
Smith, B. M., appointed clerk of second Dakota legislature.......... 36
Snelling, Fort 24
Somers, Jim, a pioneer legislator..... 52
Southern battlefields. (See Battlefields.)
Southern politics 431
Speaker of the Dakota territorial house, G. M. Pinney elected....33, 61
  J. L. Tiernan elected................ 66
  M. K. Armstrong elected..........37, 90
  A. W. Puett elected.................. 39
  W. W. Brookings elected............ 41
  G. B. Bigelow elected................ 43
Speeches in U. S. congress, by M. K. Armstrong, on behalf of the West 361-392
  On railroad land grants............. 361
  On the Indian war................... 370
  On relief of frontier settlements... 378
  On behalf of North Dakota.......... 385
Speer, Congressman 338
"Spirit Hill," description of, by Captain Lewis 14
Spiritualist convention 421
Sprague, Senator, pen picture of...... 282
Stanage, John, member of Dakota territorial legislature 70
  Pen picture of........................ 70
Stewart, Senator, speech by, favoring "back pay" 278
Stickney, George, elected president of Dakota territorial council..... 42
Stanton, Mrs Cady..................... 283
Stephens, Alexander—
  Pen picture of....................... 266
  Speech in favor of "back pay grab" 266
  Speech by, in opposition to the civil rights bill..................... 276

Page.
St. Paul, journey from Yankton to 188-190
Strike-the-Ree, speech by.............. 16
Stuart, General, incidental reference to 408
Stutsman, Enos, engagement of, with Upper Missouri Land Company.. 29
  Election of, as member of Dakota territorial council 33, 37, 38, 40, 41
  Appointment of, as governer's private secretary 34
  Elected president of the council 36, 39, 40, 84, 139
  Appointment of, as U. S. treasury agent 53
  Pen picture of....................... 67
  Elections to legislature from Red River district 180
Sugar Loaf Hill........................ 17
Sully, General, stationed at Fort Pierre in 1856..................... 26
  Second campaign of..............39, 144
  First campaign of, against the Sioux 38, 121, 132, 135
  Fort, visit to........................ 161
Spink, S. L., incidental mention of.. 54
  Contests seat for delegate............234
Sumner, Senator, removal of, from head of foreign relations committee 213
  Pen picture of....................... 238
  Death of 301
Sun Dance, description of....163, 166, 169
Supreme Court, first session of Dakota territorial 41
Susan B. Anthony...................... 283
Tariff bill 328
  Witty speech by "Sunset" Cox on the 261
Territorial legislature, Dakota. (See Dakota Territorial Legislature.)
Thornstein, explorations by........... 5
Thorwald, explorations by............ 5
Thurman, Senator 334, 343
Tiernan, J. L., speaker of the Dakota territorial house.............. 66
Timber culture act, amendment of the 272
Todd, J. B. S., with General Harney's command 26
  Negotiates treaties with the Indians 28
  With the Upper Missouri Land Company 29
  Selection of, to convey memorial to Washington 30
  Election of, as delegate to congress from Dakota Territory.......32, 34, 84

Page.
Todd, J. B. S., appointment of, as brigadier general rejected by the senate 106
Incidental reference to 146
Tornfim, explorations by 5
Traske, Josiah C., appointed public printer 32
Treaties—
Of Davenport 24
Of Traverse des Sioux 25
General Harney's 26
With the Poncas 28
With the Yanktons 28
With the Assiniboins and Mountain Crow 171
Travel and early hardships, sketches of 157-204
Tree culture bill, amendments to 293, 298
Tripp, Captain, military company raised by 83
Incidental mention of 115
On active service 126, 134
Trumbull, Senator, pen picture of 239
Tufts, James, appointed secretary of Dakota territorial council 33, 36, 61, 81
Appointed auditor of U. S. military accounts 98
Incidental mention of 105, 318
Union, Fort, erection of 23
Union Pacific Railroad, investigating construction of 298, 314
Union party 34, 131
Up the Mississippi and over Lake Superior 191-195
Vasconnell, explorations of 21
Vermillion, founding of 30
Opening of land office at 34
Veterans of Mexican War, convention of 284
Veto of currency bill by President Grant 319
Viscaino, explorations by 9
Visit to Southern battlefields 400
To Charleston, S. C 438
To Columbia, S. C 430
To Richmond, Va 402
To Washington, D. C .... [illegible]
To Louisville, Ky 419
To Asheville, N. C 425
Voorhees, Congressman, pen picture of 239
Waldron, G. P., appointed provost marshal of Dakota territory 38
Pen picture of 69
Appointment of, as member of the Wallace "Treason" committee 71
Appointment of, as marshal of Dakota Territory 118
Arrest of 120

Page.
Walker, Dr. Mary 283
Wallace, Hon. Reuben, charged with disloyalty 71
War Claims, Dakota Indian 294
Warmouth, ex-Governor, contest for seat in U. S. senate 286
Warren, explorations of 27, 44
Washburn, Governor, election of to the U. S. senate 316
"Wash Day" in congress 295
Washington, organization of the Territory of 25
Washington Monument 396
Washington City, seeing the sights in 213-216, 223-227
Congressman's Sunday in 228
New Years in 273
Extravagant improvements in 305
Fraudulent contracts in 306
Dakota visitors in 315
Investigation by congress of frauds in 309
Revisited, after a quarter of a century 395
Washington, visit to the tomb of 248
Wendell Phillips, lecture by 299
Wherry, Jesse, appointment of, as receiver Vermillion land office 32
Whitney, Governor, revocation by, of assignment of Dakota judges 264
White Stone Hills, battle of 38
Wilkinson, M., appointment of, as receiver Vermillion land office 34
Williams, Attorney General 272, 280
Williams, J. L., appointed associate justice of Dakota territory 31
Williston, L. P., appointed associate justice of Dakota territory 31
Wilson, Vice President, speech by, at Woman's Suffrage Convention 283
Wind River and Rocky Mountain Mining and Transportation Company 105
Winnebagoes. (See, also, Indians.)
Origin of tribe 12
Removed from Minnesota to Dakota 38
Wood, Fernando, Congressman 333 337
Wood, Bly, election of, as member of Dakota territorial legislature 70
Wright, Senator, bill introduced by to reduce congressional salaries 279
Yankton, founding of 29
Chosen as permanent capital of Dakota territory 33
Early activity at 68
A journey from, to St. Paul 188
Yanktons. (See, also, Indians.)
Region occupied by the 13